

WIRED

THE WIRE ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC

WWW.THEWIRE.CO.UK ISSUE 225 NOVEMBER 2002 £3.30



20TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE + FREE DOUBLE CD

Anticon

No Wave Primer

Steve Lacy

Kimmo Pohjonen

Annette Krebs

Steve Mackey

45 pages of reviews

Inside



Cover by Neil Forsyth

Regulars

Bitstream/

Death Row 12

Notes from the underground/
Derek Bailey's last requests

Global Ear 14

In Bloomington, Indiana, John Farn finds a
flourishing climate for pan-global music

Epiphanies 130

Richard Cook on the endless revelations
afforded to the hardcore record collector

Editor's Idea 6

Letters 8

Charts 56

Out There 110

Directory 118

Plus Label Lore and Savage Pencil

Back Issues 120

Subscribe 122

Reviews

Index 57

Soundcheck 58

Avant Rock 80

Critical Beats 81

Dub 82

Electronica 83

Global 84

HipHop 85

Jazz & Improv 86

Outer Limits 87

Print Run 88

Cross Platform 92

On Location 98

The Wire Tapper 9 4

Your blow-by-blow guide to the free 31 track double CD stuck to this month's cover

Kimmo Pohjonen 24

In the hands of the Finnish mayevick, the accordion abandons its folk roots to become a gutbusting furnace of shamanic sound, animated by primal energies and orchestral dynamics. By Louise Gray

Anticon 28

The deep, dysfunctional doodles of this Oakland based pan-American 'shrink rap' collective are at the leading edge of 'undie' HipHop. Peter Shapiro enters the strange world of Sole, Dose One, Jel, Why?, Odd Nosdam and friends

The Wire 20 42

We made it in this ten page special anniversary feature, we leaf through two decades of this magazine's back pages to hear how we kept on an even keel in choppy musical and financial seas

The Primer 34

No Wave

Born in the void between New York punk, free jazz and commercial new wave, the art rock of DNA, Teenage Jesus, Mars, Glenn Branca, Rhys Chatham, Ut, et al continues to exert a magnetic allure. User's guide by Alan Licht

Invisible Jukebox 52

Steve Lacy

The soprano saxophonist and composer, the man who named *The Wire*, gets into a film-film trying to identify tracks by Sidney Bechet, Thelonious Monk, Cecil Taylor, Jack Kerouac, MEV and more. Tested by Christoph Cox

Bites

Annette Krebs 16

Asa-Chang & Junray 18

Steve Mackey 20

Bob Cobbing RIP 22

THE WIRE TAPPER 09 SPECIAL EDITION DOUBLE CD

Your track by track guide to this month's
free double CD

CD 1

01 LIARS

GROWN MEN DON'T FALL IN THE RIVER JUST LIKE THAT

Although hailed in some quarters as New York's next big thing, none of the members of the Gang Of Four/There Uba loving group actually hail from there. Singer Angus Andrew is from Australia, guitarist Aaron Hemphill was an art student in LA, while Pat Noecker and Ron Albertson are conifers from Nebraska. "Grown Men Don't Fall In The River Just Like That" is from the band's first release, *Fins To Make Us Move Fish-Line*.

02 THEMSELVES HAT IN THE WIND

After changing their name from Them in order to avoid a letter writing campaign from the Van Morrison family, the duo of WC/port laureate of the Don Concerto set Dose One and producer/sampler evangelist Jell retreated to their art brut run forest to slay their personal demons and rescue themselves in distress. Their adventures are recounted on Anticon's latest post-modern roman picaresque, *The No Muses*, a densely layered, richly detailed, utterly bonkers hyperbolic collage/fingerpainting/Rorschach invitation.

03 TARWATER 70 RUPES TO PARADISE ROAD

The duo of Ronald Lygock and Bernd Jaström has been one of the mainstays of the contemporary Krautrock scene since their 1996 debut, *John Donne - Death's Duel*. Over numerous releases on the Riffy-Yo, Soul Static Sound and Gusstaff labels, Tarwater have explored warm, electronic soundscapes interspersed with looping, looping structures and cut 'n' paste dynamics. Their latest album, *Dwellers On This Threshold*, features appearances from To Rococo Rot's Stefan Schneider and Ghanaian percussionist Nicholas Adu-Nettey, while on "70 Rupes To Paradise Road", Norwegian performance artist Tone Avenstroup narrates.

04 MUM WE HAVE A MAP OF THE PIANO

Formed in 1997 while the members were all working on a children's play, Mum (Gunnar Om Tynes, Ørjan Fjoranger [Smørum] and twin sisters Gjø and Kristin Anne [Myndstett]) are yet another group who were influenced by Aphex Twin to drop the guitars in favour of electronics. With the lifting melancholy, naive folk melodies and childlike vocals of their first full album *Finally We Are No One*, they have come up with a fairytale electronics reminiscent of Boards of Canada.

05 BADAWI EVOCATION

Across a number of releases as Badawi, as one half of Sub Dub (with John Ward), as part of Rotor (with DJ Olive) and Tashik Kujawa) and under his own name, Razi Meslinal has sought to integrate various Middle Eastern percussive traditions, dub principles and electronics. Equally influenced by Sufi chanting and Jewish cantors, Jerusalem-born Meslinal brings a spiritual and real-world grounding to the rootlessness usually implied by such Fourth World globalstrut.

06 SUICIDE SWEARIN' TO THE FLAG

Suicide, of course, are the original anti-electropunks. Much of the music we now take for granted would be unthinkable without their minimal, hot-wired psychobilly, and two generations of 'producers', industrialists, electro-clashers and noisefests bow their laptop heads to them. A decade after their last album, Martin Rev and Alan Vega are back to their confrontational best on *American Supreme*, one of the few, if not only, albums to examine the American psyche post-9/11 and ask difficult questions.

07 SUPERSILENT C-4 I

This Norwegian electro jazz quartet consists of producer Heigo Sten (electronics), Ståle Storlekken (keyboards), Arve Henriksen (trumpet, electronics, voice) and Jørre Wæpstad (drums). Their raucous, jittery rhythm blend is as unexpected as Henriksen's windswept drone waltzes in a post-Miles meltdown to make your trousers quiver. This exclusive live recording from the Moers Festival in 2001 is produced by Deathprod (Sten's other alias).

08 POLWECHSEL/FENNESEZ FRAMING X (RECONSTRUCTED BY PATRICK PULSINGER)

The Vienna based microsound Polwechsel quartet, consisting of bassist Werner Dufschnecker, cellist Michael Moser, guitarist Bernhard Stangl and saxophonist John Butcher, has joined forces with melodic laptop explorer Christian Fennesez for this one-off Erstwhile collaboration. "Framing X" is an exclusive reworking by fellow Viennese Patrick Pulsinger (aka Shaka 'N' Strings & ROR). Rather than remix one track, Pulsinger took the whole Polwechsel/Fennesez album, warped it, and reconstructed it.

10 WAZAHUQU

Wazahuqu is a one-off strings and percussion improv quartet featuring Philip Wachmann (horns and electronics), Ingar Zach (percussion), Charlotte Hug (viola and electronics) and Ivar Grydeland (guitar). While Wachmann and Hug are established presences on the European free improvisation scene, the Norwegian duo of Zach and Grydeland are at the forefront of improv's next generation of musicians, and bosses of the prolific Oslo label.

11 ASA-CHANG & JUNYU TSUGIEMU TO ITEMITA

Percussionist/trumpeter Asa-Chang was the leader of The Tokyo Sax Pandino Orchestra before discovering a strange drum on a trip to Indonesia. In his hands (and with the aid of several school electronic kits) the Pandino became a kind of Polka, comedic take – perfect for the playful mixture of cube pop and avant-garde practice carried out by his group, guitarist/programmer Hideohiko Uryama, FX maestro Kiyoshi Kusaka and actual table player U-Zhuan.

12 DEADBEAT ORGAN IN THE KITTING SIGNS THE BLUES

Along with producers like Akufen, Jeltos and Mitchell Akymov, Asa-Chang (aka Scott Monty) is part of Monty's increasingly vital electronic music scene. Through solo releases on Force Inc, Mutek, Revolver and Background, and in a duo with fellow Canuck Stephen Bessup as Crack Kicks, he has explored the sonic micro-structures that have fascinated other travellers like Matthew Herbert and the duo "Dopes in The Atix Slings The Blues" in from Deadbeat's forthcoming album on Fiver's "scope label".

13 DI VADIM TIL SUNS IN YOUR EYE

Just when he released the *Abstract (Machinings) Dances EP* on his own Jazz Fudge label in April 1995, the enigmatic Vadim Peare has been one of HipHop's most restless travellers. Moving from the deconstructed instrumental HipHop of his earliest releases to working with some of the most interesting and innovative acts around (Anirone, Consortium, Sals, Company Rock, ML, Gil Ofri, Phil Cypher, Slag, etc), Vadim has constantly expanded and refined his palette, giving credence to Nas's assertion that "sleep is the cousin of death".

14 OXES HORSES R OK IPRISON AND I WERE IN A 5' DAY MIX BY CEO

The Oses are three guys from Baltimore, Maryland who play a grindingly intense, curmudgeonly, brutal brand of instrumental math rock – it's so punishing it could be called tight rock, except it isn't that complex. Their mate Cox (aka Ryan Kwidlo) also hails from Baltimore, records for Tugboatrally, thinks he's a rap star and often performs live in his underwear. Together on this exclusive track, they're the best combination from the Chesapeake Bay since crab cakes and Old Bay seasoning.

15 SAGAN JASPUNPLUSONE

As the great astronomer Carl Sagan himself might have said, there are billions of sounds floating around the aether, universe, and the San Francisco-based multimedia improv trio of J. Lesser (of Lesser, Duce and Wommo's live crew), Steven Bleckman (from Bleckman From Bleckman) and video artist Ryan Juni are on a mission to discover them all. Although the group have performed frequently around the Bay Area, "JaspunPlusOne" is their first cosmic foray to go public via CD. Their first album will be released by Asphodel sometime next year.

16 LEAFCUTTER JOHN MANDOLIN WORK (EDIT)

After becoming disenchanted at art school, John Barban traded the brushes and canvas first in favour of performance-based work and then hard drives and the Max/MSP programming environment. Attracting comparisons to Autechre, Pinch and his label boss, Mike Paradinas, Leafcutter John combines often abstract field recordings and snippets of folk tunes with brittle, glitched, pitched electronics and granular synthesis. "Mandolin Work" is an as-yet-unreleased track from his forthcoming album due out on Planet Mu next year.

17 SUN REACH FOR THE SKY (JULIAMON REMIX)

Sydney-based Don Sun is the unusual figure of experimental guitarist Oren Ambarchi with music: piecing and soundtracker (his portfolio includes Dead Poets' Scorebox) Chris Townsend. Their debut album, released next year, is inspired by melancholic pop outfits like Talk Talk – quite a departure for Ambarchi, who is better known for his uncompromising guitar strings with artists like Otomo Yoshihide and Pkiki Niblock. "Reach For The Sky" has been reworked by Oghive based Marcus Schmickler aka Pluntron.

18 MAX TUNDRA MASTERED BY GUY AT THE EXCHANGE

Beginning as something you might have picked up on Rough Trade 20 years ago only to evolve (or devolve, depending on how low you like to wear your trousers) into parabolized disco, "Mastered by Guy At The Exchange" amply displays the range of influences that Ben Jacobs has picked up on his off-kilter electronic since his debut, 1998's "Children At Play".

19 WIRE SPENT

Along with The Fall the only members of punk's first wave that can still walk with their heads held high, Bruce Gilbert, Colin Newman, Graham Lewis and Robert Grey (aka Robert Golobed) haven't stood still since they burst on the scene with the extraordinary *Post Punk* in 1977. The group ushered in their Silver Jubilee with *Read & Burn*, their first recording with the original line-up since 1990's *Misshape*, and an intense, virulent return to their original, abrasive sound.

20 SONIC YOUTH/ICP/THE XX II

Their distinct sensuous, which was recorded last year in Holland, is further evidence (as if any were needed) of Sonic Youth's extraordinary enthusiasm for testing their limits and leaving into the fray. "II" can be found on *In The Flatland* which documents an impromptu jam session between Sonic Youth (a lineup which includes percussionist William Gilbert, not Kim Gordon) and Dutch improvisers Han Bennink, Ab Baars and Wouter Verbeek (from the Instant Composers Pool, and Terrie and Luc from The Ex).

21 A SIGUR ROS UNTITLED

Of the epic, cinematic sweep, glancing strings, melodramatic melodies and mournful vocals of their breakthrough album, *Ágætis byrjun*, Jon Torbjörnsson, Georg Hólm, Hartur Seljasson and Ott Pál Dyrsson became the best out of Iceland since Björk. "Untitled" is a from their new *Fat Cat* album, helpfully titled *I*.

22 JOE FAHEY RED CROSS, DISCIPLE OF CHRIST TODAY (FOR GARY ROBERTS)

Joe Fahey has expanded the range of their chosen instrument the way John Fahey broadened the scope of the acoustic guitar. By using blues and Country fingerpicking styles to express more 'complex' ideas from Indian ragas and Charles Ives, Fahey expanded both continents and traditions. "Red Cross, Disciple of Christ Today" is taken from *Red Cross* (which will be released next year on Reverent). Fahey's last recordings before he died last year.

23 A SMALL GOOD THING IS A MIGHTY STALENESS (REMIX)

Big styles, tumbling tumbleweeds, whoop! banishes, seagull shrieks setting under sagebrush alpinist's scampers! they're all to be found on the two volumes of *A Small Good Thing's* Ambient cove to the Wild West, still westerns. Wonderfully eclectic, the first is the local grails and Mountain Valley they make, but these two albums were recorded by three refugees from former Fourth Warders O Yiu Congigante (Andrew Hukne), Tom Fazzari and Mark Sedgwick, who live in London, Leeds and Hull.

24 THE SEA AND CAKE LEFT SIDE CLOUDED

Featuring Archer Prewitz, Sam Prekop, John McEntire and Eric Gorrige, The Sea And Cake are the supergroup of the Chicago indie scene. All of the Windy City hailmates are here: post-Krautrock meandering, loopy tempos, difficult guitars, gentle, warm tones and at-the-very-lyrics and vocals all wrapped in a gauzy electronic membrane. "Left Side Clouded" is from their latest supergroup, One Bedroom, which will be released on Thrill Jockey in January.

25 MASHA QRELLA I WANT YOU TO KNOW

Masha Qrella is usually associated with two largely instrumental German groups, Gorkov (for whom she plays bass and guitar) and Mima (for whom she plays keyboards). As a solo artist, Qrella is an intimate, impressionistic singer-songwriter in the vein of David Grubbs or Elliott Smith. She played all of the instruments on her first solo album, *Luck*, which was released on Morike Enterprises earlier this autumn.

26 DICTIONAPHONE THE E.SONGS

Berlin based composer Peter Doornik (electronics) has joined actor/musician Roger Döring (saxophone, clarinet), who formed Orchestra Obscura with Rüdiger Moser (Emilizinge Neubaum) back in the days, to form the duo Dictionaphone. The duo, whose crackle, melancholic soundscapes are reminiscent of artists like Pkiki and Kit Clayton, will be releasing a full album on Berlin/Manchester label City Centre Office.

27 PULP/PROGRAMMING BLOOMS EVENTUALLY

A multimedia collaboration between musicians Joel Kiske and Marc Helmer, graphic designer Hans Seeger and video/film artist Eric Johnson, Pulp/programming originated in Portland, Oregon. Their careful open sensitivity and voice recordings create a warmth rarely ascribed to electronic music. Drawing inspiration from artists like Mouse On Mars, Boards Of Canada and Telefon Tel Aviv (whose Charlie Cooper released the next), Pulp/programming release a new album on Astralwerks next year.

28 ELECTRALANE THIS DEED

Verity Sussman (keyboards, vocals), Emma Gaze (drums), Rachel Adair (Bass) and Mike Clarke (guitar) make up this young (Sussman based) avant rock outfit. Located somewhere between Broadcast and New, Electralane started out in 1996 and after their own record company Let's Rock! "This Deed" has been recorded exclusively for The Wire Tapper 3.

29 ELLERY ESKELIN TRIO 43 RPM

Kansas born tenor saxophonist Ellery Eskelin formed his trio with Andrei Pansari (accordion, piano and sampler) and percussionist Jim Black back in 1994, since when they have amassed a large body of work. Neither 100% per cent free nor completely improvised, the outfit's direction is never predictable. "43 RPM" is an exclusive edit taken from a forthcoming *Hot Tuba* that is due out in spring next year.

30 JIMMY LYONS JUMP UP

Underestimated and understudied, Jimmy Lyons was nevertheless one of the great alto saxophonists in jazz. His cool tone and flurries of notes were regularly heard in the City Taylor Unit from 1961 until his death in 1986. "Jump Up" was recorded in Geneva in May 1984 with bassist of Karmel Basso and drummer Paul Murphy, and will form part of Ayler Records' projected live CD box set of Lyons' material.

31 AAMIN TUBIN EL WRATH

This Brazilian born broadcast adventurer must be heard on films and distortion software. His fourth album, *Out From Where*, released on Ninja Tune, continues where he last left off: compressed, heavy rhythms filled with dark textures and many drones from what sounds like a digital digipen. The string and vocal samples on "El Wrath" gives his work a distinct soundtrack quality.

32 D'ARCAANGELO ALL THAT J

If you believe the style mags and all the hipsters who hang around Shoreditch and Williamsburg, then retro electro-synth-pop is the sound of 2002. Ask Italian brothers Marco and Fausto D'Arcangelo, however, and they will tell you that this was the sound of Rome circa 1995. Along with fellow Italians Marco Passerini and Bostom Vert, D'Arcangelo's records on ADX, Matrice, Monomorph and Regulus have been the groundwork for all the sultry fashionistas currently raiding the Berlin back catalogue.

The Wire Tapper 3 is the latest volume in The Wire's ongoing series of new music compilations (for details of previous volumes in the series, turn to page 123). It is given away with copies of the magazine's November 2002 issue. If your copy of the CD is missing or damaged, either return the issue to where you bought it, or contact The Wire +44 (0)20 7422 5010, subs@thewire.co.uk.

Editor's Idea

The message is clear – a void has developed. A large number of people are being denied information on a subject in which they show undeniable and increasing interest. The Wire is an attempt to fill that void and, at the same time, extend the message of the music beyond the initiated to the vaguely aware.

The Wire's brief will be to cover the happenings of now with a clear nod to its past greatness and a wink at its possible future. But, more than that, The Wire will attempt to unravel the mysteries of the music and its musicians for those who look for fundamental answers about the nature of the music and the musicians making it.

The Wire's subtitle has been left deliberately ambiguous to allow for the unexpected. I have never believed in unnecessary classifications and labels, and The Wire's perimeter will be as wide as is necessary to embrace its stated intentions. We will look forward to your subscriptions to the next issue.

WELCOME TO THE WIRE.

The words on the left are lifted verbatim out of the first ever Wire editorial, written just over 20 years ago by its co-founder, Anthony Wood.

There is little to add here.

If this issue feels a trifle self-referential, we make no apologies. 20 years, after all, is no mean span of time for any endeavour to survive and flourish.

"When did The Wire start?" is the question that seems to be asked most whenever I find myself talking about my job. People still seem surprised to learn that it was set up as long ago as 1982. Coupled with that, none of the present-day office was on staff prior to 1992, so our trawl through the title's first decade (which starts on page 42) has felt less like self-indulgence, more like flipping through a photo album of one's ancestors.

Still, the continuities are there for all to see: the review sections have always been called Soundcheck and Print Run; the mix of, and openness to, outwardly incompatible musics remains in place; and the desire

to take 'difficult' sounds seriously, but present them with enthusiasm and integrity, is the rock on which the mag's tone is founded.

As The Wire wobbles towards full adulthood, I believe it has become the biggest selling independent music magazine of its kind anywhere in the world. The global constituency of addresses, and the musical catchment area it operates in, are larger than its founders could ever have dreamt of. Yet paradoxically, as the musical field continues to open out, the task of shepherding – the selection process – becomes larger, more diffuse and (of necessity) more ruthless. Separating the sheep from the goats, while setting the occasional wolf among the lot of them, remains The Wire's prerogative. For these reasons, to some it is an outsider; to others an institution. Whatever challenges it faces in the next 20 years, these inbuilt contradictions will continue to pulsate at the core of its creative energies. Onward... and onward.

ROB YOUNG



Adventures In Modern Music

Issue 225 November 2002
£3.30
ISSN 0952-0686 (USPS 006231)

2nd Floor East
88-94 Worth Street
London E1 7SA, UK
Tel +44 (0)20 7422 5010
Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011
info@thewire.co.uk
www.thewire.co.uk

The Wire is published 12 times a year by The Wire Magazine Ltd.
Printed by 44 Design in digital imaging and colour printing by BP Graphics (www.bpgraphics.co.uk)

Photos listed and selected by Dylan Jones (www.dylanjones.com)

USA: The Wire ISSN 0952-0686 (USPS 006231) is published 12 times a year by The Wire Magazine Ltd.
at 100 Silver Avenue, Suite 100, Philadelphia, PA 19106, USA. New York (USPS) Postmaster: send address changes to The Wire Magazine, PO Box 175, Mahwah, NJ 07430, USA. Agent: Three Rivers, 100 First Ave, Mahwah, NJ 07430.

The Wire was founded in 1982 by Anthony Wood. Between 1982-9 it was run by John Arnold's Bureau Group. In December 2002 it was purchased by a management buy-out comprising the magazine's staff and a consortium of investors.

The views expressed in The Wire are those of its contributors and do not necessarily identify the magazine or its staff. The Wire assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, illustrations or promotional items. Copyright in the Wire is owned and held by the publisher or its licensee (whichever is applicable). Unauthorised reproduction of any form is prohibited.

Editor-in-Chief & Publisher Tony Hearnston
publisher@thewire.co.uk

Editor Rob Young editor@thewire.co.uk

Reviews Editor Chris Bohn reviews@thewire.co.uk

Assistant Editor Anne Hilde hostess_anna@thewire.co.uk

Assistant Editor & Staff Writer Peter Shapiro

Advertising Manager Andy Tat

adn@thewire.co.uk (7422 5014)

Advertising Production Sim Singh

sim@thewire.co.uk

Subscriptions & Administration Ben House, Phil England
subs@thewire.co.uk (7422 5022)

Art Direction & Design Kall Ekholm, Jon Fors
info@ekholmforss.com

Web Editor Lina Deveraux-Russell line@thewire.co.uk

Intern Patsy Currell

Words Steve Barker, Mike Barnes, Ed Baxton, Chris Bell, Chris Blackford, Marcus Boon, Ben Borthwick, Philip Clark, Mia L Chaker, Byron Coley, Julian Cowley, Christoph Cox, John Cratchley, Alan Cummings, Brian Duguid, Phil England, Kadosh Esham, Matt Fyfe, Sarah Freme Jones, Louise Gray, Natalie Groves, Andy Hamilton, Jan Higgins, Richard Henderson, Ken Hollings, Hua Hsu, David Keenan, Monica Kendrick, Rahma Khazini, Bibi Kopl, Ar Lunge, Alan Lurie, Howard Mandel, Dave Mandel, Jerome Maunell, Andy McHugh, Will Montgomery, Jon C Morgan, John Mulvey, Ian Penman, Tom Paschard, Ed Present, Edwin Purney, Simon Reynolds, Tom Ridge, Stephen Robinson, Chris Sharp, Philip Sherburne, Bill Shoemaker, Mark Sinker, Dave Tompkins, David Toop, Elizabeth Vercellotti, Dan Warburton, Ben Watson, Dan Watson, Will Walker, Barry Witherden

Images Amy & Turner, Frank Baur, Nigel Bennett, Karsten Black, Hannah Brown, Chris Buck, Mathias Ek, Oly Hewitt, Ten Kort, Simon Leigh, Sebastian Mayer, Savage Pinot, Michèle Turian, Eva Vismanti, Johnny Volcano, Jake Watson, Wendy

Subscriptions (see page 122)

THE WIRE
2nd Floor East
88-94 Worth Street
London E1 7SA, UK
Phone +44 (0)20 7422 5022
info@thewire.co.uk
www.thewire.co.uk

RATES (12 issues)
UK £36
Europe £50
USA/Canada/US\$85.00
Rest of World \$105.00 (US\$105.00)

Distributors

New stands

UK, EUROPE & REST OF WORLD
(INCLUDING USA)
COMAG Remedial
Theodore White, Teckton Road
Wey Donjon, All Saints, LD17 7XK
Tel +44 (0)1885 432820
Fax +44 (0)1885 433831
www.comag.co.uk

USA
Eastern News
Rue 33rd Street, New York, NY 10003
For US news stand orders call Tel Fax:
1800 221 3148
Fax 1800 221 3148
For US subscription queries contact:
The Wire (see opposite)

Independent record shops

UK & IRISHLAND RECORDS
Sheffield
334 Colongate Road
London N11 4EL
Tel +44 (0)20 8850 8190
Fax +44 (0)20 8850 8140
info@sheffieldrecords.co.uk
www.sheffieldrecords.co.uk

USA
Forsyth Exposure
326 Laurel Street
Savannah, GA 31404
Fax 917 620 4794
info@fex.com
www.fex.com

REST OF WORLD
Contact The Wire direct
Tel +44 (0)20 7422 5022
Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011
info@thewire.co.uk

WORLDWIDE
Central Books (Magazine Dept)
80 Maple Road
London SE1 6LN
Tel +44 (0)20 8981 4364
Fax +44 (0)20 8981 4361
central@centralbooks.co.uk

Bookshops

ND The Wire can also supply second shops
in Europe and the US direct

CABARET VOLTAIRE, THE ORIGINAL SOUND OF SHEFFIELD '78 / '82. BEST OF;

14 classic tracks from cabaret voltaire's
most inventive and aweinspiring period
includes nag nag nag
do the mussolini (headkick)
and yashar

28/10/02

OTHER CLASSIC CABARET VOLTAIRE ALBUMS AVAILABLE ON THE GREY AREA OF MUTE: 1974-1976 / MIX UP / LIVE AT THE YMCA / THREE MANTRAS / VOICE OF AMERICA / RED MECCA / LIVE AT THE LYCEUM / 2X45 / HAP / JOHNNY YESNO ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK / THE DRAIN TRAIN AND THE PRESSURE COMPANY / LISTEN UP WITH CABARET VOLTAIRE (RARITIES) / THE LIVING LEGENDS /

COMING SOON:
METHODOLOGY '74/'76 ATTIC TAPES BOX SET
DOUBLE VISION PRESENTS CABARET VOLTAIRE DVD

VISIT WWW.MUTE.COM OR WWW.MUTEBANK.CO.UK FOR MORE INFO

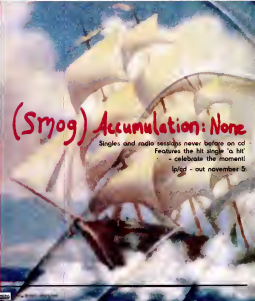
**THE ORIGINAL SINGLE 'NAG NAG NAG'
AVAILABLE 07/10/02 CD, 2x12"
MIXES BY TIGA & ZYNTHERIUS, AKUFEN, RH KIRK**

novamute



ROYAL TRUX
hand of glory

From a long-forgotten trunk,
two songs, twin slobs, circa 1989.
Beats from ten years past - the last Royal Trux album
lp'd - out now

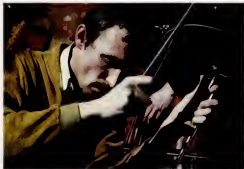


(Smog) Accumulation: None

Singles and radio sessions never before on cd
Features the hit single 'a bit'
- celebrate the moment
lp'd - out november 5

Letters

Write to: Letters, *The Wire*, 2nd Floor East, 88-94 Wentworth Street, London E1 7SA, UK
Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011, email letters@thewire.co.uk
Letters should include a full name and address



Cynabatic figure: John Stevens

Spontaneous recall

Thank you for Julian Cowley's piece on John Stevens (*The Wire* 224). Such was Stevens's enthusiasm for 'free' music that he would descend upon his 'audience of five' after a performance at the Little Theatre Club, as keen to involve us in musical discussion as if we had actually played. I remember too, the old lady behind the bar who served tea and coffee while being permanently plugged into her transistor radio tuned to Radio 2. One bizarre outcome of the influence that John Stevens had on a mere listener such as myself was that he persuaded me to write to my local radio station requesting free jazz. And so it was that in the summer of 1969 (I think) I hosted a programme of European free jazz on Radio Kent (or Medway as it was then). For one wonderful hour, courtesy of the regular DJ's holiday, the station's usual Wednesday night output of David Bowie, Gentle Giant, etc was replaced with the sounds of Derek Bailey, Evan Parker, Han Bennink and John Stevens. Funny enough, I was never invited back to do a second show.

John Caldwell Ramsgate, UK

What time is it?

Being a regular *Wire* reader, I understand that the recently discovered 'smug music hack gene' is a prerequisite for much of your writing team. However, I must take issue with Philip Clark's lazy review of Marvin Ayres's album *Neptune* in *The Wire* 224. The processed string compositions on the harmonically and sonically complex suite *Neptune* are musically very rich, use innovative playing techniques (treated martelé and spiccato bowing, for example), and often do not use time signatures. That is assuming, of course, that Clark comprehends the basics of time signatures. Simple Time and Compound Time in the first place.

Barney Herzog Rotterdam, The Netherlands

Piss poor performance

Re: the Yasunao Tone feature (*The Wire* 223). The primary purpose of Duchamp's *Fountain* was to expose

the vacuous nature of the art industry. The significance of the readymade can be instantly apprehended, but artists in all fields, because of their failure to appreciate the simplicity and directness of Duchamp's gesture, insist on responding to *Fountain* as a work of art. Yasunao Tone's misplaced concern to translate Duchamp's unalloyed musical performance is an example of the artist's inability to engage with the 'work' that supposedly inspired him.

There is a place for musicians to explore ideas on a purely theoretical basis. Once these ideas have been expounded in writing, there is no need to perform or record them. Yamataka Eye's recognition that "Hanafatash is much more interesting to read about than to see and hear" could be applied to Yasunao Tone's entire musical output.

Patrick Wood Sheffield, UK

Chile on top

Two quick points about the Atom Heart article (*The Wire* 223): Argentin Brito is a Venezuelan musician; and the line-up of the Gonzalo Martinez Project includes the Chilean musician Jorge González, who was also a part of the legendary Chilean punk rock group Los Prisioneros.

Ivonne Schleich via email

Humour me

The Wire 223 was filled with great reading as ever. Dave Tompkins's Primer on Miami Bass was written in a way that was perfectly in sync with the music it was about. Of course, there are gaps in writing style throughout *The Wire*: in the same issue, Tom Perchard's review of the book *Diglossa Blues* takes itself so seriously I was bored into sleep. Music certainly has a playful character to reckon with from the start (think Sate, Sun Ra, John Cage, Bob Brozman, Boredoms), at the very least for those who listen to it. For example, your HiPop reviews are often very funny; the Modern Composition section never is, which does nothing to undermine the fact that these genres are in a ghetto of their own. Have

Clarence Barlow write a column, why don't ya?

Also, thank you for the tip on the SoulSeek website in Peter Shapiro's fittingly amusing Go To section in *The Wire* 222. Such a device has allowed me to stop stealing CDs in shops and, guess what, buy more of them.

David Cristol Toulouse, France

Enough of your lip

It's been a while since I've found cause to write, and it's too bad that it is a negative experience that prompts me this time. Rob Young has really overstepped the line of editorial credibility in trashing *The Flaming Lips* so mercilessly in his Editor's Idea (*The Wire* 223). I don't even listen to *The Flaming Lips* music very much, but I recognise a grinding axe when I see one. Grinding axes are for unemployed editors, who lose sleep over perceived trespasses. The Flaming Lips did not spring newborn from the Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots LP. Their 'Really Experimental', loose screw music is over a decade old now, with much more stubborn independence than many of the would-be experimentalists who scratch and paste their measly way into the pages of *The Wire*. I've read about so many phonies has-beens that never were in your pages over the years that it's not funny. Carting along their Xerox copy PoMo attitudes and running from sampler to Powerbook to glitch in pathetic desperation to 'keep up'. When did Zalveeka come out anyway? Not yesterday. Pretty fun stuff, no? Very experimental, in the best sense of the word, without any pretence at all. To pan Yoshimi with such violence is to pan *The Soft Bulletin* as well, since it is cut from the same cloth. Both of these LPs have much to recommend them. To deny rock artists the same tools used by 'legitimate avant-garde' is ridiculous. And to claim that *The Flaming Lips* experimentation (or 'having fun', as they would probably have it) is 'Johnny come lately' is just plain false. The studio has been evolving as an instrument for a long time now, and to claim that *The Flaming Lips* would be better off to stick to sampler and more conventional instruments (acoustic guitars, maybe)

RADAR

NOTHING IS REAL



Francis Poyat compiler of ARABESQUE and ARABICA and Christine Goze talented producer and musician together create some astoundingly beautiful sounds on their debut album **NOTHING IS REAL**.

Nothing is Real is the most stylish blend of North African beats, combining the authentic Arabic sound with Radar's unique contemporary production.

Where Arabian landscapes and notions of overwhelming Middle Eastern beauty appear in full splendour. 10/10*

Out Now



Black Heart Procession Amore Del Topico - £12.99

(Rush & Gai)
Awesome fourth album from Black Heart who should, like *The Sins* (also on Radar), be voted album of the year by PJ Harvey. Amore del Topico unfolds an intriguing tale of murder and mystify, broken hearts, failed schemes, and belated memories worthy of a David Lynch film.



Various Artists Cherrystone's Rocks - £12.99

(Lo Recordings)
A best dogger's guide to psychedelic rock, 15 tracks that explore an area known only to a few of the most diligent hip hop producers and record collectors. Compiled by Twisted Nerve artist Cherrystone (aka: Gueth Goddard).



The Squire of Somerton Transverberations - £12.99

(Morpho Industries)
The Squire of Somerton (aka: Fort Lauderdale) has created a unique quality on album of psychedelic fantasy tales, epic transcendental journeys and cosmic vibrations topped off with several outlandish and outrageous rock rock solos. Released on limited edition LP and CD.



Q And Not U Different Damage - £8.99

(Distant)
Funky DC Era influenced by A Certain Ratio, *Sliding off a clouded night*. "It's a joyous blend of Afro-Indo-emo, funk, tinged beats and lasting music. Outlets that effectively documents a total entry on an astonishing level of artistic momentum." NME

BORDERS*

all titles distributed by GRD

All titles featured at listening posts in the following stores:

The Square, Bourne Avenue, Bournemouth, BH2 6DT, Tel: 01202 269 636 • Churchill Square Shopping Centre, Brighton, BN1 2EA, Tel: 01273 731122 • 12-13 Market Street, Cambridge, CB2 3RA, Tel: 01223 306188 • 24 Collierum Way, Cheshire Oaks, Epsom, Surrey, Tel: 01351 355 7716 • Fort Kinnaird, Edinburgh EH15 3RD, Tel: 0131 657 4941 • 58 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, G1 3BA, Tel: 0141 222 7220 • 6-8 Market Place, Kingston-Upon-Thames, KT1 1TE, Tel: 020 8534 9444 • M1 Centre 26 Portfido Square, Ilkington, NI QPS Tel: 020 7220 3623 • 94-96 Briggate, Leeds, LS1 4HR Tel: 0113 218 4420 • Crown Point Triangle, Northbrook Road South, Salford, Lancashire LE10 1NT, Tel: 0114 269 4729 • 100 Chiswick Green Road, London, W9 1NR, Tel: 020 7279 6626 • 223 Oxford Street, London W1R 1AH, Tel: 020 7222 1800 • 1-12 Magdalen Street, Oxford OX1 3AA, Tel: 01865 202001 • Unit 10, Peel Retail Park, Ormskirk Road, Stockport SK1 2AH, Tel: 0161 476 3202 • 201 High Street, Watfordville Retail Park, Watford WF1 2HG, Tel: 01923 250502 • Unit 3, Lakeside Retail Park, West Thurrock RM20 3WP • 1-5 Gonyatte, York, YO1 5QR, Tel: 01904 653 330

Letters

and leave the obscure methods to the serious musical intellects is fascist.

Too bad if Young doesn't care for the sonic palate used by The Lips. Maybe he needs to peel off his crust of integrity and lighten up. I didn't hear a peep of negativity when Radiohead pulled a complete 360 degree turn. Of course they don't smile for the many photographers, and their musical message is sombre. They got a cover of *The Wire*, and were fiercely defended in its pages. Who was Young then? His arguments hold true for Radiohead just perfectly. It's fine and dandy to 'not like' a group, but to pull out so much hubris and ire in condemning The Flaming Lips (who are fiercely independent by the way, contrary to Young's assertions) is simply wrongheaded, and has no place being aired right above the masthead of *The Wire*.

Charles Henry James Little Rock, USA

Firstly, what I wrote was neither 'violent', 'merciless', nor 'fascist' (and you shouldn't toss such words around so casually). Like you, my editorial also suggested that *The Lips' music* has much to recommend it. My point was not that they should stick to conventional instruments, but that the treatment on that particular record sounded like mutton dressed as lamb. It's just my opinion, and I expressed it. And now you've expressed yours. Welcome to the free world - Ed

When the shit hits the fan

I have to disagree. It hurts, God it hurts, but *A Wizard, A True Star* is neither "clunky" nor "dated" (Editor's idea). *The Wire* 223, rather it still sounds fantastically contemporary. If you really want to diss 70s albums, let's start with the over-inflated reputation of Frank Zappa - great titles, terrible records. What the hell, I'm off to listen to *Hermit Of Mink Hollow*. No doubt the editor doesn't like that either, but he's the loser. Those of us who recognise Todd at his best as one of the great musicians of the last century will spit on his grave. Mind you, Rundgren at his worst, Utopia and the like, is worse than clunky and dated, it's seriously crap. So, let's get some perspective here: when Todd was good he was good; when he was bad he was terrible. But the boy tried, which is more than most. Cut 'em some slack.

Nick Cevell via email

Mudd in your eye

As a regular reader and fan, I am most pleased to have had my book, *Between Montmartre And The Mudd Club: Popular Music And The Avant-Garde*, reviewed (Print Run, *The Wire* 223). Unfortunately, the readers of Richard Henderson's review learn less about my book than about his aesthetic likes and

dislikes. Henderson nowhere indicates that he is only addressing the fifth and last part of the book (on the New York new wave) and says virtually nothing about what comes before. The readers are thus left clueless about the objectives and the overall narrative of the book, which ranges from the artistic cabarets of Montmartre, to the Jazz Age in Paris, the 1940s bebop wars, the cultural accreditation of The Beatles, and the new wave. Perhaps Henderson is not interested in cabaret, jazz or The Beatles. But it is bizarre, if not irresponsible, for a reviewer to pass in silence over the first 220 pages of a 330 page book.

This has bearing on Henderson's major concerns, which turn out to be groundless, once viewed in the light of my agenda, as spelled out in the early chapters. He complains that I seriously overrate certain artists and writers and understate others. But my objective is largely descriptive, which is to document the cultural empowerment of popular music in the past century, achieved largely through the erosion of the barriers between high art and mass culture. Which musicians or writers I discuss, and which I leave out, is determined by the requirements of this narrative and has little to do with my views about their artistic worth or influence. I am not 'deifying' Lester Bangs, as Henderson claims, when I examine his music among the originators of the discourses of punk. This is a discussion of historical fact, not an expression of adulation. Nor am I a cheerleader for Basquiat's band Gray or the East Village Film Underground, who briefly appear in the text to illustrate the spread of pop musicianship and punk aesthetics into the art world. Conversely, Brian Eno, who I greatly admire, inevitably gets little attention in a work whose focus is on live scenes and performances (the Mercer Arts Center, CBGBs, the Mudd Club, etc) rather than on studio production.

The profusion of quotes, which so mystified and irritated Henderson, is easily explained by the fact that any narrative of the cultural empowerment of popular music must pay considerable attention to the discourses of jazz and rock criticism. I make this case repeatedly in the early chapters. The quotes provide the archival evidence for conclusions about the nature of these discourses - the key aesthetic concepts, the debates, etc. They are definitely not, as Henderson surmises, the voices of authority on which I base my own beliefs about aesthetic worth, etc. He is seemingly unaware of the ironic distance I take toward these quoted texts, where the tone is more often amusement than the "gravitas" he imputes to me. I take pleasure in ruminating these witty voices of the past, submerged for decades in library vaults and collectors' basements.

I am grateful to Henderson for pointing out two errors which will be redressed in the next edition.

Bernie Gendron via email

Come again?

I can't believe you resurrected that old chestnut regarding the origins of the name of 10cc (Go To, *The Wire* 223). I remember discussing it with my school chums back in the 1970s and we dismissed it as a complete phallacy (sic). As any fool knows, the average volume of male ejaculate isn't much more than a couple of cubic centimetres (and don't let anyone else lead you otherwise).

Paul Dembla London

Hot gossip

On the Charts page (*The Wire* 221), The Office Ambience lists an album by The Gossip called *Arkansas Heat*. I thought it might be a new imprint for a second, but "Kill Rock Stars" was a simple yet brilliant typo, right?

Oliver Pettigrew Hong Kong

Industrial unrest

Why do you hardly ever review any of the Belgian/German rhythms 'Industrial' scene (like Anti-Zen, Harco, etc)? Because it's already totally out of date for proper avant gardists, or do you think there are other magazines to talk about these sounds? The harshest, weirdest and most experimental bands on that fringe don't get reviewed in the Goth/Industrial/electronics mags either... I've been wondering about that for some time because I love these sounds as much as some of the obscure stuff that appears in *The Wire*. Is there a cultural barrier between Panacea, Converter, SF_55 on the one hand, and Merzbow, Pan Sonic, Thomas Köner and Aube on the other?

Alpiz via email

We have featured and reviewed Panacea more than once, and reviewed selected Anti-Zen releases, as well as other groups such as Troum, OHNE, etc - Ed

Corrections

Issue 224 An old photo caption was mistakenly left in on the Size Matters page; it should have read Joe Colley. In the Soundcheck review of Heiner Goebbels's *Extermaternal*, the names of Josef Berthold and Wolfgang Strüw were misspelt. The Directory carried Thrity Ear's old address. The label now lives at 24 Knight Street, Norwalk, CT 06851, USA. The *Previews/Over Tempo* (Forecast): Italian Instabile Orchestra book reviewed in Print Run can be obtained from www.jm.it/instabile.

Issue 223 The Go To column incorrectly identified the call letters of the host station of Plastic Tales From The Marshmallow Dimension as WUNY; it should have read WNYU. □

The Wire 226: on sale from 21 November

www.thewire.co.uk

The Wire's official Web presence, featuring our art and audio archives, news, lists, database, mailing list and more

www.interference.tv

Interactive archive of the Interference series of mixed media live events that was co-hosted by The Wire and the former Lux Centre

The Wire discussion group

Unofficial online forum devoted to the kind of music and culture covered in The Wire. groups.yahoo.com/group/thewire



DAWN OF A NEW VIBRATION
ARTHUR DORIAN - SUNNY MURRAY
 Dawn Of A New Vibration (CD/Fractal 094)
 Studio recording (5 tracks - 48 minutes)
 by two free jazz legends
 full of brassy power



DUET ALBUM (CD/Fractal 010)
 Duet album - Japanese psychedelic group
 led by High Rise leader Asakito Nanjo.
 Don't miss abstract music.



MUSICA TRANSONIC
 Hard Rock Transonic (CD/Fractal 015)
 Killer 8th album after three years silence by the trio.
 Asakito Nanjo/Makoto Kawabata/Tadayuki Tsukida.
 A no time to creative expression.



ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE & THE MELTING PARADOX U.F.O.
 Unknown Zero On The Move A Zero (CD/Fractal 010)
 New studio album from spirit to love, funk, and
 psychedelia, cosmic folk, blues, humor, including
 the legendary track "Electric Love Machine"
 (also available on a limited single edition).



ILITCH
18 Solitudes (CD/Fractal 003)
 Release of the second album from 2000
 + second disc (bonus), unreleased live recordings
 Paris 1975-78. Ilitch was a major influence
 for the Legendary Pink Stets.



JACQUES DERRIDA
Musique Mente (CD/Fractal 007)
 Release of the legendary first album from 1973
 (with Dominique Coste & Roger Tiercelin).
 Masterpiece.



JAMES XENAKIS
Persepolis (CD/Fractal 04)
 First official release on CD of the classic
 electroacoustic composition from 1971.
 Reissue includes a rare interview
 of Xenakis from 1964.



JAMES XENAKIS
Monique Electro-Acoustique (CD/Fractal 013)
 Two electroacoustic pieces recorded on the UAC
 machine - "Pour La Paix" 1961 (first time available)
 & "Toujours Absolu Des Usages
 Vers l'Acoustique" 1965.

Also available : HIGH RISE, SEIKAZEN, RUTH, PELLE GIL Mousse, JGB MACHETON, MICHEL BULTEAU, FRANK WRIGHT QUARTET... See catalogue on website

Fractal records, 26, rue Garnier, 92200 Neuilly-sur-Seine, France / www.fractal-records.com / fractal-rec@wanadoo.fr

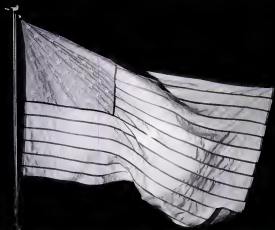
Distributed in USA by FORCIS EXPOSURE

SUICIDE *american supreme*

New album out 28th October
 od / double vinyl

First 1500 copies are Limited
 Edition with a special bonus
 CD of Suicide Live

Suicide Live
 Suicide headline the Sonic Mook
 weekend at the Mean Fiddler Nov 2/3



www.mute.com
www.suicide.tv



Bitstream

News and more from under the radar.

Compiled by The Trawler

RIP: Peter Kowald

Free jazz bassist Peter Kowald died after suffering a heart attack on 21 September at William Parker's house in New York City. Kowald, perhaps best remembered as the bassist in The Globe Unity Orchestra and for his collaborations with Pete Brötzmann and Alexander von Schlippenbach, had just finished a gig in Williamsburg, Brooklyn when he complained of chest pains. A memorial service, featuring performances from most of New York's free jazz community, was held at St Patrick's Cathedral on 1 October >> North London's experimental music oasis, Sound 323, is celebrating their second birthday by starting a label which will specialise in 3" CD releases of recordings from the shop's performance series. The first release is a duet between Derek Bailey and Simon H. Fall (see *Size Matters* for a review) >> In September Nonesuch Records started an ambitious programme to reissue its entire *Explorer* series on CD. The 92 recordings, originally released between 1967 and 1984, rank among some of the most important ethnographic field recordings. The first instalments are 13 volumes of African music from across the continent. January will see reissues of ten albums from Indonesia and the South Pacific, including *Music From The Morning Of The World*, which was one of the first commercially available recordings of gamelan music. Subsequent releases over the next few years will feature music from Tibet/Kashmir, Latin America/Caribbean, East Asia, Central Asia, Europe and India >> In celebration of the 25th anniversary of the founding of Industrial Records, Chris Carter, Casey Farris Tull, Peter Christopherson and Genesis P. Orridge actually talked to each other and agreed to re-release 24 Hours Of TG as a 24 CD box set. Originally released in 1981 as a set of 26 cassettes, 24 Hours Of TG collected tapes of Throbbing Gristle's live performances from their first gigs at Winchester Art Gallery to a 1980 performance at Goldsmiths College. All material has been remastered by Chris Carter. Industrial/Mute will also be releasing a compilation, The World According To Throbbing Gristle, in

2003 >> The pop music industry may be trying to shut down the Internet, but the American New Music community is embracing it with open arms. The American Music Centre, an organisation devoted to promoting modern American composition, has just launched the New Music Jukebox (newmusicjukebox.org), an online library and listening room where people can download scores and listen to streaming audio by hundreds of contemporary American composers >> Motador are about to release an EP by Yo La Tengo which includes four versions of Sun Ra's "Nuclear War". Perhaps the most eye-opening versions are version three – featuring percussion from Susie Ibarra and Artois' Josh Madril, and a brass section of Sabir Majeed, Daniel Carter and Roy Campbell Jr – and version four which is a remix by Mike Ladd >> Since everyone and their lower class sound artist brother are now using the Max/MSP programming environment, Sonic Arts Network has decided to launch the UK's first relatively affordable Max/MSP course. The course, which includes two phases for absolute beginners and programmers with some experience, takes place at the Bristol Watershed, Cambridge CCA, Glasgow CCA and London ICA. Prices range from £30 per phase in Glasgow to, typically, £75 per phase in London. For more information, point your browser to www.sonicartsnetwork.org >> Patchwork 1971-2002 is a 42 minute collage of unreleased Faust recordings that has been compiled by Hans Joachim Irmler and the manager of the Staubgold label, Markus Oetmer. The album, which features material from the Wümme and Virgin Manor studios as well as more recent recordings, will be released on Staubgold on 2 December >> The most excellent *Stay Free* magazine is staging *Megal Art*, an exhibition of art that exists on the fringes of copyright and intellectual property law. The exhibition will be staged at various venues in New York from 13 November to 6 December and in Chicago from 25 January to 22 February 2003, and will include an exhibition of visual art, film screenings, panel

discussions and a performance by Negativland's Mark Haskler and Christian Marclay. A CD featuring tracks by Negativland, John Oswald, The KLF, etc will be given away free at all events >> Matthew Johnson's Fat Possum label, best known for its recordings of RL Burnside, Junior Kimbrough and Asa Payton, has acquired the blues collection of folklorist George Mitchell, who travelled across the Mississippi Delta to record blues performers in the 60s and 70s. The first release will be a 1967 performance by Mississippi Fred McDowell, *Mama Says I'm Crazy*, with releases from Furry Lewis, Sleepy John Estes, Gus Cannon, Houston Stackhouse, Jessie Mae Hemphill, Will Shade, Eddie Boyd and Joe Callicott due over the next few years >> Add N To (X)'s *Barry 7* has just launched a new label called *Horagae* with Ethos Rad from Soul Jazz. Although the label will concentrate on the glam trash aesthetic that's getting the style press all hot and bothered, a more interesting prospect might be *Spray On Sound*, a forthcoming compilation of post-punk electronica featuring the likes of Gine X, Portion Control, Visage and Imp Log >> *Tempo*, that august journal of the contemporary classical music establishment, has been purchased by Cambridge University Press from Boosey & Hawkes who have published it since its inception in 1939. Editor Calum MacDonald will remain as the editor >> Mike Batt, the man who made schoolchildren the country over sing about the Wombles of Wimbledon Common, has recently settled out of the court with the estate of John Cage over the ownership of a silent track that was included on Batt's album *Classical Graffiti*. The track was called "A Minute Silence" and was co-written to Batt and Cage, but Peters Editions, Cage's publishers, pursued a copyright violation case. Batt said the John Cage Trust a "six figure sum" out of "goodwill" >> Unfortunately, The Trawler was a bit premature last month with the announcement that Table Of The Elements would be re-releasing its *Guitar Series* as a two CD set. The label has no plans at present to reissue the recordings □



Death Row

How would Derek Bailey spend his last day on Earth?

You are allowed...

Three records

"What A Difference A Day Makes" by Jerry Schoppenhauer, "Day In, Day Out" by Kenny Kalka, "When Day Is Gone" by Nancy Hagel

One film

Double Indemnity

One book

Sheffield Telephone Directory

Three visitors

VISITORS?????

Last meal

Olives, dry Martini, olives, a bottle of Pouilly Fuisse, tapas, another bottle of Pouilly Fuisse, whiskey tarta, Grappa and one cigarette

Final message for the world

I'll pay next week

Music for the funeral

John Cage's 4' 33" conducted by Butch Morris □
Derek Bailey and Simon H Fall's 15 August 2001 as out now on Sound 323



1997
7 5874

pulseprogramming: TULSA FOR ONE SECOND



COURTESY OF www.pulseprogramming.com
January 2003



NITTEL - BUILD A FIRE SET YOU ON FIRE (OH AMMUTATION) CD

Area Chapter 2010 (Pulse) is a dark, atmospheric, and intense album. The music is a blend of heavy, dark, and intense, with a focus on the dark, atmospheric, and intense.



SUPERBOLA - 40 ACRES AND A MILE (PULSE) CD

A dark, atmospheric, and intense album. The music is a blend of heavy, dark, and intense, with a focus on the dark, atmospheric, and intense.



VULVINE DRUM - URBAN BULLY (PULSE) CD

The album is a dark, atmospheric, and intense album. The music is a blend of heavy, dark, and intense, with a focus on the dark, atmospheric, and intense.



MIDWEST PROJECT - SPECIES (PULSE) CD

The album is a dark, atmospheric, and intense album. The music is a blend of heavy, dark, and intense, with a focus on the dark, atmospheric, and intense.



RIGHT PROCESS MONITOR - THOUGHT PROCESS (PULSE) CD

A dark, atmospheric, and intense album. The music is a blend of heavy, dark, and intense, with a focus on the dark, atmospheric, and intense.



HIP HOP WIENERS - ALL BEER AND CHICKEN (PULSE) CD

A dark, atmospheric, and intense album. The music is a blend of heavy, dark, and intense, with a focus on the dark, atmospheric, and intense.



PUSSYCAT ATOMZ - 24 HOURS LATER (PULSE) CD

A dark, atmospheric, and intense album. The music is a blend of heavy, dark, and intense, with a focus on the dark, atmospheric, and intense.



DENZEL KAYE - TREE CITY LEGENDS (PULSE) CD

A dark, atmospheric, and intense album. The music is a blend of heavy, dark, and intense, with a focus on the dark, atmospheric, and intense.



UK distribution by **CARGO UK**
ph (0207) 731 5125 fx (0207) 731 3486
info@cargouk.com.uk



International representation by **CLOSET**
ph 212.765.1145 fx 212.765.1146
cargouk@closetuk.com

ClosetUK represents many fine labels for distribution and marketing in territories around the world. We also offer over 25,000 titles on vinyl and CD to shops and wholesalers across the universe. Check www.closetuk.com for more info, contact us for complete catalogue.

Global Ear: Bloomington

A survey of sounds from around the planet. This month: at a small town in Indiana, John Fenn discovers a cultural oasis in the heart of middle America



Blooming marvellous: Mamar Kassay, Les Yeux Noirs and Dave Arvin at Indiana's Lotus Festival of World Music and Arts

It's the end of September, and the limestone hills surrounding Bloomington, Indiana are alive with music. About 60 miles south of Indianapolis (the so-called "Crossroads of America"), this small and often sleepy college town is home to the Lotus World Music and Arts Festival. I have come here to attend it along with thousands of other festivalgoers and 29 performing artists from all over the globe. Over the course of five days and nights, the festival takes place in nine different venues clustered around the downtown square. By now a central feature of autumn in southern Indiana, Lotus has grown significantly over nine years. According to all indications (yearly attendance increases and big name artist interest being two) it will continue to do so, thus bringing a hefty swathe of the world's music to this Middle American town of 60,000 inhabitants.

The organisation behind the event is the Lotus Education and Arts Foundation, a not-for-profit group with a mission "to create opportunities to experience and celebrate the diversity of the world's cultures". The individual behind the festival, though, is Lee Williams, who combines 20-odd years' experience of booking shows in Bloomington with an uncanny ear for the most intriguing and moving sounds from the amorphous genre of World Music. Williams is quick to point out the massive amounts of help he gets, especially the volunteer brigades that dutifully assemble every year to shift gear, artists and audiences smoothly through the festival. With his colleague Luknie Holladay, Williams spends almost the entire year consumed with planning Lotus. His list of potential artists begins as a scrap of paper in a desk drawer, usually before the current year's festival is even over. By the time the list hits the hallowed office dryerbase board sometime in June, it encompasses virtually the entire globe. This year's geographic spread was typically wide: Australia, Benin, Bulgaria, France, Hungary, Ireland, The Netherlands, Niger, Peru, Portugal, Scotland, Serbia, Spain, Sweden, Wales, as well as indigenous artists from the United States. However, East Asian, Central Asian and Middle Eastern musics were noticeably

missing, having had strong showings in past years — curtailed by budgets, lack of artist availability, and visa snafus. Somewhat typical glitches for this resolutely untypical event.

There are many reasons why the Lotus fest has been able to take root and grow wild in Bloomington, a cultural oasis set amid relatively conservative countryside (for many years, a KKK Grand Wizard was headquartered just up the highway in Martinsville). The presence of Indiana University (IU), with its dynamic international programmes, strong ethnomusicology and folklore departments, and prestigious music school, creates a politically and culturally liberal environment within the city limits. There's also a countercultural vibe that has inhabited the area since the 1960s, embodied in institutions like the freeform community radio station WFHB. And there's a solid local music scene in Bloomington, with artists and fans alike open to a wide range of sounds and styles.

All year round, that scene churns out an array of attractions. Renowned jazz scholar, educator, and instrumentalist David Baker is based at IU, and hosts a weekly Jazz Fables night at Bear's Place on Third Street. The IU School of Music generates a host of recitals, operas and events of its own, including a phenomenal international harp competition last year. Promoters such as Tom Donahoe (of TD's C&S and LPs) and Beyond the Pale work hard bringing such varied acts as Ole Luke A Dog Tho, Scott Fields & Jeff Parker, and Interpol to town. And then there's the town's surprisingly fertile avant rock scene.

Bloomington-based labels Family Vineyard, Secretly Canadian, and its close cousin Jagaguar, have been responsible for a rock synergy that has both boosted local acts and brought outsiders like NIKI Sjuden or The Ganelson Famile into the Mooser fold for live appearances. The two labels are intricately linked to BloomingtonFest, a kind of cultural flipside of Lotus. This year (its fifth), the festival was a three-day extravaganza of avant rock, art, film screenings and dance sets. Among more than 50 performers who attended were Mark Kozielek, Oam Gray, John Wilkes Boozie, Jagaguar artists Aspera and Spokane, and

Secretly Canadian's Songs:Ohia and Loren Mazzacane Connors (who has also recorded for Family Vineyard).

With so much musical activity going on in Bloomington, Lotus plugs into a built-in audience. Yet, as its reputation on the festival circuit grows, out-of-towners are increasingly being drawn in by word of mouth. Fridays and Saturdays are the showcase nights, placed at the festival's core, with music from 7pm until well after midnight. Many local spaces are co-opted, including two outdoor dance tents, an arts auditorium, a church, a raucous nightclub and a 600 seat theatre. Downtown, the buzz in the air during the showcases is palpable. "It's electric," notes Lee Williams, "and you can't set out to create that — it just happens."

Les Yeux Noirs, forging a dual fiddle, electric-trad mélange of gypsy and kremer musics, wowed the crowd at the Buskirk-Chumley Theatre, while artists like Dave Arvin (of The Blasters) or Portuguese fado singer Cristina Bianco drew audiences in with acoustic performances that, while cultures apart, dipped into similar emotional streams. But for my money, the best of the Friday and Saturday nights was happening smack in the middle of town, in the main dance tent. Friday brought a searing set by zydeco stalwart CJ Chenier, sandwiched between two appearances by The Garbajé Brass Band. Blending percussion and brass traditions from Benin with steaming jazz and funk (including the occasional Osibisa horn riff), Garbajé completely seduced the crowd. They ended their second set with an exuberance that's par for the course at Lotus: a spontaneous march offstage and into the street for a brief, fanfanked parade. The next night in the tent was equally live, with The Boban Markovic Orkestar from Serbia beginning and Mamar Kassay from Niger closing the evening. The former thundered their Serbian gypsy music on cacophonous horns, a wallowing marching drum and rapid-fire snare; the latter wore tight Afropop with dense and tense vocals, rock-solid bass and addictive rhythms. ☐ Websites: Lotus World Music and Arts Festival www.lotusfest.org, BloomingtonFest www.bloomington.in.us/~fest; labels: www.familyvineyard.com, www.jagaguar.com, www.secretlycanadian.com

Bite

With the release earlier this year of her first album, *Guitar Solo*, Berlin-based Annette Krebs has propelled herself into the front rank of guitar improvisors – that is, if “propelled” is the appropriate term for such extreme, minimal music, teetering on the brink of complete silence. But underlying Krebs’s apparent self-effacement is a steady grip, a radical exploration of the language of musical timbre, rather than a flurry of notes. This fascination with timbre is already there in the work of predecessors like Derek Bailey and Keith Rowe. But the asocial Krebs is comfortably at home with her own language, and her album is a kind of wildly confident use of understatement.

Krebs grew up in Saarland, studied in Frankfurt and now lives in Berlin. A guitarist since childhood, she was originally more involved in art. Five years ago she stopped painting to concentrate on music, but was coaxed out of retirement to paint the watercolor cover of *Guitar Solo*. Calling her at home, I asked if she’d ever been a loud rock guitarist. “Not really,” she replies. “When I was 17 we had a few sessions in my village – electric guitars and boys. I was never really involved in that. It was not the world I felt inside.”

In Frankfurt, Krebs singlehandedly invented improvised music from the ground up. “I thought I was the only person in the world doing this!” she laughs. “I started playing abstract paintings on the guitar, playing it with a violin bow – these were my ideas, and I didn’t know there was a whole scene like this. I was so happy to discover in Berlin there were lots of people doing this abstract music. I went to concerts, and I began to deconstruct the guitar. I had a head full of scales, and an acoustic guitar with six strings, so I snipped off all the strings except one. I really wanted to make music which I had not learned before, the music that you have just inside your fingers.”

Untouched by the prepared guitars of Keith Rowe or Fred Frith, Krebs was working things out by herself. “This deconstruction was a personal thing, a way to discover new sounds,” she explains. “When you work

like this there are two ways: one, you look at what other people are doing, and then you try to make something interesting. The other way is to be completely alone, to close the door. You try to step away from any influences, and go deeply into the instrument, asking yourself, ‘What sound have I never heard? What is my job here?’ My job is not to copy people. Inevitably I am influenced – everyone is – but I think my job is to discover music on the guitar, and then I have to do alone.”

I refer to her way with timbre and sound colour as radical. “You think so?” she laughs. “No, it’s natural. It’s a kind of exploring, like physical work. This is a new musical language of noise and noise tones, noises which also have pitch. And there is a world of things between noise and pitch. What I and many others are doing is discovering the new rules which apply to this material. If you are a physicist and you have a new material, then you place it in different environments and see how it reacts.” Do you have any scientific training? “No,” she chuckles, “but I think it’s a good metaphor. This is really what I’m doing.” The mystery of *Guitar Solo* is that you barely hear a plucked guitar string, making it hard to know how she produced her sounds. “I’m not doing much, actually,” Krebs avers. “It’s a very reduced set-up. I have the semi-acoustic guitar on my knees, with two foot pedals controlling two microphones: one under the strings and one contact mic. I play the strings with ear-cleaning cotton buds, steel wool or plastic wool. I also use wood, or a viola bow, and I can bow the contact mic itself or the body of the guitar. Then there is the natural sound of the amplifier and equaliser. Hiss and hum – this is also musical material.”

The Berlin scene is impressive for its easygoing contact between composers and improvisors, and its wealth of performances, sound art and installations. However, to achieve the concentrated focus of *Guitar Solo*, Krebs closed the door on all that. “I put myself in a special environment in order to discover

something,” she explains. “It was really closed, because I didn’t go out for a month. To have silence and to be clear, it’s as if I wanted to paint on very white paper. When you go out each night – alcohol, drugs, smoke – then the music you make is different. It’s difficult to get this silence. I did everything I could to avoid other stuff; no other music, no newspapers, no bars, I didn’t meet many people. It was just sleeping, eating and making music. It was great.”

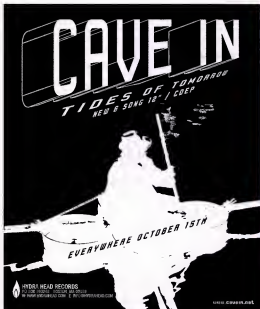
Was it easy to return to civilian life? “Well, it was a terrible shock at first,” Krebs admits. “The first thing I wanted to do was see a movie. At the cinema there was a documentary about whales, and I was very interested. But the film music was so loud, and worse than decoration, it was really shit. Beethoven when the big whale came, and Mozart when the small whale came. Unbearable!”

Krebs’s duo with Tokyo guitarist Taku Sugimoto has released two CDs (on Klub and Rossini). Elsewhere, she has established equally valued partnerships with Andrea Neumann, who plays the insides of pianos, and saxophonist Alessandro Bosetti. These two are also members of the eight-piece Berlin group Phosphor, which includes trumpeter Axel Dörner and percussionist Burkhard Beins. She is about to tour the US for five weeks with the like-minded duo of Ernesto Diaz-Infante and Chris Forsyth. As for recording, Krebs immediately followed up *Guitar Solo* with a diametrically opposed 3” CD for *A Brut Secret*. “It had to be very different,” Krebs asserts, “It’s not silent at all, absolutely not nice, in fact it’s a provocation. For the first record I wanted to make something good, something ‘wow’. But the second one was after September 11 and all this political shit, and I thought it’s no good any more making something nice.” *Guitar Solo* is out on Fingert. *Peace For Guitar Solo* (Sonetime) is on *A Brut Secret*. The duo with Taku Sugimoto, *Eine Gitarre ist Eine Gitarre* and *Keine Gitarre ist Eine Gitarre*, is on *Ressort*. For Krebs’s US tour dates go to www.pareccordings.com

ANNETTE KREBS

The lone rearranger. By Clive Bell





Jerome Cooper

In Concert:
From There to Hear

The music recorded on this CD is from solo live performances at two venues—Roulette and The Knitting Factory—spanning the years 1995-98, and features Cooper's multi-dimensional drumming.



Muhal Richard Abrams
The Visibility of Thought

Jerome Cooper
In Concert: From There to Hear

Thomas Buckner & Tom Hamilton
Jump the Circle, Jump the Line

Roscoe Mitchell & Thomas Buckner
8 O'Clock: Two Improvisations

Space
New Music for Woodwinds and Voice
An Interesting Breakfast Conversation

Also Available

Mel Graves
Day of Love

Big Black
Ethnic Fusion

Randy Weston
Ancient Future

mutablemusic

109 West 27th St., 7th floor, New York, NY 10001 www.mutablemusic.com
Phone 212 627 0990 • Fax 212 627 5504 • Email: info@mutablemusic.com

To Order, Contact



WERGO 4 YEARS - MUSIC OF OUR TIME

1. Blackstone "Sunder" 3. Cops "Revolution"
3. Lead "The Part Where I'm Alone" 4. Kicks "Kicks For Her"
A budget priced 4CD set celebrating four decades of the
Wergo site
WERGO 4CD WERGO1.3



VJRA

Musicals Car List

Fish album from Hain, Hain and Hain.
"One momentary word bursts of volume
into laughter" *Bayan Galaxy The Wire* 2004
RIP CD 2004.04



ADAR DES IFORAS

Journey Through Young Country
Singing Against Heart from from from
Hain record.
12 CD 2004.04



BORAH BERGMAN & ROSCOE MITCHELL

The Italian Concert
Sawed with two practitioners live in 1995 and
with James Joyce.
HAIN NYR CD 2004.04



PETER GARLAND

Acoustic Surfers

Featuring the words "Acoustic Surfers" 1995, "Singing
of beauty in a Thatched Cottage" 1977 and "I Have
Had to Learn the Simple Things Last" 1975.
WERGO 4CD WERGO1.3



HEROISH KAYAK

Flashback

Little known is the year but crucial to the Tokyo
week party scene was the 201. Feedback,
inspired, shared and meeting. *Orlando*
RIP CD 2004.04



THE FLOW OF TIME

THE FLOW OF TIME
A melodic, soulful journey the evening and
night runs from two legends of Indian music.
Acoustic CD 2004.04



ARTHUR BLYTHE

Focus

The great singer returns with solo, acoustic and
4-piece ensemble. "This is incredible stuff" *Village Voice*
HAIN NYR CD 2004.04



Available from Sound 323, High Treble, Electronic, Tower, HWY 150 Oxford St
and all serious specialists, or DIRECT from harmonia mundi

harmonia mundi uk ltd, 41 Ymer St, London E2 1DQ
Sales 020 8788 5546 / sales.uk@harmoniamundi.com
www.harmoniainstruments.com

Bite

Tokyo-based Asa-Chang doesn't own a computer or a cellphone. To your average modern cosmopolitan, that makes him weirder, even, than the beguiling music he makes as Junray with tabla partner U-Zhaan and guitarist/programmer Hidetaka Urayama. Named after the word for "pilgrimage", Junray's sound occupies an alien yet strangely familiar zone, where chattering electro-collages are steeped in the folk of South East Asia. Its distinctive if geographically indeterminate character emerges most vividly in interplays between percussion instruments of diverse origin and tradition. In one such exchange, Asa-Chang takes a deliberately primitivist approach to the Indonesian dandang bongo, which contrasts sharply with the classically trained U-Zhaan's tabla skills.

Plainly, Junray's music is neither determined nor crippled by a desire for authenticity or reverence for tradition. Indeed, a favourite Asa-Chang device is to take the voice and tabla of the traditional Indian dialogue known as Bols, only to digitally break, twist, and turn them into electronic squirts. Though he keeps the company of virtuoso players like U-Zhaan, Asa-Chang is at ease with his own musical shortcomings. Either he covers for them with electronic aids, or he makes a virtue of his lack by reconfiguring it as idiosyncratic technique. "I'm not a good tabla player," he admits. "I have never been to India or studied tabla there. I still find it very hard to play, and it isn't like a guitar that you can learn from books. Besides, as I am working with the excellent tabla player U-Zhaan, I don't play as much as before.

"I use an Indonesian 'bongo' which is made from vinyl chloride - water piping," he continues. "It's just like a toy. I became interested as it seemed to have much more potential as percussion for me."

Like Talvin Singh, Asa-Chang perceives the precision formatting common to both tabla and digital music as divine ordination for his explorations of their interface. "I got into tabla properly after I studied a little," he says, "and found out it is more systematic and formatted, even though many people consider it more spiritual. Maybe that's just because it's Indian. But for me tabla sounded more digital, and I thought it would go well with digitally processed music."

You'd be hard pressed to find any precedents for Junray in Asa-Chang's first group. Born as Koichi Asakura, he spent his formative years with The Tokyo Ska Paradise Orchestra, of which he was a founder member. When he left in 1993, they earned out without him and recently made number one in the domestic J-pop album charts. Asa-Chang has since had his own taste of mainstream fame, recording and playing in the backing bands of Japanese pop acts. He comments, "From working with them for a long time I've learnt that I wouldn't be happy to invite the old way of pop music into my scheme."

That said, he asserts that his own music and his breadwinner sessions aim to be equally accessible, and he's perturbed by anyone telling him they find his records challenging or difficult. Hence the Star Trek samples on the opening number of Asa-Chang's forthcoming five track EP, Tsuginepu, which Leaf plan


to release in January 2003. The Star Trek voices eventually disappear in a sonic soup thickened with field recordings of sickbay bleeps, sliding doors and a speeding lift. Eventually tabla beats wobble into earshot, luxuriating in the EP's wide open spaces. On "Toremoro", the calm is scattered by a confusion of gamelan tones, gong shimmers and pseudo-flute trills. Elsewhere, the EP breaks into English sung to a twangy guitar accompaniment; another track suggests an Okinawan karaoke bar; And one called "Kakyo" is something else again: a necky brass band parade is recorded on a beach over a backdrop of breaking waves. Extramusical elements are more than just salad dressing to the composer-gatherer of this EP. In places, they're integral to the music's structure as well as its character, leaving Asa-Chang and U-Zhaan with the problem of how to perform it live. Necessity mothered the invention of 'Junraytronics', a machine flexible enough to earn it equal billing with the soft machines it shares the stage with.


"I always start by composing the music on a score," he explains, "and Junraytronics, myself and U-Zhaan perform it live. Junraytronics is the sound system we constructed for performances, and though it's very small, we cannot perform live without it. With Junraytronics, we try to recreate the feel of our recorded music. Junraytronics has many musical resources. We play to it, and it plays to us," he concludes. "Voices and drums are almost the same to me." □ Jun Ray Song Chang is out now on The Leaf Label. The Tsuginepu EP will be released in January.

ASA-CHANG & JUNRAY

Progressive pilgrim. By Martin Longley



ORCHESTRA  **BAOBAB**

Specialist in all STYLES 

THE FIRST NEW ALBUM FROM THE
SENEGALESE MASTERS IN OVER
15 YEARS - OUT NOW


"A GLORIOUSLY ENTHUSIASTIC
AND GLASSY SET.★★★★"

THE GUARDIAN

"A REMARKABLE BLEND OF CUBAN RHYTHMS AND
WEST AFRICAN MELODIES." THE INDEPENDENT

"ECHOZY, LATE-NIGHT, WITH A LATIN UNDERTOW
AND SINUOUS GUITARS.★★★★" Q MAGAZINE

AUTUMN UK TOUR
CHECK DATES ON WWW.WORLDCIRCUIT.CO.UK



Also available
with blue cover

THE SOUNDTRACK ALBUM

THE SINGLE SEASON SONGS
BY BLAKE STATES
RELEASED 19.11.12

28 DAYS LATER

RELEASED: 26.10.12

INCLUDES THE ORIGINAL FILM SCORE PLUS MIXES BY BRIAN AUGER, DONALD FERGUSON AND BLAKE STATES

INCLUDES EXCLUSIVE BONUS MATERIAL INCLUDING:
- ANHIM: ED FEATURES INCLUDING EXCLUSIVE UNFINISHED FOOTAGE,
THE FILM TRAILER, AND MP3S FROM THE SOUNDTRACK

DNA PCL 

www.28dayslater.com www.dna.com www.pcl.com www.28dayslater.com



HYPERGLOMERULONEPHROSIS (HGN)
One of Sweden's most talented producers, Hideo Iguchi music is known for its diverse and artistic nature, and his music is made for a wide range of modern electronic music. His music has been featured in many movies, including the 2005 film "The 400 Blows" and the 2006 film "The 400 Blows". His music is also featured in many other movies, including "The 400 Blows" and "The 400 Blows".

HYPERGLOMERULONEPHROSIS (HGN)
One of Sweden's most talented producers, Hideo Iguchi music is known for its diverse and artistic nature, and his music is made for a wide range of modern electronic music. His music has been featured in many movies, including the 2005 film "The 400 Blows" and the 2006 film "The 400 Blows". His music is also featured in many other movies, including "The 400 Blows" and "The 400 Blows".

SMALLER THAN LIFE (STL)
Smaller Than Life is a compilation of 10 tracks, each by a different artist, and each with a different theme. The tracks are: "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi, "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi, "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi, "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi, "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi, "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi, "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi, "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi, "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi, "Smaller Than Life" by Hideo Iguchi.

INTERVALLS MUSIC (IM)
Intervals Music is a compilation of 10 tracks, each by a different artist, and each with a different theme. The tracks are: "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi, "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi, "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi, "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi, "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi, "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi, "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi, "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi, "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi, "Intervals Music" by Hideo Iguchi.

INTERVALLS MUSIC LTD
T: +44 (0)121 507 7132
F: +44 (0)121 507 7132
WWW.INTERVALLSMUSIC.CO.UK

POSSIBLE MUSIC
T: +44 (0)121 507 7132
F: +44 (0)121 507 7132
WWW.POSSIBLEMUSIC.CO.UK

Bite

Steve Mackey doesn't come across as your average class warrior. Not only is he professor of music at Ivy League Princeton University, he's also an award-winning composer whose work has been performed by major symphony orchestras. But in the traditional classical music circles that he sometimes moves, controversy has a way of seeking him out. His most unpardonable sin? Using electric guitar in his compositions. He recalls one especially brutal incident after a certain orchestra programmed one of his concertos featuring electric guitar: "They knew the music director wouldn't do it," he says, "so they had this guest conductor scheduled, and he said that the decline of Western civilization is due to the electric guitar." And to drive the point home, Mackey remembers, the conductor added "that he had made the decision years ago that he would never conduct a piece of mine even if it didn't have electric guitar, merely because I use the electric guitar so often in concert music."

For the 46-year-old Mackey, who came of age in the post-60s heyday of the power trio and the 17-minute jam, incorporating screeching guitar parts isn't meant to epater les bourgeois or bolster his badboy credentials. It's simply an outgrowth of his days as a rocker, rehearsing in garages and worshipping at the altar of Jimi Hendrix and John McLaughlin. Separated from his composing career by an interim period spent studying pre-Baroque music, those times are well behind him now, but he still can't find anything in the traditional symphony orchestra to match the emotive power of an overdriven Les Paul. Music was always meant to be exciting, Mackey says, notwithstanding the revisionism of certain guardians of high culture. "When I first heard Beethoven's last string quartet or Mozart's piano concertos," he recalls, "I was 21 years old, and it knocked me out. We've erected

grand, complicated intellectual reasons for why this music is good, and they're all valid, but when Beethoven was slinging his bedpan around his apartment, he wasn't worried about parallel fifths. He was trying to create a really wild and extravagant experience for people."

In Mackey's case, those people include the performers of his compositions, who are allowed an inordinate amount of freedom within the relatively flexible confines of a piece's structure. Here again, he calls upon his early experience in the rock world, where lack of formal musical training and long-time tradition lead group members to "come up with" their parts by feel and through a democratic give and take process. Such a cross-pollination of practices adds biodiversity to Mackey's output, which he fears would otherwise become overly uniform. "The cool thing about that whole rock band modus operandi," he says, "is that everyone really owns their own part, in a sense. It contributes to the whole, but there's a certain kind of funky peculiarity to the individual parts." Returning to the example of Beethoven's string quartets, he continues, "It's fabulous music, and there's a lot of personal investment that individual performers can make in that music. But it's still a music where all the parts are really coming from the same head. These games that I play to capture some of that rock band feel are to try to get a little bit of the sense that the parts are coming from different heads."

Among Mackey's better-known collaborators are downtown avant jazz fixtures Bill Frisell on guitar and Joey Baron on drums, both of whom performed on the concert premiere of *Deal*, a 30-minute composition for electric guitar, drum kit and chamber orchestra. Mackey has since worked up the nerve to handle the guitar part himself. He already plays most of the guitar

on his recordings, which include a recent collection of his music conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas, *Tuck And Roll* (RCA); *Physical Property* on The Kronos Quartet's 1993 Nonesuch CD *Short Stories*; and a collection of mostly unaccompanied guitar compositions called *Lost And Found* (Bridge). *Deal*, Mackey explains, is "about the survival of the soloist. The orchestra part is not just oomp-oompa, some passive thing that the soloist can blow over. It's Mackey Land — an obstacle course. Part of the thing with *Deal* is putting those two worlds together. There are going to be improvising soloists, and then a really complicated, highly detailed, notated score." For his upcoming CMN tour of the UK, Mackey will be joined by Joey Baron and the British orchestral group Psappha, with whom he has frequently collaborated. In addition to *Deal*, they'll be presenting *Physical Property*, a manic, high-energy composition recalling his guitar-toting youth, even as it was inspired by his years as a professional freestyle skier; and *Micro-Concerto*, a guitarless work for percussion and five instruments that is meant to showcase the variety of roles the percussionist can play within an orchestra. Mackey will also be performing a solo guitar piece.

Perhaps Mackey's British audiences will be more open-minded than the arch-conservative listeners he once encountered at an Austrian festival. "For the rest of the festival," he recalls, "I would walk down the hall, and people would jump into doorways to avoid talking to me." But the one comment made to him face checked him. "There was one composer who I ended up next to in a unal," he laughs, "so he couldn't escape. But he felt the need to say something to me, and he said, 'Well... we admire your freedom.'" □ For details of Steven Mackey's CMN tour with Joey Baron and Psappha, see *Dut Thru*. Website: www.stevemackey.com



STEVE MACKEY

This guitar kills conductors. By Dave Mandl



LEO RECORDS

Music for the inquiring mind
and the passionate heartLEO RECORDS
NEW RELEASESGY 18/19 THE GANELIN TRIO
TAAANGO...IN NICKELSDORF

This is a double CD which was originally released as a double LP, limited edition 500 copies. Recorded live in Nikelsdorf at the end of the Ganelin Trio tour of Austria in 1985, the two 40-minute compositions plus four encores contain everything a music fan dreams of — immaculate overall structure, changing moods, grandeur of classical music followed by folk episodes and swinging passages with hints of blues and be-bop, played brittle and rough, as only this Trio can. Total duration: 110 minutes.

GY 409/412 GOLDEN YEARS OF THE SOVIET
NEW JAZZ, VOL. II

Disc 1 Home Liber - 75/34
Disc 2 Vladimir Chekasin Big Bands - 79/00
Disc 3 Senkho Mamchylsk, Trio-D - 68/11
Disc 4 Andrew Solovyev, Igor Grigor'ev,
Vlad Makarov - 79/00

Five hours of music, all the pieces in this volume are previously unreleased material except for one piece by Chekasin's Big Band. The 4-CD box is accompanied by a 28-page booklet containing lots of information: interviews, essays, photos. Special limited edition of 750 copies. The price is £25.00.

CD LR 357 METAMORPHOSIS
DIP contaminated chamber music

Metamorphosis is a four piece group combining the top musicianship of a classical quartet, the energy of a punk band, the hooks of a kick-ass pop-band. Grafting together these disparate influences, Metamorphosis plays highly arranged, very energetic and often stridently rhythmic music which combines great sensitivity, subtle use of dynamics, passages of free improvisation, humor and lyrics in many languages. Forget Kronos Quartet, The EX and The Pixies — now you have them all in one band!

RE-ISSUE

CD LR 204/205 ANTHONY BRAXTON
QUARTET (COVENTRY) 1985

The legendary Braxton's Quartet with Marilyn Cnspeil, Mark Dresser and Gerry Hemingway at Coventry which was unenviable for quite some time. The 18-page booklet has a new look and contains detailed notes by Graham Lock. Don't forget that each CD finishes with an extensive interview by Anthony Braxton.

Mailorder prices: single CD - £10.00, double CD - £20.00. P&P: £1.00 with every order (does not matter how many CDs there are in one order). **Special offer:** buy three CDs from this press-release and get the fourth one for free, buy four CDs and get two CDs for free. Double CD counts as two CDs. GY 409/412 is not included in the offer. Payment with postal orders, cheques, I.M.O., bank's drafts, and credit cards to

Leo Records, Abbottsford Orchard, Abbottsford, Newton Abbot TQ12 3HW
e-mail: leorec@attis.co.uk www.leorecords.com

noisebox

CD / CDR / CD Business Cards / DVD /
Black & Coloured Vinyl / Cassette / Mastering

CDR - 100 - £128+VAT
inc colour on-body print + jewel case/wallet.
CD PRESSING - 1000 CDs - £650+VAT
inc booklet/inlay, case.

SHORT RUNS OF FULL-COLOUR
CD BOOKLETS & INLAYS

FAST EFFICIENT SERVICE

tel: +44 (0)1603 767726

noisebox windsor house 74 thorpe road norwich
norfolk NR1 1BA

info@noisebox.co.uk www.noisebox.co.uk

fax: +44 (0)1603 767746

Artists Featured on
Sublingual:

Andrew Neumann
Binary System
Christian Marclay
Convolution
Daniel Carter
Elliott Sharp
Ikue Mori
Jon Rose
Katsui Yuji
Kido Natsuki
Ken Field
M3

Mile Wide
Melt Banana
Roger Miller
Salunalla
Shimizu Kazuto
Sigmund Flexure
Steffen Basho-Jungmans
S-T-R-U-N-G
Thurston Moore
Toshi Makihara
Wally Shoup

New on
Sublingual Records:

SLR012:

Principle Hope
Carter/Cook/Kowald/LaMaster

Daniel Carter (reeds, trumpet, flutes)
Laurence Cook (acoustic & electronic percussion)
Peter Kowald (acoustic bass)
and
Jonathan LaMaster (acoustic & electric violin)

Fiercely energetic compositions mix with passages of introspective beauty when Carter, Cook, Kowald, and LaMaster meet up for an historic studio recording session in Boston.

The disc features computer "enhanced" files, including a concert video of the group with Keith Fullerton Whitman (real-time audio processing, created by Phoenix Labs).



info and mailorders:
P.O. Box 391516
Cambridge, MA 02139
USA

order online at:
www.sublingual.com
info@sublingual.com

WIRE

THE WIRE ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC

WWW.THEWIRE.CO.UK ISSUE #39 NOVEMBER 2002 £3.50



BOB COBBING

David Toop mourns the loss of a great English sound poet

Bite

I first saw Bob Cobbing in August, one of those days when you feel that the burger merchants of North London's Finsbury Park could switch off their hotplates and fry meat on the smoking streets. Bob appeared at his basement door as a living illustration of the phrase 'under the weather'. Frail and clearly in some pain, he found movement a trial, climate extremes the enemy of his arthritis. We sat at the kitchen table, surrounded by the paper architecture of a million small press publications. I had asked him to write a poem, an incantation, that would conclude the piece I was composing for the Thames Festival. He was reluctant at first, 'you've already got all you need, he said, when he saw the ideas I gave him. Yes, I said, but I want you to exercise verbal magic and besides, I don't have your voice. And so I pressed 'record' on my Minidisc and, as drawn and weary as he seemed, Bob plunged into the racing Thames, calling on spirits of oars to Rise Up.

I had hoped to see him at Lol Coxhill's 70th birthday celebration in mid-September at the 100 Club, but he felt too unwell to perform. This was rare enough to be a premonition. He did turn up at the Klinker Club for Lol's actual birthday, two nights later, but then the Fates declared enough and took charge of this rebellious octogenarian who refused to hush and be still. After a brief stay in hospital, Bob died on 28 September.

This was a fair distance in years, if not miles, from his birth in 1920. Bob was the son of an Enfield signwriter, and the temptation to draw conclusions from that is thoroughly justified. Many of us end up simply reversing the material our parents give us without, actually leaving it in the past. For Bob, that was literally the case. His father wrote perfect new signs on the refurbished bodywork of old vans; Bob took perfect letter forms and texts, then blasted them off the page, transforming them into marinic chants, roaring depths of sound, ink clouds of black night, the slatter of language returned to its source.

His father was a watercolour painter, also, and an amateur musician who played piano and fiddle. "We

had one of those big old cabinet gramophones in those days," Bob told me in 2000, "and my father bought a copy of Stravinsky's *Rite Of Spring*, which was advertised fairly widely. It had Mussorgsky's *Night On The Bare Mountain* on the other side. He didn't care for it much so he gave it to me and I was thrilled with it. I remember spending hours in front of it. The cabinet had doors that you put your head in and almost shut them behind you. I think from there on, an interest in music of all kinds took off."

Bob began writing poetry at 11, godawful stuff he reckoned, but the first real spark came from hearing Yeckel Lindsay's controversial poem, "The Congo", at Enfield Grammar School. Typically, Bob could recite it from memory, tearing into Lindsay's sonorous political incorrectness as a starving man might savage a plate of reeking stew. A conscientious objector during the war, he was obliged to work in a hospital. Supervising the hospital stores gave him access to a battered Romeo duplicator, the first instrument of his visual poetry. By 1958, he was cutting lines out of newspapers and rearranging them into poems. Burroughs and Gysin are heralded for that invention, but Bob had the scissors out three years earlier. Rather than the bitterness you might expect, this absence from the petty chronologies of the avant garde induces a belly laugh to mock the gods.

Breaking down the word came in the early 1960s. "It may well have been the accident of finding a lot of old *Leitner* in a dustbin somewhere," he told me. "It was all cracked. I thought, this is lovely, these beautiful cracked letters." Another breakthrough was his *ABC In Sound*, which he performed in 1964 at Better Books, the Chancery Cross Road nerve centre of London's emergent counterculture. Bill Butler and Jeff Nuttall added him to programmes at the ICA, then in Dover Street, where he performed with another poet, Anthony Thwaite. Better known as an editor of Philip Larkin than a fan of sound poems, Thwaite expressed enthusiasm for the *ABC* and recommended Bob to BBC poetry

producer George Macbeth. This was a good time for sound poetry. Bob began to meet fellow travellers such as Henri Chopin, François Duflin, Bernard Heidsieck, Ernst Jandl, Sten Hanson, Lily Greenham and the monk from another planet, Don Sylvester Houedard. He also worked with Paula Clare, who was performing poems from 'texts' of old stories, or half a cabbage. Again, the belly laugh. "I thought," he said, "it's all very well to be performing these shapes from nature, but why not make the shapes oneself?"

As manager of Better Books, Bob became embroiled in the hatching of underground plots such as the Destruction In Art Symposium and two hugely successful Royal Albert Hall poetry readings. An English tour with Beat poets Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Gregory Corso might have elevated his individual star, but the irascible Corso objected to Bob and his oeuvre, so that was that. A lot more Cobbing history has filled the time between Corso's hissy fit and the Bob known and loved by contemporary audiences for his indefatigable performances with Hugh Metcalfe, Lol Coxhill and Jennifer Pike. As you might expect of any 82 year old who declines to stop working, whether for Christmas or old age, Bob's story is too expansive to fit on one page.

I first met him in 1971 or thereabouts. Paul Burwell and I were playing in a duo called Ran In The Face. Paul's girlfriend, Sheila, was pregnant and Paul dubiously went to inform her father. As if in a Douglas Sirk movie about the avant garde, he turned out to be Bob. Both were so embarrassed by the situation that they discussed sound poetry, art, music, anything other than the subject in hand. Subsequently, we began playing together in a trio called Abana, touting the British lists and beyond. The last gig as a trio was at The Winkler in June, a marker of our 30th anniversary together. The intensity still lingers. Somehow, I don't think the visceral effrontery of his raging, dancing word destruction will be replaced. ☐ Bob Cobbing, poet and publisher, 30 July 1920-28 September 2002

TG24

Throbbing Gristle's legendary 24hour cassette box set available for the first time on 24 CDs
Remastered by Chris Carter and packaged in a deluxe hand made box including a wax sealed file containing
a myriad of new and unique artefacts and information provided by all four members of Throbbing Gristle

For more information or to pre-order this strict limited edition and fully
view the box set under construction go to www.mute.com/tg



CUNEIFORM RELEASES | from CANTERBURY ROOTS



MATCHING MOLE: Marsh
Robert Wyatt/Phil MacCormick
David Mullen/Phil Mullen
ICD RUNE 172

MATCHING MOLE: Sander Soggett
Robert Wyatt/Phil MacCormick
David Mullen/Phil Mullen
ICD RUNE 160

Two previously unreleased
live recordings from early 1970s
recording from Robert Wyatt's
early experimental band their last
subsequently to the Mole's
recorded history - still sounding
fresh and exhilarating today



SILVANUS: Anything Twice
Alan Gowen/Phil Lee
Mike Towns/Neil Marney
Peter Lewis/Steve Doolittle/Chris
previously unreleased recordings
from one of the city's most
underestimated talents, Silvanus
Gowen's coherent sense of melody
and assuredly person
ICD RUNE 166

HUGH HOPPER & ALAN GOWEN
Two Releases Only
Robert Wyatt/Phil MacCormick
David Mullen/Phil Mullen
a review of the much sought
after and long-awaited album
with over 30 minutes of
previously unreleased material
ICD RUNE 171



NATIONAL HEALTH: Playtime
Alan Gowen/Phil Lee
Phil Mullen/Phil Pyle
an album of previously
unreleased material by the
excellent rock band
ICD RUNE 143

DELIVERY: Snake/Snake
Steve Miller/Carol Grimes
Phil Mullen/Carol Grimes/Phil Pyle
Ray Robinson - CD version of
the classic, album with previously
unreleased material
ICD RUNE 115

PHIL MILLER: Gogging In
Phil Miller/Hugh Hopper
Phil Mullen/Phil Pyle/Phil Lee
David Mullen/Phil Mullen
ICD RUNE 148

PHIL MILLER: Gogging In
Phil Miller/Hugh Hopper
Phil Mullen/Phil Pyle/Phil Lee
David Mullen/Phil Mullen
ICD RUNE 148



HUGH HOPPER: 1984
John Mervin/Phil Pyle
Lol Coe/Phil Pyle
a re-issue with additional material
of Hopper's classic solo album
recorded while he was with
Soft Machine ICD RUNE 104

HUGHSCAPE: Delta Flow
Hopper teams up with Gentle
members to record what has
been described as "a psychedelic
classic for the modernist"
ICD RUNE 116

HUGH HOPPER BAND: Canceled
Hopper's Frankfort band with
Phil Mullen/Phil Pyle
ICD RUNE 67

HUGH HOPPER: Mozzano Pictures
ICD RUNE 95006



ELTON DEAN: Morning
a First Generation Morning a.o.
wonderfully rich, inventive and
original album. One of the great
of his powers ICD RUNE 142

ELTON DEAN: Jet
a re-issue of solo project from his
Soft Machine days to Mark Ching
Mike Redgrave/Phil Pyle
a.o. includes 20
minutes of extra material
ICD RUNE 103

ELTON DEAN: Start Knowledge
a.o. First Generation/Stephen
a.o. ICD RUNE 101

ELTON DEAN: a.o. 30/34
a.o. Phil Mullen/Phil Pyle
a.o. ICD RUNE 92



SOFT MACHINE: Backwards
Robert Wyatt/Steve Dean
Maggie Appleton/Mike Redgrave
Three sessions 1969-70 including
Wyatt's original demo version of
"Moon in June" ICD RUNE 173

SOFT MACHINE: Records
from 1969, first full length release
by Dean/Wyatt/Hopper/Redgrave
and Lynn Delany ICD RUNE 100

SOFT MACHINE: Visually
Hopper/Daniel/Wyatt/Redgrave
in November 1971 Radio Gwent
recording ICD RUNE 106

SOFT MACHINE: Spaced
Redgrave/Wyatt/Hopper in the
studio in 1969 using happy and
effects for multimedia theatre
work soundtrack ICD RUNE 101

also: PHIL PYLE & HUGH KASSIR, Florida And Graham's complete collaborative recordings ICD RUNE 111-16
with TERRY MILLIGAN, Spectator RUNE 142/Complete Filled RUNE 162/Records RUNE 93
The January RUNE 42/Peter About The Heat RUNE 82 - all with Phil Mullen/Phil Pyle/Phil Lee

IMPETUS

DISTRIBUTION

10 HIGH STREET, SKIGERSTA
NESS, ISLE OF LEWIS OUT
HEBRIDES, HS2 0TS
tel: 01851 810808
fax: 01851 810809

for a full catalogue of these and other independent releases
send a £1-SAE or 4xIRC to Impetus at the foremost address for new music

PAYMENT FOR ORDERS BY VISA & MASTERCARD WELCOME tel: +44 (0)1851 810808 / fax: +44 (0)1851 810809
prices: CD £12 / 2CD £18 + postage: UK £1 per order / EUROPE £1.50 per order + £1 per disc / US/USA \$2 per order + \$1.50 per disc

WIRED

THE WIRE ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC
WWW.THEWIRED.CO.UK ISSUE 225 NOVEMBER 2002 £4.50

A close-up portrait of Kimmo Pohjonen, a Finnish musician. He has short, dark hair and a goatee. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a blue t-shirt with a red collar. The background is a dark, textured wall.

KIMMO POHJONEN

Bellows of a wild man

IN THE HANDS OF FINLAND'S **KIMMO POHJONEN**, THE ACCORDION ABANDONS ITS FOLK ROOTS TO BECOME A GUTBUSTING FURNACE OF SHAMANIC SOUND, ANIMATED BY PRIMAL ENERGIES AND ORCHESTRAL DYNAMICS.

WORDS LOUISE GRAY PHOTOS MATTIAS EK

If you're one of the hordes that have been terrorised by a wheezing rendition of "La Vie En Rose" at a pavement café anywhere in Europe, nothing can quite prepare you for the Finnish accordionist Kimmo Pohjonen. A performer whose blend of virtuosity and resolute experimentation is routinely likened to that of Jimi Hendrix or Laurie Anderson, Pohjonen is a galaxy away from those squeeze-box-squealing tourist torturers. On stage, he's a giant wrestling with a vast accordian. The size is important. The sounds he wrings from it – the thing almost breathes – are live, feral entities. At times, you hear train noises, unearthly wailings and exuberant choral arrangements that may or may not have a link to devotional music. It's a music that has its roots in traditional music in concept only; he is, for instance, a long way removed from English composer Howard Skempton's rediscovery of old accordian motifs. Pohjonen often refers to the "endless time" of Early Music, and it's possible that his continual improvisation is, in a sense, a method of cheating time.

With his five-row chromatic accordian connected to a series of looping samplers and effects pedals and then amplified into a hall by a surround-sound system, Pohjonen's music has a curious dynamic. It may hint at some traditional refrain – one hears them as dangerously alluring siren songs – before barreling it through an artillery of continuous samples; the accordian may be literally assaulted as its master thumps out additional rhythms or drags the bellows into a gutbusting screech. On stage in London this summer as part of David Bowie's *Meltdown* festival, Pohjonen – performing his piece *Kiuster* accompanied by electronic percussionist Samuli Kosminen – resembled nothing so much as a Laocoön, caught in a struggle between sound and silence, light and dark.

Off stage, Pohjonen comes over as a carefully posed man in his late thirties, considerate enough to bring a plate of cheese – the only food he can find in the fridge at the Bruges Kunsthal where he will later be performing, alongside multimedia artist Marita Uukia and Butch dancer Aki Suzuki, in *Manipulator*. A sly, subtle spectacle of a show, *Manipulator* has a simple premise: the three-way manipulation of sound, movement and vision. It is a complex arrangement of interactions, always with a central core of improvisation. Uukia's heady animations are generated by feeding images from a digital camera and then, after a little trickery from some programming bugs she found in Photoshop and Director animation applications, projected onto a huge screen at the back of the stage or on the performers' pristine white clothes. In Bruges, *Manipulator* lasts for five hours (it's been known to take even longer), during which the audience can come and go as they please, a device reminiscent of Philip Glass and Robert Wilson's *Emstons On The Beach*. That the periodic absence may not hinder the audience's pick-up of *Manipulator*'s narrative – or non-narrative – is important, so the theme is one of process and continual rearrangements. "That," says Pohjonen, "is the key question. The most important thing is that we listen to each other. We have no idea what's going to happen in tonight's *Manipulator*. We've seen some of

Marita's stored images, but we don't agree anything that we do on stage. We just try to find a line that will enable us to do five hours."

Manipulation and transformation are at the core of Pohjonen's music and performance. It's a thread that's developed most radically with *Kalmuk*, the show that Pohjonen will bring to London this month and his most ambitious work to date. Named after the southern Russian tribe and taking its inspiration from a pairing by contemporary artist Martti Innanen ("It's naive in style, I suppose, but there's an extraordinary weirdness about it – I love it"), it will pit him and two electro-percussionists, Abdissa 'Mamba' Assela and Pohjonen's *Kiuster* partner Samuli Kosminen, against 15 members of Finland's best-known chamber orchestra, The Tapiola Sinfonietta. Premiered in Helsinki's Savoy Theatre two years ago, *Kalmuk* destroys the careful sonic placement that chamber music traditionally implies, and recreates it in a permanent flux, visually and structurally.

But this doesn't mean that *Kalmuk* is one vast free-for-all; its recordings demonstrate a piece that veers from full-on bombast to surprising delicacy. Carefully wrought arpeggios give way to clouds of electronic noise that dissipate with the harmonic delicacy of a Ligeti. And at all times, you are aware of a constant movement, rather like an orchestra on the march. But it would be more accurate to describe *Kalmuk* as a piece in a constant state of development. Perhaps more than Pohjonen's other work – from his early youth as a pelimanni (folk) accordionist in his home town of Viiala to his dramatic break with classical music in favour of folk studies as a student at the Sibelius Academy – *Kalmuk* synthesises the many disparate strands in his practice. Above all, it places improvisation at the heart of classical music. Not that improv has ever been wholly absent from the classical corpus. It's just that the technique, by its fundamental non-hierarchical nature, is often at odds with the dual authority of conductor and notated music.

Although the idea of working with the Tapiola ensemble came from its director, Pohjonen knew that his ideas – playing from memory, experimenting with effects, improvisation and spatial changes – for the piece might arouse opposition. "I told the manager a year before we began work that I would want the musicians to move around, to improvise, to connect their own instruments to various electronic units," he says. "This way, those who felt that they couldn't work this way wouldn't feel compelled to do so."

In the event, half of the Sinfonietta opted out, but even so, he faced a certain amount of perplexity, and initially, resistance from the remaining members. "What was difficult for them to understand was that I didn't want to make the piece ready when we started rehearsals for *Kalmuk*," he recalls. "I didn't write down notes for the musicians, so there was no question that we would play this way or that way. I wanted to experiment, to play, if necessary, one section over and over, rather like a rock band may do. This was the biggest surprise for them. During the rehearsals, one guy challenged me, saying, 'Why didn't you tell us that

we had to work like this?" He was angry? "Yes, in a way, but maybe he hadn't understood the process. I was trying to achieve. When we work in this way, I get the best part of everyone. The process itself is the most interesting aspect of working with people. It was a continual trial and error, and little by little, any problems there were disappeared."

Pohjonen's working method, however, wasn't just process for process's sake. "What I got from the *Innenen* painting, and what I've taken into Kalmuk, is this idea that each of us has an animal part that no one else can see," Pohjonen explains before moving onto shamanistic tradition. "That's a big part of Finnish culture, and one that's very much interesting to me. In the 1980s, I used to go to see a shamanistic therapist group in the north of Finland, and found it fascinating. I've read those books about people who eat mushrooms and bang drums to go really far away. I think it's also the same kind of method or situation."

Although Kalmuk may not take the theme of shamanistic transmigration to the hairy-pelted conclusion that Björk reached in her video for the single "Hunter" some years ago, Pohjonen was certainly aiming at weaning down the chilled veneer of the orchestra. "I know it's not easy to be a beast on stage," he declares. "You're aware of the audience. Sometimes you're ashamed of looking wild [a thump on the table makes the cheese shoes jump], but I've found that when you can go into the music somehow more deeply, when everything becomes intuitive, then you don't care how it looks. Yes, that's the feeling I love. I love to watch the musicians in Kalmuk change their style of playing." He mimes the transition between a sedate violinist and a frenzied one. In fact, it's a fair impression of the Dirty Three's Warren Ellis. "I think it's good for them. And it's good for the audience to feel that energy coming out."

For those unable to see Kalmuk in action, the DVD release will probably be the next best thing. Pohjonen has his musicians moving, at times whirling, as a method of both altering sound itself and the relationship of the body to the actual craft of playing. Dispensing with conductors ("That was another difficulty for them," Pohjonen acknowledges, "although I suggested that if it helped, they could think of 2B conductors on stage"), Kalmuk has as its heart the improvisation that fuels its creator's interest. The work has changed considerably over the course of two years. "We performed Kalmuk again at the Helsinki Festival in August," he says, "and it's fascinating to see how much more inside them it is. The musicians are more relaxed. It's more about here [Pohjonen hits his chest with a reverberating thump]. We're now more and more a band that is playing a piece."

Pohjonen often speaks of "constructing," rather than "composing" music, an essential difference that goes beyond semantic hair-splitting. "Normally when I compose I go to my rehearsal space and record myself," he says. "When there is a theme to a project, I probably tend to work with people in a normal way, but usually I just play alone and improvise. The next

day, I'll listen to those tapes and if there are parts that I like, then I'll work around them. I'll develop that part and compose around it. I never start writing with notes on paper. I just play and play and play and do those boring tapes. Sometimes there's something interesting, sometimes not."

This continual process of isolation – the way in which motifs are pulled out of a whole day's work of intuitive playing ("I can be surprised at what I hear," Pohjonen says, suggesting that not all the music recorded in such sessions comes from entirely conscious activity) – is expedited by his involvement with electronic media, but he's careful to stress that there are more important strands contained in the practice. "Do you know about the Kalevala?" he asks, bringing up the subject of Finland's epic heroic song-poetry and a topic central to the rise of the country's recent folk revival. "It was something I was very much interested in while a student at the Sibelius Academy. We'd listen to these old tapes of Kalevala songs. The instrument would often be a julkki, a kind of prototype violin, something that I also played at the time. It was this world where people just played and played: there was more time and music was part of the lives. It went beyond the modern idea of the concert. Many of the tapes consisted of long improvisations and jammings. I was very fond of that world. Somehow when I compose, I try to find that endless world again, where there is time to sit down, relax and take it easy."

It's an attitude he carries still. With Heikki Laihin – the former director of folk studies at the Sibelius Academy and a teacher whom Pohjonen credits as his "great guru," the "godfather" who eased his potentially vulnerable passage from the classical world into folk music studies – Pohjonen was to make his first big impact in Finland. Collaborating with dancer Reijo Kela, the two's Kalevala – a performance project reconstructing ancient motifs through digital media, a process of reinvention close to the spirit of improvisation – drew lazy comparisons to Laurie Anderson's large format works. If the association wasn't entirely accurate (for one thing, Anderson has always had a social and political focus that's resolutely post-industrial), it nevertheless gives a measure of the impact that Kalevala had in Finland. It was the first of a number of ambitious Pohjonen projects: Broken Windows, featured as part of a Finnish contemporary composers' series, followed in 1998; two years later, Kalmuk, commissioned to celebrate Helsinki's status as European City of Culture; and this year, Manipulator.

Pohjonen divides his time these days between solo shows, work with the Kusteru duo and large-scale work. The range of activity is, he suggests, necessary to keep him motivated. "There was a moment when I nearly quit the accordion," he recalls. "I had been playing since I was ten years old. I'd started with folk music, then turned to classical and then back to modern folk. I'd moved from one-now to two-now and then to five-now accordions and back again. I had had a period when I was really in love with all the traditional Finnish tunes, played on smaller accordions. I was hardly touching my

five-row at all. Suddenly, it came out that I couldn't find any music that pleased me so much that I wanted to play it. I made some of my own compositions, but I wasn't happy with those either."

This all happened in the early 1990s. He reacted to this malaise by traveling to Tanzania to study the mbira at the Bagamoyo College of Arts, and afterwards Argentina, propelled by a love for Astor Piazzolla's tangos. Buenos Aires proved to be a profoundly depressing experience. "Their playing was so great that there was no way I could copy their mood," he despairs. "You have to find your own way of doing something, otherwise it's valueless."

Returning to Finland, a friend coerced him into doing a solo concert. "I was thinking of playing the African thumb piano, which, by this time, I'd been playing for some years," he remembers. "Then I considered the harmonium instead. And then I just asked myself, what is my main instrument? Answer: the five-row accordion, the instrument I started playing when I was young."

Nevertheless, still searching for a new approach to old technology, Pohjonen began a trawl around Helsinki's music shops. Lugging the accordion in with him and hooking it up to various effects pedals and MIDI units got him some weird looks, but, little by little, he began to accumulate the basic machines that he would need. "Then one beautiful day, I found out these samplers and monitors, and I realised that this was the thing," he recalls. "They enabled me to hear so many new sounds from the accordion. I thought, how is this possible?" Entering the digital dimension was nothing short of a revelation. Pohjonen has, he says, hardly touched acoustic accordion since.

Strangely, Pohjonen's plugged-in accordion doesn't seem to have drawn any murmurings from the traditionalists: he was named Finland's Folk Musician of the Year in 1996, 1997 and 1998; his first solo album, *Kieles* (1998, World Village/Harmonia Mundi), won numerous awards before it was turned into a ballet by choreographer Jorma Uotinen at the Finnish National Opera House; and he's played on over 65 albums in the past six years. The move has repositioned him within the shifting boundaries that differentiate musical genres. The jazz establishment embraces him (he has been voted *Accordionist of the Year* twice by *Jazz Rymit* magazine in Finland), and he's just as likely to turn up on billings in so-called World Music events. He picked up further prizes with rock group Ismo Alanko Säätö and with Pannu Pöytä, an unclassifiable duo in which Pohjonen (adding *mbira* to his palette) performs with Arto Järvelä from Finnish folk group JPP.

His unclassifiability suits him, and, by implication, the freedom that flows from it. "We've spoken about shamanism, getting access to the primitive, to the power of change, but change also means the same person doing different things," he says. "Maybe transformation is a word that says 'not me' any more. It's just a question of finding it and controlling access to it." ☐ Kusteru is out now on Rockadillo/BMG. Kalmuk is out now on MacTwo/BMG, and a DVD version will be out in late November on Liitt. Kimmo Pohjonen performs Kalmuk on a CMN tour of the UK this month: see Out There

210 CM



WIRE

THE WIRE BRITAIN'S MOST INFLUENTIAL MUSIC MAGAZINE
WWW.THEWIRE.CO.UK ISSUE 205 NOVEMBER 2002 £7.50



ANTICON

On a garbage tip



CALL IT 'UNDIE', CALL IT 'SHRINK RAP' - THE DEEP AND DYSFUNCTIONAL DYNAMICS OF ANTICON'S PAN-AMERICAN HIPHOP COLLECTIVE ARE JUST ABOUT THE MOST EXCITING, UNSTABLE MUSIC COMING OUT OF NORTH AMERICA RIGHT NOW. PETER SHAPIRO ROUNDS UP ANTICON'S TRICKSTER MOB, CURRENTLY BASED IN OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, INCLUDING DOSE ONE, JEL, SOLE, WHY?, THE PEDESTRIAN, ALIAS AND MORE.

PHOTOS: DIANNE JONES & JOSHUA WISLER

As I make my way up the staircase towards an apartment in the murky depths of East Oakland's burgeoning musician ghetto, I am greeted by a picture of small children that was taken for some church or school organisation. Emerging from the mouths of one of the boys in their Sunday best is a speech bubble scrawled in red magic marker: "Welcome, Peter. Thanks for stopping by."

Inside, the apartment is filled with thriftstore paintings, action figures with the wrong heads, a model ship rescued from the dumpster outside, remnants of the local elementary school's first art classes of the new year, and yellow crime scene tape. A plastic coelacanth rests on a curtain rod in between a teddy bear with a stuffed monkey's head seemingly growing out of its own like a tumour, an elephant with a tiger's tail where its trunk should be, and a plank of wood decorated with a drawing of a man that is only slightly more advanced than a stick figure.

This Art Brut playground is the apartment that rapper Dose One shares with fellow Anticon members Jel and Why? It would be hard to imagine a more appropriate setting for these leading lights of HipHop's avant-garde to live and work. Over the course of 20-plus albums, several seriously limited edition boutique EPs, more guest appearances than Busta Rhymes and innumerable MP3s, the core of the Anticon collective (Dose One, Jel, Why?, Alias, Odd Nosdam, Passage, The Pedestrian and Sole) and their "coworker cousins" (The Bormar Monk, Controller 7, DJ Mayonnaise, Matthe, Moodswing), Telephone Jim Jesus, Sage Francis, Setoko and Buck 65) have taken HipHop's hunter-gatherer aesthetic to its logical extreme. Absurdist, stream of consciousness nonsequiturs wrestle for space in the mix with diary entries, quotations from former Supreme Court justices, an impromptu chorus of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat", observations on the golden age of MGM Studios and Dear John letters to rappers who let them down. While HipHop's producers have always been scavengers, Anticon records often sound as if they have been found at the bottom of a trash heap, buried beneath not just the expected needle fuzz and static but a patina of encrusted muck, with strange details like farground sounds and tortoise basslines accumulated like bits of chewing gum, and the edges smoothed out like sea glass, eroded by salt, wind and the grain bucket of the SP1200.

"Our lacking in artistic raw talent or schooling is made up for with chance and the willingness to drag a cash register or parking meter back to our apartment because it looks like it belongs there for awhile," Dose says of Anticon's found art aesthetic. "It also applies to our sampling nature and open palette collage writing style - basically it's an unlearning adventure in charmed and nervous lives."

"In school I was always taught that art is something reserved for trained people with talent, that it's not for everyone," adds Sole. "But every human being has a natural tendency to create things. Every person has certain melodies in their heads, artistic concepts or things they say to themselves that no one hears, and in a lot of cases this is the best stuff. So when you tell yourself that you are an artist, and that you are your art and everything you do is an extension of it, it opens the floodgates to make whatever you can hear in your head. And that can be a beautiful thing if you leave yourself open to channel the right things."

All this talk about 'art' and their desire to expand generic boundaries has led Anticon into plenty of trouble with a large portion of the HipHop community. They are persona non grata in the mainstream HipHop media, the objects of scorn on Internet message boards, and the targets of backbiting and smear campaigns from parts of the independent HipHop scene that nurtured their talents. Perhaps inevitably, their music gets parodied as 'Prog HipHop' and 'unintentional noise'. However, unlike the Rik Walsom and Keith Emersons of this world, or the legions of nerd boys in the 'intelligent' dance brigade, Anticon have no messianic self-belief in their own genius. Yes, they are trying to push boundaries, but they're not making any grandiose claims for themselves about how they're making HipHop better; nor are they "giving you what you need", as certain boho HipHop groups claim about their own music. They plead for people to think or feel a bit more every once in a while, but that's about as far as their preachment goes. No one in the crew was in the academy studying Bach arpeggios two years ago before deciding to become a DJ to get the chicks. Anticon are simply a group of sensitive, intelligent, painfully self-aware young men trying to express themselves the only way they know how. And that way is through beats and rhymes, even if the rhymes don't always rhyme and are more likely to namedrop Zeus than Virnae, while the beats are ramshackle Rube Goldberg contraptions held together by masking tape and rubber bands.

"To me it is what HipHop is," Jel asserts, continuing the found art thread. "You find something that's worthless to most and create something new with it that is either only important to you and your growth or actually becomes a brand new piece of art that the rest of the world sees the way you presented it. Making something out of nothing."

"It probably has to do with trying to make conscious or unconscious sense by piecing together or identifying patterns within, of the vast and incomprehensible flow of information that popular culture provides." The Pedestrian continues, before concluding, "Finding things on the ground and arranging them is a perfectly HipHop way of dealing with the excesses of pop culture."

Deadly scavengers: the Anticon collective in Oakland, October 2002. Top row (left to right): Passage, Alias, Sole and Jel. Bottom row: Dose One, Why?, Odd Nosdam and The Pedestrian

Dealing with the excesses of popular culture wasn't always dismissed as 'progressive' - it was once the

preoccupation of punk and postpunk. Just as rock was in the mid-70s, HipHop is now twentysomething, and equally in need of a kick up the butt. In which case, 26 June 1998 just might become a date as significant as the day The New York Gods wandered into Malcolm McLaren's King's Road boutique. For it was on this day that MCs Dose One, Alias, Sole and Slug (from Atmosphere) and producers Jel, Ant (Atmosphere), Mayonnaise, Moodswing9 and Abilities (part of The Rhymesayers crew with Slug and Ant) respectively travelled from Cincinnati, Ohio, Portland, Maine and the suburbs of Chicago to gather in Slug's living room in Minneapolis to produce one of the true classics of QTY HipHop: *Deep Puddle Dynamics: The Taste Of Rain... Why Kneel*.

Although it's conceivably more 'conventional' than the music that's since been released under their banner, *The Taste Of Rain...* has all the Anticon trademarks: completely naked, unashamed self-analysis; shifting points of view ("I Am Amphibious [Mo'N The Crowd]" tells the story of a duo stalling in the style of Jim Jarmusch's *Mystery Train*, while "Purpose" ends with different permutations of the line, "It ain't all love, it's confusion and a waste of time"; quotes from both KRS-One and Oliver Wendell Holmes; beats as likely to induce nausea as head-nodding; hooks like, "I took a dip last week through the liquid that gathered/Near the tip of that peak that exists in my matter/I taught myself to survive without my feet on the ground/I never felt so alive as when I drowned"; and an earnestness that's sometimes orange-worthy but more often thoroughly disarming and occasionally breathtaking.

While the album's release was delayed until two years after it was recorded, the sessions functioned as the genesis of the Anticon project. It was a gathering of the tribes, a powwow of like minds who had only recently discovered that each other existed and were pursuing the same goals. "It was magical for me; my fondest memories of making music were those days," declares Sole, who came up with the idea for Anticon and functioned as the collective's CEO during the early days (Dose One describes him as "our William Whigley meets Ice Cube").

The erstwhile James Holland grew up in the HipHop backwater of Portland, Maine, a town of about 65,000 that's about as far out on the rap periphery as Laramie, Wyoming or Nome, Alaska. Nevertheless, Holland caught the rap bug early. "I began listening to HipHop when a friend played me Beastie Boys," Sole claims. "I then got into Run-DMC, Fat Boys and various rap compilations, where I would learn about artists like Ram, Big Daddy Kane, etc. By fifth grade [ten or 11 years old] I was recording my own stuff on a shitty Casio keyboard and cutting up old records on a Fisher Price turntable. It all went downhill from there."

His trip down the slippery slope towards becoming Anticon's catalyst began while he was still in high school, when he started to release his own records. "In '93 I had gone to Miami and shopped my first demo to Entertainment Resources International, the management company owned by Jermaine Dupri's father and responsible for Kiss Kross, Da Brat, Xscape and everything else on So So Def," Sole continues, conjuring the ludicrous image of the gnomish MC 'sing[ing] songs of utter depression, love, chemical imbalance, sheer paranoia' while wearing backwards jeans and intricately shaved eyebrows. "I went down there to shop a record, we were about to sign an album deal with them. I was 15 then, and my uncle had to represent me legally because I was underage. My parents sent me to Miami because they believed that it would get my head out of the clouds and I would see how hard it would be to make it into the music industry — this only fed more fuel to the fire. As the deal was being worked out, my uncle was

supposed to get 15 per cent of my \$150,000 advance. My father got angry, began threatening everyone with lawsuits because he didn't trust my uncle. They lost interest and I became bitter. And I saw Black Moon doing it independently and thought that we could too, because it seemed the labels all had their heads up their asses. Plus, I didn't play football, and I didn't really have any other interests aside from videogames."

Slowly, after associating with "a different rap group every year", Sole began to get some underground attention for his group Live Poets. "Live Poets was myself, JO Walker and Moodswing9," Sole says. "It was initially a side project I did with JO Walker when I was in a group called Northern Exposure, but soon focused all my energy into that. It was the result of spending every day for four years in Moodswing's basement doing songs. We wanted to make TriPhoppy, poetical HipHop. Back then I was still doing battle raps, rhyming less, rapping faster, and all my 'poems' were about killing major record labels, but it was definitely the founding block for what I'm doing now, musically, it's a kindergarten version of what I'm doing now. Actually, what I'm doing now is a kindergarten version of what I'm doing now; Live Poets was a pre-kindergarten version."

Presumably, then, Sole learned how to walk by battling, that grand HipHop ritual of putting other people down in the slickest way possible. "I always wanted to be the nastiest MC," Sole declares, "and as a white kid in Maine, I had to always be ready to prove that I was down for mine. I would constantly be ridiculed by the black kids, who were the only other rappers in my high school, and would often have to battle them, and I'd always win. Then they'd want to fight, I got jumped a few times. I enjoy the freestyle element, and I used to get a kick out of embarrassing people because I could always come up with clever ways of making someone feel like shit. Now that I'm older, I don't get much fulfillment from that. I still enjoy getting drunk and battling. The Pedestrian, or having friendly battles for fun with friends, but battling for vendettas is tired. If you dislike someone, battling them isn't going to make it go away; it's like fighting without fists. I have a lot of pride issues, so I'll always battle if I have to, but I don't enjoy it for anything other than friendly fire."

He might not pick up a mic in anger anymore, but he hasn't entirely given up verbal pugilism: he just shadowboxes with himself now. His *Bottle Of Humans* album from 2000 features oere, elegiac, minor key string settings through which Sole wanders, a little like Allen Ginsberg (reincarnated as a redhead guy from Maine) walking around an art school regging the Koolhaas for his own self-loathing: "Piss me, I dig myself holes/Somebody marry me, I'm getting old/Somebody remind me why I continue to piss on/I need a flamenco to put on my front lawn/I need a front lawn/I need to stop feeling sorry for myself/I need to stop repeating myself/Everything is fading slowly/No longer selling out, I'm buying in... Accepting the fact I'm slowly dying/And can't make any songs that glitter/Or be happy in retrospecting rinks/Fuck a revolution, it's all about Starcraft/Palm Pits and meaning what you say" (from "I Don't Run In Bumper Stickers"); "My phone rang, I converse with the busy signal/Why can't they let me die in peace?/I don't want any more food or condolences/Let my people go, burn off this useless flesh and make meals of my persistence" (from "Suicide Song"); "None of this was worth the fight/I should have been disposed of right then, laying only half in the trash can/Not with trash in a trailer park/Or a dismembered rash lasting after last sole member of a coathanger tailored art" (from "Save The Children").

Around the time Live Poets was starting up, Sole met his future partner in rhyme, fellow Down Easter





Brandon Patrick Whitney, aka Alias, "Sole and I met at the Maine Mall in 1993, when we were both teenagers. I became inspired by his head to toe matching Karl Kani outfit, which was very, very hard to come by in Maine at the time," Alias jokes (it didn't, but if he was hanging out with Jermaine Dupri, you never know). "Over time we connected on a musical level and started doing random songs on the side from his Live Poets stuff with Moodswing9. Eventually, we started performing and doing more music together on a regular basis. All we made was HipHop, but it was when Porthead first came out, so we were influenced by their sound quite a bit at that point in our lives. It was HipHop, but different than what others in Maine were doing."

In his freshman natural science class in high school, Alias would sit next to a kid who constantly rocked a Guy tape, but after Alias introduced him to Special Ed, Scott Matak's tastes changed from hip-fad faves and leather suits to turntables and sandwich spreads. With Alias and DJ Maynoose is one third of So-Called Artists, who released a bitter album full of negative energy on Muck called *Paint By Number Songs*. The album was filled with lines like, "Don't like drugs, but like the world better when I'm on 'em"; "I paid my dues in a city where everybody knows my name/I'm a So-Called Artist 'cause everything I stand for is contrary"; and "Andrew Dice Clay is my favourite spoken word artist". In fact, the record is so onerous that Sole has pretty much disowned it. "I wish So-Called Artists never came out," he says ruefully. "It's a blemish on my record."

In early 1998 Alias, Sole and Mayo were invited to Memphis, Tennessee to do a gig with Cincinnati-based turntablist Mr Dibbs. Earlier that year DJ Faust's crew, The Third World Citizens, had put out a tape compilation featuring a track from Mr Dibbs and an MC called Dose One, as well as "Third Person" by Live Poets. Dose One (né Adam Drucker) then enrolled in a business studies course at university, heard "Third Person" and "dropped [his] Managerial Accounting notes and jaw at the same time". Hearing that Dibbs was going to play with them, Dose "sent Dibbs strapped with a Hemisphere tape and my phone number — and poof, we began talking and brewing the idea of a 'from nowhere' subgroup."

Hemisphere was Dose One's CD debut and displays a rapper who "was born phonetically restless" not necessarily finding his voice (because he has been blessed with one of the most unique sonic signatures in HipHop — something like a wisecracking Jewish duck reincarnated as Percy Bysshe Shelley, or a beatnik Marge Simpson after assertiveness training), but finding his cadence and language (Dose already sounds like a seasoned MC when he launches into "Chuck D on 'Polynawacra'"). Of course, before committing anything to plastic, Dose made a name for himself as a battle rhymer at Soble Jam 97, where he famously lost to the semi-finals in a tour unknown Eminem.

"I thought Hemisphere was cool," Sole reveals, "but when he called me and started playing my tracks from the Theme album I thought it was the best thing I'd ever heard. I knew we'd be doing a lot of music together." There wasn't Dose's Van Morrison tribute record, but his collaboration with Jel, the wizard of the SP1200. Jeffrey Logan hailed from the burbs of Chicago, but often found himself travelling down I-65 and I-74 to work with Mr Dibbs and Dose in Cincinnati. Their self-titled album is where Dose's self-conscious experimentation from projects like Greenhead's *Blindfold* album, the Presage album he made with Jel and Mr Dibbs, and his own spoken word set called *Soleadeth*, and the more straightforward HipHop of Hemisphere starts to coalesce into a unique, thoroughly bizarre vision: "I set meticulously

sharpened tools for bugs/With ferocious little mechanical stanzas pulling jaws/And throw away my razor-wielded cap and wand/These pupa will be dinner and hopefully cephalopods." Crunching off off-beats, trembling guitars chasing you down shock corridors, sickly keyboards, and percussion stolen from a tribe of cannibals, Jel's production creates an appropriately madhouse atmosphere so that Dose can bounce his words off rubber walls.

A couple of months after he played Sole the Theme tracks, Dose teamed up with him, Alias and The Pedestrian in New York to work on a song called "Painting Words". The Pedestrian, aka James Brandon Best, was a HipHop aesthete from Southern California who had connected with Sole through the underground network. It was through The Pedestrian that Sole and Alias had discovered the maverick California rap troupe, Freestyle Fellowship. Ironically scarring, creating narrative sequences with non-linear geometry, scattering syntax like ashes over the sea, they followed the "look rap music to its threshold of enlightenment" had a profound influence on the poetic direction that Anticon would take.

Moving from LA to Maine (pretty much as far as you can go in the continental US), The Pedestrian hooked up with Sole and Alias and encouraged them to start up Anticon. As Dose describes him, Pedestrian is "the real world advocate, behind the scenes inner editor and the official spiritual Anticon instigator." The idea of starting a label was something Pedestrian and I wanted to do when we were still in Maine," Sole adds. "We decided to move to California because we had gone there the previous summer [1998] and thought it was the perfect place to go. It was a prime spot, there weren't many 'crews' making the kind of HipHop we were doing and felt there would be an audience for us there. I knew I could make a lot of money getting a computer job, so we went. We took a bus out. I mailed out a computer, a four track and a bag of clothes. No one there wanted anything to do with us except for P-Minus from [distribution company] ATAK, [rapper/producer] Laneous and DJ Stef from Vinyl Exchange. They helped a bit, but few people would book us for shows, so we started our own monthly and brought out the acts we wanted to see. Over the next year or so everyone had moved out, and things started to fall into place and out of place."

Firmly ensconced in the Bay Area, the new label's first release was Anticon: *Music For The Advancement Of HipHop* (1999). The title may be a scandal, very much like "Inebriated dance" and fuel for the "Prog" fire, but the music was often extraordinary, even if the best track came from a nigger. Although he was a key participant in Deep Puddle Dynamics, Slug remained in Minnesota to concentrate on his group Atmosphere. Meanwhile, his writing had become so inspired the compilation was as *Jurassic 5/Scarface's* "My Block" style piano riff and lines like: "Now when my mother died, I had to take it in stride/There ain't no room for pride in watchin' your father cry/And dad made it until maybe a year later/When they found his suicide inside of a grain elevator... Finished groovin' up under my uncle's roof/Taught me how to count all the way up to 100 proof/From watchin' 'em, I learned how to gather noodle/Living off the different women that he had to nurture him." But Slug didn't outshine anyone by much, particularly in the self-analysis disapprobation: there was Alias's devastating "Divine Disappointment", written from the perspective of God looking down at all the shit she created; Deep Puddle's "Reminer" ("Y'all take seven MCs, put 'em in a line/Shoot 'em and sell their clothes to get my wisdom teeth out/er"); Sole and Moodswing's "Presentations: 'Mother and Son' and 'The End'"; and "It's Them" (kind of like the Dirty Soul of Outkast was [comprised of Edgar Allan Poe and Dorothy Allison].

Aside from the music's originality, what was most

striking about *Music For The Advancement Of HipHop* was the brutal honesty, the unflinching self-critique, the gas at the rapper's heels, the seeming total lack of separation between art and life, along with other vitriolic navigators like Eminem, BIP and rock's Emo brigade. Anticon (especially Sole and Alias, but also Dose One on his album with Boom Bip called *Circus*) are part of a growing trend in which performers are abandoning characters and detached first person narration in favour of baring their souls like letterday James Taylors. But it's not just class and delivery that differentiates "shrink rap" from its singer-songwriter forebears, it's also the rage and willingness to pick over and dwell on the minutiae of neuroses. Yes, it's therapeutic, but it's closer in spirit to EST or regression therapy than the polite confessional of Sweet Baby James and his trust fund buddies.

"I think introspection is a deeply middle class value," The Pedestrian declares, "and with rap being as verbose as it is, it seems to make sense that as middle class kids take up the form, many are trying to map out new territory, so to speak, or songwriting. It's interesting though: at the same time rappers have traditionally presented themselves as units of sheer bravado, rap has always held something intensely human and personal about it. You could argue that one worthwhile contribution of middle class white kids in rap is an attempt to reconcile this deeply held contradiction between bravado and poetic honesty."

"I think if you expect to reach people with music or art or dance or whatever — at least the way I like to be reached — you have to let it all hang out and leave yourself vulnerable," adds Why? "Some people will inevitably hate it because it makes them uncomfortable, but some people will succumb to its honesty and feel related to you. Probably my favourite feeling in the world is when the hairs on the top of my head perk up and my arms get goose bumps and the muscles in my neck and face tense up when a singer or rapper says a line that grounds me. And in that moment I know I'm alive and part of the same Big Bang debris as everyone else, because this person I've never met has just said something that I've always known but never let come to my tongue or even to the conscious part of my brain. I have always been shy and introverted, and I guess writing and music has become an outlet for me to say things that I wouldn't ever say otherwise. I think it's easier for me to declare my fears and frustrations and insecurities and perversions to a large group of complete strangers than to a good friend in private. Through this process I have come out of my shell a bit, even in one on one situations...I'm still scared of girls though."

While he was running from the fakes, the erstwhile Yoni Wolf found solace in the drum kit and the stream of consciousness: "I think the idea of HipHop, the fact that it is a folk art, you don't need to study it in school or be given permission by the HipHop gods to perform it — is what propelled me into recording in the first place," he says. "Not being a trained musician, but always having instruments around the house — my dad was a drummer and piano player and my brother was a drummer whose bandmates always left their gear at our house — I started to experiment at a young age. And once I started to hear some of the stuff 'HipHoppers' were doing, it opened up a whole new set of doors: 'You mean a song can be an answering machine message over some sampled drums', or 'You can talk about life in such a human way, without saying the word love in every song — I felt like that was the sort of direction my creativity could really fly in. I mean, if De La Soul can have a song that's an argument with Burger King, I have a feeling that's an advertisement for pet food. I think I really connected with the fact that these 'rappers', the good ones, sound human. They are being themselves, they



are not putting on a voice or a false persona – well, that's not true, I guess some of them do, but I decided that I wouldn't."

He met Dose One at university and started a group with him, Mr Dibbs and his brother Josiah (who also plays a part in Why?'s *Reaching Quiet* project), called Apogee. Later, Why? worked alongside Dose on the wildly freeform *Greenthink* album, *Blindfold* (1999). During these sessions, Why?'s old grade school mate, Dave Madison (aka Ddd Noddam), introduced them to the pleasures of the backwards loop, found art and indie rock. This influence is perhaps most obvious on the series of 1D's that the three of them made together as cLUDDDEAD between 1998 and 2000 (the tracks were compiled and re-released last year on *Big Dads and Mush*). Dose One and Why?'s more impressionistic reveries are delivered in off the wall cadences that don't exactly hide the beat, such as it is, but reinforce the music's dreamstate created by Ddd Noddam's production – an opiated palette of drawn out and drained synths, decaying whirrigs, backwards-ginding organs, drifting textures that wouldn't be out of place on a *Labradford* album, Richard Pryor samples, scorch squiggles and wimpy beats.

While Anticon often talk about admired groups like Tortoise, Hood, Silver Jews, Neutral Milk Hotel and Radiohead, the album in the CD player in their apartment was by Danielson Familie. "I think the reason I like Danielson so much is because of the fearless approach to song arrangements and instrumentation," Why? explains. "It really sounds like a family playing together – you can hear that they know what each other's farts smell like, that they have torn each other down and built each other up. There is this disregard for the way things are supposed to be, and it seems like what's left is this fresh, innocent, yet highly musical approach to song making. I met Daniel Smith (the main guy) in Berkeley last week, and he knew who we were and said he was down for a collaboration of some kind."

"In a perfect world or bubble I would love to be a Daniel Johnston," Dose One declares, presumably meaning without the delusional episodes. "On *The No Music*, 'Poison Pit' is about how I'd like to live on CD-R – music stripped down and broken, blank and full of shattered phrase, with one pretty riff underneath." The *No Music* is Dose's collaboration with Jel as Themselves, and the most recent release on the Anticon label. It's also one of the best. The production is the peak of Jel's already stellar career, and the lyrics are some of Dose's most evocative. "Good People Check" is the rollover-sounding but slightly awkward anthem the uncle Hip-hop scene has been waiting years for (but could that be the chopped up keyboards from Larry Young's Fuel's "Turn Off The Lights"?). "Mouthfull" is simply dazzling. "Poison Pit" is just as Dose described it, but with a layer of Beastie Boys parody, and the pay off line of "Paging Dr Moon Dr Gun" is "All in my outrageously B Don Coscarelli dreams".

So, how exactly does the director of *Beast Master* and the *Phantasm* movies fit into the Anticon pantheon? Sole talks about rappers projecting their superegos while they're up on stage; does Dose imagine himself as a loinclothed caveman superhero wandering the forest primordial with his imaginary menagerie saving the world from the forces of evil? "It is actually a take on the Septimius Memmius, 'Outrageously beautiful Bussy Berkeley dreams,'" Dose explains, referring to "Bussy Berkeley Dreams" from Magnetic Fields' *69 Love Songs*. "Unfortunately, my dreams are treasure map laden, distressed dancem packed and insane B movie. I'm lucky if I don't have to dismantle a bloodthirsty robot or run from some man-vord in a black hat and coat every night." □

Themselves' *The No Music* is out now on Anticon. Website: www.anticon.com

The Primer

The Wire's bimonthly guide to the core recordings of a particular artist or genre. This month: Alan Licht tunes into the sonic tantrums that defined the sound of post-punk New York City, where the cold stars of No Wave, including Mars, Teenage Jesus And The Jerks, The Contortions, DNA and Theoretical Girls, went supernova.

Illustration: Savage Pencil

Even as pop moments go, No Wave was remarkably short-lived, yet its legacy is remarkably long lasting. The Contortions, Teenage Jesus And The Jerks, Mars, and DNA – the four groups recorded by Brian Eno for the compilation that has become the era's definitive document, *No New York* – had all ceased to exist within a year or two of the album's 1979 release. Yet these groups' impact was crucially felt in the New York rock and avant garde music scenes for decades to come. John Zorn was a huge fan of DNA and has worked extensively with both Arto Lindsay and Ruie Mon. Sonic Youth aligned themselves with Lydia Lunch, Glenn Branca and many other No Wave veterans from the beginning of their career. In the 80s Swans and Pussy Galore were indebted to the ultraneuroticism of the No Wave groups projected; in the 90s, Miami's Harry Pussy, Detroit's Couch (and other groups on the Bulb label), Chicago's US Maple, The Flying Lutenbachers (whose Weasel Water maintains a Website, pages.ipo.net/~nailhead/nyonowave.html, dedicated to No Wave), Lake Of Dracula and The Scissor Girls all patterned themselves directly on the original sound. Current groups like Animal Collective, Crase Errata, Cranium, Arab On Radar, Gang Gang Dance, Black Dice and The Yeah Yeah Yeahs also owe something to No New York. Keiji Haino considers Mars an important group and No Wave is certainly a presence in Fushitsusho and his first solo LP, 1981's *Watashi Oake?* he even recorded with Mars's Connie Burg in the mid-90s.

In its purest phase, No Wave flirted with repulsion, poetry and antisocial attitudes, both lyrically and musically. Vocals were shouted or screamed, never melodic. The playing was non-virtuosic to say the least – many of the players had only just picked up their instruments. The sounds were either clipped and sharp, or sprayed dissonance everywhere. Every song

was a minimalist sonic tantrum. Unlike punk, No Wave largely denied rock's history and musical lineage; Lydia Lunch once dismissed punk as "Chuck Berry on speed", and each of the groups seem to take Johnny Rotten up on his suggestion that rock 'n' roll "has got to be cancelled". Later, its originators brought a variety of No Wave's subtextual influences to the fore, ranging from ethnic music to jazz and funk, to 50s and 60s rock and even modern classical. Eventually, New York's punk-funk, improvisation, dance, jazz and composition scenes would mingle with the remnants of No Wave, creating a kind of downtown pan-experimentalism that in some cases was more commercially minded too. Whatever it was, it was an outgrowth, but not necessarily a continuation, of a musical moment whose sonic severity obscured its broad horizons.

There were few antecedents to No Wave. Lou Reed's ostrich guitar and Maureen Tucker's virtually cymbal-less drumming in The Velvet Underground is an obvious source, while The Godz' 1966 "White Cat Heat", where the group members hiss and mewl for two or three minutes over a completely untuned musical background is a more obscure parallel. Canada's Nihilist Spasm Band's first LP from 1968, *No Record*, in which a group of non-musicians bang away at detuned homemade instruments, certainly prefigures No Wave in some way, although the song lengths reflect a free jazz influence more than anything else. The combination of John Lennon's anarchic slide playing with Yoko Ono's wails on the *Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band* LP anticipates Teenage Jesus and Mars by seven years; The Stooges' shocking James Brown/free jazz meltdown "Funhouse" does the same for The Contortions. How much of these reference points the groups consciously emulated is debatable – while James Chance and members of Mars had some

familiarity with free jazz, Arto Lindsay recalls listening to Sonny Sharrock albums only after he read a review that said he sounded like him.

As for their immediate contemporaries, Pere Ubu's 1975-76 Cleveland singles certainly pointed towards No Wave, with David "Crocus Behemoth" Thomas's panic-stricken vocals and Peter Laughner and Tom Herman's nervy guitars (the scatology slide work on "Heart Of Darkness" and "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" would fit right in with anything on *No New York*). Plus, the group included future DNA bassist Tim Wright (other Cleveland No Wave emigres included Adele Bertei of The Contortions and Bradley Field of Teenage Jesus). In New York, Suicide had already been antagonising audiences with Martin Rev's numbing blocks of organ sound and Alan Vega's echoing shrieks; they also befriended Lydia Lunch and James Chance early on. Richard Hell and The Voidoids also championed the new groups – Hell called Mars his favourite new group long before the Eno compilation came out. Guitars Robert Quine's berseck, trashy solos on Blank Generation must have prepared some punk listeners for No Wave, and Quine himself produced singles by Teenage Jesus and DNA, recorded a duo LP with The Contortions' Jody Harris, and much later a CD with Ruie Mori. "It was a nice scene, for a minute," he recalled in 1997. "I tried to push us [The Voidoids] in that direction, with that 'horrible noise'. Hell was writing more commercial songs though, by then." The one other group of the era to approximate the No Wave sound was Half Japanese, who came from OC via Detroit. Their earliest recordings of wildly detuned guitars and freerform drumming capture a decidedly more joyful noise; their post-Jonathan Richman lyrical outlook also separates them from the wrecked poetry of the New York crowd.

THE WIRE ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC

www.thewire.co.uk K 15.99 (UK) £12.99 (US)



MARS MARS LIVE

LES DISQUES DU SOUL ET DE L'ACIER DGA 54035 CD 1994

Mars were the first of the No Wave groups to form, as China, in late 1975. Mark Cunningham and Conner Burg (aka China Burg, Lucy Hamilton and Don Burg) had come to New York from Florida - along with classmates Gordon Stevenson, leader of Teenage Jesus, and Arto Lindsay, later of DNA - to do experimental theatre, but wound up playing music instead. Lindsay was originally slated to be the drummer but decided he would rather learn guitar. The pair met up with painters Summer Crane (guitar and vocals) and Nancy Arlen (drums). The live tracks here from late 1977 show the group still sounding something like Television (especially on "Plane Separation" and "Compulsion") - Velvet-inspired two-chord songs with the occasional slide smear. By March 1978, songs like "Helen Fordside" and "Tunnel" had developed, with non-stop distorted guitar rants, stumbling drums and howled vocals. The complete Irving Plaza live set from August 1978 included here raises the noise quotient even higher, as the climactic 13 minute version of "N-End" (with guest guitarist Rudolph Grey), sets up a forcefield of Silverstone blast perhaps never equaled, even by Glenn Branca's later guitar armies. While "Outside Africa" has an almost Sunny Migrastyle drum part, songs like "Fracton" and "Ich Bin Seel" have a more insistent, rumbling beat, and Crane's vocals on "Fracton" are truly alarming.

GLENN BRANCA SONGS 77-79

AINES ALPHE CD 1996

THEORETICAL GIRLS THEORETICAL ALBUM

ACUTE ACID CD 2005

Guitarist Glenn Branca also moved to NYC in the mid-70s to pursue theatre, but was attracted by the CBGBs/Max's Kansas City punk scene too. He joined forces with keyboardist/guitarist Jeffrey Lohn initially to work on theatre projects, and then to form Theoretical Girls in 1977. Completed by future producer and Sonic Youth engineer Wharton Tiers on drums and Margaret Dewys on keyboards, they only released one single during their existence, "US Miller"/"You Got Me", on their own Theoretical label in 1978, but some of Branca's songs are collected on the Songs 77-79 CD, while Lohn's were released as late as 2002 on the Acute CD. The Lohn material is surprisingly straightforward, but powerful: throbbing one- or two-chord workouts that sound like an anti-madness Modern Lovers with a heavier attack. "US Miller" is an anomaly, with its Terry Riley/Philip Glass-like keyboard part and drum corps snare; the braiding clusters of "Computer Dating" indicate the group's No Wave reputation more directly. Even Branca's 1977 "TV Song" is powerchord post-Ramones rock, but "You Got Me", "You" and "Glazened Idols", all recorded live in 1978, feature dissonant chord patterns, loop-like repetition, fractured time signatures and energetic bursts of clanging guitar. The group's Achilles heel was vocals. Neither Lohn's nor Branca's are effective, and Branca's spoken word excursions are conspicuously arty. In 1978 Branca formed a trio, The Static, with

Barbara Ess and Christine Hahn (who went on to join West Berlin's Malaria!) to showcase more of his own songs. Their lone Theoretical single, "My Relationship"/"Don't Let Me Stop You", also appears on Songs 77-79 and is a perfect distillation of loud, primitive rock overlaid with cruelly dissonant guitars.

VARIOUS

NO NEW YORK

POLYDOR/KNOX NOTEBOOK OUT 002 CD 1979

By the time Mars had started appearing live, Lydia Lunch had formed Teenage Jesus And The Jerks with herself on guitar and vocals, James Chance on sax, a Japanese visitor named Rock on bass and Bradley Field on drums. This line-up is documented on the Pre-Teenage Jesus EP (2x 12" 1979), and shows Lunch and Chance struggling for space in early, inferior versions of "The Closet" and "Less Of Me". Chance was fired and went off to form The Contortions; Rock returned to Japan and founded a No Wave influenced punk group, Friction. Meanwhile, Terry Rock was booking a weekend series at Max's Kansas City and asked Arto Lindsay, whom he assumed was in a group, when he wanted to play. Lindsay convinced Rock's girlfriend, Ikuo Moon, to take up the drums and a performance artist, Robin Crutchfield, to play keyboards, and the trio set out writing some songs. In May 1978, Artists Space hosted a four night festival including Theoretical Girls, DNA, The Contortions, Teenage Jesus, Mars and two groups featuring Rhys Chatham, The Gynecologists and Tone Death, among others. Brian Eno (himself a self-proclaimed "anti-musician") had flown into New York in late April to master the second Talking Heads album and attended the Artists Space performances. Eno loved what he saw and approached the groups, some of whom he was already familiar with, about making a record. They managed to persuade him to limit the participants to the four groups on what became No New York. Branca, for one, felt snubbed. "There was definitely some politicking that went down," according to Lindsay. The recording was done in spring '78 at Big Apple Studios (where Philip Glass and Charlesmeig Palestine had previously recorded LPs for Shandar). The groups pair off by LP side quite nicely. The Contortions' "Dish It Out" could almost be a remake of Teenage Jesus's "Red Alert" but with vocals and a distinct James Brown influence. The Contortions sported the most conventional song structures and rhythmic feel - in Red Christenson was the only accomplished drummer on the whole record - but Chance's sax bleats and abrasive shoos, Adele Bertel's elbows-only organ technique and Pat Place's wretched slide playing kept them squarely in rock's vanguard. The Teenage Jesus tracks are their longest and most dolorous, with Lunch sounding wounded as she cries, "The bones are always dead/the door is always closed/The garbage screams at my feet" over her own all-organ strings guitar and Field's lockstep drumming. Rittingly, her publishing company back then was called Infinites, as there's a truly childlike, made-up feeling about these songs, albeit combined with a very adult sense of urban dread. Lunch has said that as much as she liked Patti Smith, Television and the other "groups that had originally made me want to go to New York... I wanted to create something that would completely divorce myself from that, break away and

shoot forward". Her way of being progressive, however, is by being regressive - taking rock instrumentality and songwriting to an almost pre-natal stage as its next developmental step. Mars and their number one fan, Arto Lindsay, take up side two, "Helen Fordside" and "Tunnel" are brought into sharper focus in the studio; "Helen" is the most exciting track on the record, with drums and guitars flying over a baseline that could almost pass for Charlie Haden's "Song For Che", while Crane turns lines like, "See who cares your hair in cars your arms detach your eyes fly by your torso in was" into long tut-tut sluds. "Hairwax" is as other as No Wave ever got, with Burg intoning cut-up lyrics while guitar lines crumble around her. DNA are the most disappointing group on the record. Robin Crutchfield's keyboard is simply annoying, while the group had yet to reach its full potential. But Lindsay's deftuned Danelectro 12-string is used to stunning effect. He winches almost as much noise out of it as Mars managed with two six-string guitars on their contributions. Most proves herself to be a natural percussionist, and indeed the most intriguing part of ANY's DNA recordings (their first) is how much musically these non-musicians have. Lindsay never plays a chord but proves himself to be an outstanding rhythm guitarist, and his vocals may be the most impressive of anyone's on the record. Island subsidiary Ariles released No New York in the US only in April 1979. Rolling Stone called it "Inaccessible and anthemic"; even Lester Bangs, one of the compilation's foremost adherents, cautioned (in a profile of Eno in Musician magazine later that year) that the groups involved were "produced far better elsewhere: he [Eno] deliberately mired them muddy, hoping to reproduce the haze kinetics of The Velvet Underground".

RED TRANSISTOR NOT BITE/WERE NOT CRAZY

ECSTASY RECORDS ERY 7 1980

Debuting as a duo of guitarist Rudolph Grey and vocalist/guitarist Von Lmo at CBGBs in autumn 1977, Red Transistor immediately found favour with the likes of Terry Rock (who booked them into a residency at Max's), Alan Vega (who convinced Marty Thau to sign them to Red Star) and Lydia Lunch (who recorded a duo record with Grey for Lust/Unlust; the tapes were lost and it remains unreleased). The group expanded to a trio with a series of drummers (including Jim Scavrono, who later replaced Gordon Stevenson on bass in Teenage Jesus and currently plays percussion in Nick Cave's Bad Seeds) but broke up before they could complete a record. This single was recorded in December 1977 but went unreleased until 1990. Both tracks are explosive forward-motion rock, with noisy guitar and shortwave radio thrown into the mix, not unlike Theoretical Girls but more crazed. Grey went on to combine his frenetic guitar stylings with such free jazz veterans as Beaver Harris, Arthur Doyle, Charles Tyler, Rashied Sinan and Rashied Beik in The Blue Hymaners from 1979-81. In one 1982 performance at the Kitchen, under the name Raining Angels, he managed to bring drummers Rashied Ali and Andrew Cyrille, Arto Lindsay, future Sonic Youth guitarist Lee



PHOTOS: CHERIELE CORREIA/Z

Ransido and members of Borbetomegas together on the same stage.

TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS

EVERYTHING

AWASTIC ALPSI CD 1996

MARS

MARS 78

AWASTIC ALPSI CD 1996

Teenage Jesus's post-*No New York* output is far more bracing than that album's tracks. The "Ophelia"/"Less of Me" single on the Migraine label (1978) is fierce marching music, with Lunch more upfront about her careening slide guitar work as she barks out her lyrics. The instrumentals "Freud in Flop" and "Race Meing" are even more frantic; "Baby Doll" reverts to a sludge tempo but the guitar and vocal achieve a full tilt screech. Everything barely clocks in at 20 minutes, which is still twice the length of their average live set. Concurrently, Lunch formed Beirut Slump with Bobby and Liz Swepe on vocals and bass. Scavengers on drums and film maker Vivienne Dick on organ. They released one single, "Try Me"/"Staircase" (Migraine 1979) and played live only three times, but the recordings released on Lunch's 1986 retrospective, *Hysteria* (released as a double LP and later a single CD, both currently out of print, through her own Widowstep operation), are startlingly accomplished. Swepe is a terrifying vocalist (and lyricist), and the organ suitably enhances the songs' relentlessly creepy atmospheres. By the end of 1979 both groups had broken up.

Playing their final show in December of 1978, Mars didn't live long enough to see the release of *No New York*. Mars 78 reprises their *No New York* contributions, and some of the Irving Plaza live set, but also rescues tracks from the classic Mars EP, including the growly "Scorn" and the crackling "Immediate Stages Of The Erotic," whose cable buzz, feedback and punk-Schweeters egotistical forays make it a jacked-up "White Cat Heat" for the late 70s.

THE CONTORTIONS

BUY

INFINITE ZERO 49348 CD 1979

JAMES WHITE & THE BLACKS

OFF WHITE

ZIC ZEX3302 LP 1979

The Ze label released these two James LPs simultaneously in 1979. Buy, including the token disco track "I Don't Want To Be Happy," finds The Contortions only slightly less urgent than *No New York*, but the interplay between the Instruments is even more intense, especially between Pat Place's slide and the underdrated Judy Harris's feverish Jimmy Noyan perversions. Chance's vocals are still healthily aggressive, especially on a screaming take of "Contort Yourself." After one last "I'm in 'Bedroom' Athlete," the group launch into a groove dink, led by Scott's overboarded bass, that stands as one of their finest moments on record. *Off White*, recorded with The Contortions personnel, is more concept-based, kind of James-like musically with plenty of rare bating song titles ("Almost Black," "White Savages," "White Devil," "Almost Black"). The album leads off with a tepid, August Gornell (aka Kid Creole) produced

version of "Comfort Yourself," complete with handclaps and anonymous female backup vocals. From there things get worse, with an ill-conceived phone sex duet with Lydia Lunch called "Stained Sheets" and a ludicrous version of Irving Berlin's "(Tropical) Heat Wave." *Off White* picks up a bit on the mostly instrumental second side; guitarist Robert Quine is thrown into the mix on "Off Black" and "Almost Black Pt. II," which heats the otherwise listless funk vamps up to a burning *No Wave* blowing session.

These were the last recordings to feature the original Contortions line-up. ROR's 1981 cassette *Live In New York*, reissued on CD as *White Cannibal*, finds Chance accompanied by various members of Defunkt (Joe Bowie, Richard Hanson, Tomas Doncker) and Bern Nix (on Onnette Coleman's Prime Time). The music had settled into a more restrained jazz/soul/funk crossover, with Chance vainly trying to croon his way through versions of "That Old Black Magic" and the James Brown standard "I Got You (I Feel Good)." The popping bass, backup vocals by The Decalists and smooth coming by Nix and Doncker further dilute the original mix. The latter pair occasionally veer off into harmonic territory, briefly signaling *No Wave*'s underappreciated debt to the rhythms of Onnette Coleman's Prime Time and guitarist James' Blood. Ullmer. Bowie throws in a few freestyle licks, and Chance is still able to muster some punk energy on "Comfort Yourself," but he's essentially redressed The Contortions as club entertainers.

LYDIA LUNCH

QUEEN OF SIAM

AWASTIC ALPSI CD 1979

8 EYED SPY

8 EYED SPY

AWASTIC ALPSI CD 1997

Lunch is a tough album, originally released in 1979 on Ze, is a triumph. Relying on piano and some home for their ghostly settings, the songs retain the "infantines" approach but are now sung in a hushed, girlish voice. On the second side, she lived the home arranger Billy Ver Planc, of *Findecent* fame, for a series of novelty numbers, including "Lady Scarface," "A Cruise To The Moon" and "Knives In The Grain"; they manage to swing pretty hard, and they're bolstered by some of Robert Quine's most animated guitar solos. The record also achieves a film noirish effect that paralleled the tone of many of the films Lunch was starring in at the time, working with underground directors like Scott and Beth B, Amos Poe, James Nares and Vivienne Dick. "Atomic Bongos" is a neo-surf number written by Pat Inlin, but beneath the surface it's really just "Baby Doll" bumped up a few dozen bpm. Lunch successfully retails her *No Wave* formula here to a variety of accessible forms without losing touch with her dark side. No mean feat.

Around the same time, Lunch formed her next group, 8 Eyed Spy, with Inren on guitar and sax, Scavengers on drums, George Scott III from The Contortions on bass and Michael Paumgardner on guitar. For her part, Lunch had stopped playing guitar and wouldn't pick it up again until her excellent instrumental collaboration with Burg, *The Drowning Of Lucy Hamilton* (Widowstep 1985). In 8 Eyed Spy, she sang and wrote the lyrics, while the rest of the group came up

with the music. The results are much closer to straight-up rock, raucous, sexy, swampy but still noisish, with Inren's surf fixation becoming more prominent (he later formed The Raybeats with ex-Contortions Harris and Christensen to follow the surf music further). Scott devised some great cover versions, including a booming take of Bo Diddley's "Diddy Wah Diddy" and a down and dirty arrangement of Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Run Through The Jungle." It was quite an about face from the year-zero stance of Teenage Jesus. Lunch's vocals are back to a peering shout, and the lyrics concern various derangements of the heart ("Love split with blood upon the floor/My wrists are nipped, my hem is torn"). Though 8 Eyed Spy proved to be a popular outfit, Lunch quickly grew tired of playing "rock mama" and left in the autumn of 1980. Scott died soon after. Several posthumous collections of their few studio and live recordings document the group. Although the recording quality varies widely, this *AWASTIC* release is the most representative.

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS

EDITIONS CEE EDGE CD 1981

DNA

A TASTE OF DNA

AMERICAN CLAVE AC1030EP 1981

LAST LIVE AT CBGBS

AWANT 900 CD 1993

In 1979 Art Lindsay began splitting his time between DNA and John Lurie's Lounge Lizards project. Lurie had acted in films like the aforementioned Scott and Beth B's *The Offenders* and James Nares's *Rome 78* alongside various members of Teenage Jesus and The Contortions, and he worked on the soundtrack to Scott and Beth B's *Vortex* with many of the same suspects. He also made his own films, including one talk show parody starring himself and James Chance, which ends with Lurie imitating Humphrey Bogart in *The African Queen* and Chance imitating a leech. John Lurie recruited his brother Evan and longtime bassist Steven Piccolo for The Lizards, as well as Lindsay and drummer Anton Fier of The Feelies (and later Peter Dinklage), initially labelled "fake jazz," the group set out to do for Thelma Houston what Chance and co had done for James Brown. Two raucous cuts from August 79 at CBGBs on Live 79-82 (ROR 1336 MC) find a successful balance between *No Wave* and jazz, with Lindsay battling it out on the front lines with John Lurie's saxophone. By the time of their studio debut, recorded in 1980, the musicianship was considerably more polished. Art is much lower in the mix, although up to his usual tricks (including a great solo on "Wandering"), and Evan takes several atonal organ solos, but most of the music is super and film noir-style jazz played for downtown tastes but still too bad to be considered *No Wave*.

Even so, the Lounge Lizards were integral to the development of cross-pollination in the New York scene, with Lindsay and Fier participating in Kap Hanrahan's enormous ensemble recording projects, *Coup De Fete* and *Desire Develops An Edge*, which recruited

Top, left to right: John Lurie; Rhye Catham; James Chance. Bottom: Ut



PHOTOS: BRIST ROBERTS/RETNA; SLAVO CHANDEL; CATHERINE COBOSQUE; DOWNSHAW

musicians from jazz, Latin, funk and rock. After they'd both left The Lounge Lizards in 1981, they worked together in Flier's avant/funk/pop supergroup *The Golden Psalms*, as well as in a trio with John Zorn in his DNA-improvised song project *Locus Solus* (which also included Mori). To this day Lins continues to lead The Lounge Lizards, which has become a veritable downtown jazz messengers'/Bluesbreakers, spawning many of the mainstays of New York's current improv scene. He also composed the soundtracks to Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise* and *Down By Law* (both of which Lindsay played on).

DNA didn't make another appearance on vinyl until 1981, by which time Crutchfield had left to form Dark Day and Tim Wright had joined on bass. This proved to be a decisive switch. A Taste Of DNA is a quantum leap forward, the music now splinted and experimental. Wright is a formidable player with a commanding tone. Mon executes raplike rolls in the most unlikely places, while Lindsay's guitar sounds like breaking glass; his often unintelligible vocals dashed with high-pitched gasps. Most of the six songs barely last a minute, and the lyrics are correspondingly truncated and elliptical – the complete lyric to "5:30" reads: "When bright blue eyes get dark/I want another eye to look at/I want another mouth to water at/Thrown around in a room."

Documenting their final live show from June 1982, the longer duration of the *Avant CD* showcases this incarnation of the group at its best. Lindsay's Brazilian roots are beginning to show in the Portuguese he injects into "Brand New," "Action" and "New Low," as well as the bobbing, almost bossa feel of "New New." "Horse," an otherwise unreleased song that finds Wright slowly hammering one note into place as the others gradually join him for a series of crashing accelerations, is one of their most memorable performances.

SUMNER CRANE

JOHN GAWANTI

ASTMATIC ALPINE CD 1990

DON KING

DON KING

HYRAX 102 COMAC 1980

After the demise of Mars, Sumner Crane set about adapting Don Giovanni for his own "opera." For the resulting John Gawanti he enlisted Cunningham on horns, Burg on bass clarinet, Mori on strings and percussion, and Arto Lindsay and his brother Duncan (who contribute percussion on "The Samba" under the pseudonyms Arlindo & Dantas Lins). Released on Cunningham's Hyrax label in 1980, it remains the most daunting artifact of the period. Crane recites the lyrics in a mock below that sounds like a punchdrunk Blind Willie Johnson impersonating King Ubu, while the cacophonous music recalls Sun Ra's *Strange Strings*, Japanese gagaku and Korean panpipes, without directly referencing any of them – or anything else. On its release, Byron Coley recalled listening to the LP in the *NY Rocker* office, whose editor Andy Schwartz commented, "You know, I can't decide if this is the best album ever made or the worst." "It's both!" Coley declared. Hyrax also planned a solo cassette by Crane called *A Coffin Full Of Blues*,

but it never happened. However, one fascinating recording, "New Poor Boy" (based on the Buika White howl), wound up on a CD called *First Congregation Of The House Of Strongers* (no level), a compilation based on some regular gatherings at McGovern's bar in the late 80s and 90s (other participants included Jody Harris and Don Christensen).

Gawanti essentially laid the groundwork for Don King, originally a trio of Cunningham on trumpet and bass, Burg on bass clarinet and guitar, and Duncan Lindsay on drums). Named for the boxing impresario by Burg (who had wanted to call Mars "Mick Jagger"), Don King's music on this cassette (reissued on CD by Cunningham in 2003) is skeletal and stark. The horns play off each other, while Lindsay thumps out vague, off-kilter rhythms that usually suggest jazz or Latin music.

RHYS CHATHAM AN ANGEL MOVES TOO FAST TO SEE

TABLE OF THE ELEMENTS 2x2x2 2002

GLENN BRANCA

THE SCENSION

NEWYORK 2001 CD 1981

Rhys Chatham came of age in New York's minimalist scene, working in electronics as a teenager with Maryanne Amacher, then running The Kitchen and playing in a trio with Tony Conrad and Charlesminghe Palestine. After a few compositional gear shifts he discovered The Ramones, began learning electric guitar and formed a group (or three, as it happened: The Gyneceologists, Tone Death and Arsenal). In 1977 he also developed a piece called "Guitar Trio" for three electric guitars used as an overtone source – much like Palestine using a Bosendorfer piano on *Strumming Music* – played over a driving beat. By 1979, he was performing it in a group with Branca and Tiers from Theoretical Girls and Nina Canal from The Gyneceologists (and later Robin Crutchfield's Dark Day and U). In 1980 he formed The Don and developed a piece for dance, "Dance Classicism," a 120 db roar of writing, out of tune guitars and drums, making it the closest approximation of No Wave to be found in the annals of modern composition. Both pieces are included on the forthcoming triple CD Chatham retrospective on *Table Of The Elements*. "Guitar Trio" in a slightly later version with Joe Darnay and David Linton replacing Branca and Tiers.

Branca had also gotten the notion of taking downtown rock into the realm of extended composition. The Static started to develop longer pieces, and for Mac's Kansas City Easter Festival in 1979 he wrote "Instrumental For Six Guitars," *Lesson No 2* (1980), a 12" single on 99 Records (with only one or two guitars) followed, including the bright Reich/Glass influenced title piece and a darker track called "Dissonance": a nice, perhaps unintentional punk answer to Terry Riley's *A Rainbow In Curved Air*. Branca subsequently formed a six guitar group to record *The Ascension*. "Lesson No 2" has the chugging tom-tom rhythm and sinister guitar sounds associated with the No Wave period, but longer tracks like "The Spectacular Commodity" and the title out combine it with modern classical structures à la Penderecki or Ligeti. Branca soon took the next step

into symphonic form, with unwieldy but often enthralling results. His onetime Theoretical Girls partner Linn followed suit to record one album in the same style, 1984's curfews and awkward Music From Paradise (Daisy). Composed for a dance piece, it features many of the thick clusters on fast-strummed guitars that people associate with Branca but also some curlicued sections for plucked guitars and dual pianos.

UT

EARLY LIVE LIFE

BLAST FIRST 89112 LP 1987

Y PANTS

Y PANTS

PERIODIC DOCUMENT PD001 CD 1996

Women were notably involved in every No Wave group, and these two second wave groups were all-female. Ut formed in 1979 around Nina Canal. Originally a quartet, after 1980 they became a trio. The members would change instruments onstage after every song, removing another traditional element of rock 'n' roll. Of all the post-No Wave groups they were the most committed to the No Wave aesthetic, sounding like a cross between DNA, Mars and The Raincoats. They retained the amateurish playing and angular cheap guitar sound but were drier than the previous groups; on songs like "Moss Sleep" and "No Manifesto" they left drums off altogether, another contrast with the earlier groups. They relocated to London and lasted until 1989; as the 1985 "Fire in Philadelphia" on this live retrospective shows, they stayed true to No Wave right to the end.

Y Pants was Barbara Ess's post-Static No. Using toy instruments, keyboards, ukulele, bass and drums, they were considerably more melodic and charming than their No Wave predecessors, singing lyrics like "I washed my favourite sweater". Elsewhere, lines like "Don't be afraid to be boring" possibly reflected Ess's other activities in a group called Early Life, if their lyrics recall pioneering Swiss grungers group Kleeex and UK's The Slits. Y Pants also took back beyond their No Wave roots to 60s girl groups for inspiration. Their haunting a cappella version of Lesley Gore's "That's The Way Boys Are" is an unparalleled precursor to Riot Grrrl. This CD retrospective from *Periodic Document* collects the 1980 Y Pants EP Branca produced for 99 Records and 1982's *Beat It Down LP*, overseen by first-time producer Wharton Tiers for Branca's Neutral label.

VARIOUS

TAPE #1

NO LABELING NUMBER MC 1981

Chris Nelson documented the No Wave scene extensively in his fanzine *No Magazine*. Documenting what he and his friends got up to musically between 1979-80, this cassette serves as a kind of homegrown No New York. The batch of banal and bent song shards produced by Nelson's group information makes them the most No Waveish of the three participating acts. They're also the best: Philip Dray contributes simple electric piano lines, while Rick Brown sounds like a cross between Ike Turner and Drumbo. Brown also plays in *Binding Headache*, who



PHOTOS: CONSUMERS COLOSSEUM

opened Mars's Irving Plaza show by performing in the lobby. A more rockist but still lo-tech trio, their other members, Jim Posner and Wilhe Klein, also played in Mofungo, an offbeat, cosmopolitan ensemble whose ranks would later swell to include Nelson and Dray (and even Elliott Sharp).

VARIOUS

NOISEFEST

20 MUSIC 5 MC 1991

SONIC YOUTH CONFUSION IS SEX

GGC 26511 CD 1993

Three years after the Artists Space series, Thurston Moore curated the ten-day Noise Fest at another SoHo gallery, White Columns. Branca, Lahn, Wharton Tiers's Glovous Strangers, Chatham, Lee Ranaldo & David Linton, Don King, The Blue Humans, Robin Crutchfield's Dark Day, Ut, Y Pants, Information, and Mofungo all performed, as did Moore's trio with Kim Gordon and Anne De Marinis, who were making their debut under the name Sonic Youth. This UK released cassette contains selections from the festival. Despite the name, much of the music is already heading in a new wavis direction—even Sonic Youth are a keyboard dominated entity at this point, except for a screeching slide solo by Moore. However, the spirit of 78 still resonates in tracks by Lahn, Ranaldo, Don King, the Blue Humans and Ut.

Sonic Youth had a variety of No Wave connections: Kim Gordon had played in a trio with Christine Hahn from The Static and Miranda from Arsenal, Moore played with Branca, while Ranaldo had played with both Chatham and Branca, whose Neutral label released the group's first two records. Their self-titled debut EP had more of a post-punk, rhythm-based sound, thanks in part to drummer Richard Edson, also of the more dance-oriented Konk. *Confusion*, produced by Tiers, and with Scavinos taking over on drums, was Sonic Youth's first album. Here, the No Wave affinity becomes more pronounced; on tracks like "She's in a Bad Mood", "Protect Me You" and "Confusion is Next", the sing-song bass and vocal lines come right out of Teenage Jesus, while the intertwining squawky guitars come out of Mars and Branca. Of course, the No Wave element is buttressed by a host of other influences and inspirations that propel the group to this day. But the group have continued to pay homage to No Wave: Moore interviewed Crutchfield, Cunningham and others about the period in his fanzine *Killer*; a spoken word cassette by Lunch and Swans' Michael Gira was the first release on his Ecstatic Peace! label; Moore played on Lunch's *In Limbo* and *Honeymoon in Red LPs*, and collaborated with her on *The Crumb EP*; Lunch later co-wrote and sang on Sonic Youth's "Death Valley 68", and formed a shortlived trio with Gordon in the late 80s, Harry Crews. Bob Bert, Edson's initial replacement, once said, "When I played the first gig with them at CBGBs and I saw Arto Lindsay and Lydia Lunch in the club, I was just like, 'Wow, this is the greatest thing in the world.'" □

Top to bottom: Pat Place, Lydia Lunch and Connie Rung; Don King; Theoretical Girls

The Wire

JAZZ,
IMPROVISED MUSIC
AND

IN THIS ISSUE

STEVE LACY
HAROLD LAND
WOMEN LIVE
SCATTING & BOPPING
ERIC DOLPHY
RAN BLAKE

CAMDEN MAR '82
MAX ROACH
LEO RECORDS
WYNTON MARSALIS
JOHN STEVENS
REVIEWS
AND MORE

ISSUE 1 SUMMER 1982

85p



Joe Killy

IN SUMMER 1982, IN THE MIDST OF THE FALKLANDS WAR, THE EARLY THATCHER/REAGAN ERA, AND THE RISE OF POP'S NEW ROMANTICS, *THE WIRE* WAS LAUNCHED INTO ORBIT BY A SMALL INDEPENDENT PUBLISHER. OVER THE NEXT TEN PAGES WE CELEBRATE TWO DECADES OF THE MAGAZINE'S SURVIVAL BY CATCHING UP WITH PAST AND PRESENT EMPLOYEES, AND LEAFING THROUGH OUR OWN BACK PAGES, CHARTING THE MYRIAD CHANGES, PEAKS, TROUGHS AND QUIRKS OF (THOUGH WE SAY IT OURSELVES) A PUBLISHING PHENOMENON

ISSUE 1 SUMMER 1982

The strapline "Jazz, Improvised Music And..." announces the first issue of the magazine. Run from an address in Mirabel Road, South West London, *The Wire* begins as a quarterly, co-founded and edited by Anthony Wood (who stayed for 16 issues) and Chrissie Murray. She was a journalist; he had been an entrepreneur, jazz promoter and, the previous year, co-owner (with improvising musicians John Russell and Roger Turner) of short-lived label called CAN. Five names are on the masthead, including Production by Chrissie Murray, Design by Terry Coleman, and two Editorial Assistants. Wood's debut editorial is scathing about "competitors": "The reverend gentlemen at *Jazz Journal* continue, at best, to admit only grudgingly that jazz has got beyond 1948..."

2 WINTER 1982/B3

Wood's editorial in the second issue relates how the staff sold issue 1, fanzine-style, to an unsuspecting public at Knowerth Jazz Festival earlier that summer. The Letter Page (sic) is brim-full of mostly positive comments from first time readers, plus a six-point critique by writer Max Harrison (who would later become a contributor): "... 3) Too many interviews. These are the bane of jazz periodicals. People fancy writing about jazz, find they've nothing of their own to say, and so badger musicians to talk into a tape recorder. 4) There are far, far too many pictures. At B3p readers are entitled to a good long read..."

4 SUMMER 1983

One year on, and Wood is in reflective and self-critical mode. "I believe *The Wire* has failed to live up to its stated intent," he admits, blaming both lack of resources and of organisation. Yet, he rallies, "the message is 'You ain't seen nothing yet!'" Future Editor Richard Cook writes the opinion column On *The Wire*, lambasting the archaic jazz establishment ("We need to stop preaching and start being"). Curiously, and on the same page, the issue carries an advert for *NME* (captioned: "On The Sun Ra Side Of The Street") that lists all the jazz artists it's covered recently: "OK, so you may have to negotiate the occasional piece on Sunny Ade, Grandmaster Flash or Echo And The Bunnymen," the ad copy reads, "but that's the price of reading the world's most broad-minded music weekly."

8 OCTOBER 1984

The Wire goes monthly after becoming part of Naim Attallah's Namers Group. It now has an office in Namers's Besh Street building in Soho.

17 JULY 1985

Richard Cook, a journalist who had written pieces on the likes of Derek Bailey and Evan Parker in *NME*, takes over as Editor, having joined as Deputy the previous month. The design is given a facelift, and another *NME* writer, Mark Sinker, makes an appearance in the same month. By issue 19 (September 1985) Anthony Wood's name will have disappeared from the masthead.

23 JANUARY 1986

The New Year kicks off with a bold statement of intent:

Bill Laswell on the cover. "Laswell doesn't really belong in *The Wire*, they'll tell me," writes Mark Sinker. David Toop, fresh from co-editing the *Collusion* zine and writing his book *Rap Attack*, mails in a piece on Go-Go star Donald Banks. Paul Ellman, who has been a layout assistant for several months, takes control of the magazine's art direction.

24 FEBRUARY 1986

A change of logo and a loss of the definite article: the magazine is now officially *Wire*.

25 MARCH 1986

Peter Pullman's column New York Air And Eye begins, establishing a special relationship with the Big Apple. New York reports, later handled by Howard Mendel, were to become a regular feature in *Wire* throughout the 80s.

26 APRIL 1986

Review columns begin sprouting in the early pages, a tradition that would continue until 1990: *The Sound of Africa* by Mark Sinker, *The Latin Sound* by Sue Steward, and *Round Up The Usual Suspects* by Biba Kopf, which mentions Jacques Attali, *Entstehende Neubauten* and *Oie Tödliche Orla*. Plus ça change...

29 JULY 1986

Ellman revamps the *Wire* logo, which has already been through four different versions, to the serif typeface which will prevail, in various forms, until 2001. The cover image, featuring Max Roach, sets the tone for the next few years.

33 NOVEMBER 1986

Wire hosts its British Jazz Awards at the end of what Cook calls "one of the strongest jazz years in the UK". Everything is gearing up for the "jazz revival" which will hit the London media the following year. Julien Temple's *Absolute Beginners* has been all over cinema screens that summer; a full-page ad for Courtney Pine's Island LP *Journey To The Urge Within* appears on the inside front cover; and there's a preview of *Round Midnight*, Bertrand Tavernier's fictional biopic of a jazz life starring Dexter Gordon. But even now the magazine has concerns that go beyond Sobranies and sharp suits: Biba Kopf weighs in with a piece on William Burroughs, and Cook's editorial concludes: "I am not interested in a jazz reawakening that has no space for Albert Ayler. If we do not accept the extremes and difficulties of the music, the interest is worth nothing. The new barriers must be destroyed at once."

43 SEPTEMBER 1987

Brian Morton reviews a live performance by Alice Coltrane: "There is something inherently and intensely depressing about the sight of an electric organ on a jazz stage." King Crimson guitarist Robert Fripp begins a series on practising the guitar. The issue also contains an essay on Robert Johnson by Grevil Marcus.

44 OCTOBER 1987

Wire co-curates a programme during National Jazz Month at the South Bank Centre, a 31 day line-up that includes the likes of Morphogenesis, B Shops For The Poor, The Voice Of God Collective and Hornweb,



CHRISSE MURRAY EDITOR (PRODUCTION) 1982-86

The UK's most progressive/insightful/challenging/coloured/lowered/thinking (well, we thought so) music magazine was born in 1982, over mustard, to the distant piped strains, unbelievably, of Jullio Iglesias. Indeed, the Spaghetti House in London's St Martin's Lane was for a long time the unofficial Wire 'office'. Anthony Wood and I juggling flapjacks and photographs over the perforations. They were playing Jullio's, but we could hear only Steve Lacy, John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Charles Mingus, John McLaughlin, Charlie Parker and Miles Davis.

Anthony Wood, a brave, headstrong concert promoter, and me, an idealistic journalist, were best friends, brought together by the music, constantly agonising over the loss of Miles Davis's jazz columns. Our Anthony never did anything by halves (thank God) and with The Wire he went all out for the full catastrophe. Naming the magazine after a Steve Lacy composition, Anthony charged ahead like an Olympic sprinter on speed while I hung on to his coat-tails for dear life breathless.

The first issues were produced in the alpaca room, by night, in our back bedrooms, funded entirely by the visionary Anthony Designer Terry Coleman, Administrator Adele Jones, accounts person Jan Dekow, writers Ken Ansell and Rita Sanderson, and myself, worked with just steam-driven typewriters and Terry's draughtsman's desk. And often it showed. But what we lacked in slickness, we made up for in our commitment. We stood in the rain, elated, and sold our first copies at the Camden Jazz Festival.

It became less fun, for me, when the generous Nam Aschik invited us to join his prestigious Namara Group family. Now the pressure was on to produce The Wire monthly, full time. Every day was a nightmare. The office was permanently like Waterloo Station, buzzing with musicians and writers. There was never any peace. A spread on AWM from Mr Ansell would arrive as a 7000 word booklet (bless him). Asking delightful Jack Massarik for 750 words on Leo Kottke resulted in his life story (that is, Jack's life story, entertaining, but the long version). Anthony, simultaneously running Actual Music, zoomed up and down the M1 on his motorbike, out of contact, commissioning odd-bods along the road, and reviews arrived I didn't even know about.

But there were good moments, too, such as Blue Note's wonderful Michael Cosentino dropping in for 15 minutes and staying all day. And an unexpected visit by my hero, Reggae Workmen, striking me dumb. And the Wire dinner (financed entirely by AWM) became legendary.

In that day I am still touched by the support we were offered: top writers such as Charles Fox, Alice Korner, Mia Hinton, Val Wilmer, Mike Zwerin, Max Jones, Brian Cose, Brian Priestley, Dave Iles, Graham Lock, Barry McRae, Kevin Heneghan, Brian Morton, Keith Shadwick, Stan Britt, Jack Massarik, Stuart Nicholson, John Fordham, Richard Cook, photographer Jak Kilby, everyone just pitched in.

The Wire is still building bridges and knocking down barriers 20 years on, and that makes me pleased and proud, although I don't hear so much Jullio Iglesias these days.

I first became involved with *The Wire* (as it was in the beginning) when Anthony Wood, the magazine's founder, asked Nam Atallah for financial help. Nam ran the Namias Group, which contained Quartet Books and its jazz list, which I edited, so he was interested in jazz at that station of the jazz world. The problem – as we saw – lay in ascertaining the true name and location of the 'world'. Anthony Wood had no doubt that avant garde jazz – much of it freely improvised – was exciting and potentially powerful enough to attract the required readership. I felt – partly because I was strongly opposed to factionalism, but largely because I felt at that time lately ignorant of just how deep feelings would run in this area – that broadening the scope of the magazine's musical remit would attract a wider readership without necessarily compromising the founder's goals.

The resulting balancing act inevitably proved trickier than I anticipated. We lost Anthony Wood early on, since he was understandably reluctant to compromise musically. Richard Cook was brought in because of the breadth of his knowledge, and of the strength of his enthusiasm for the music – from Billy Reid Morton to Anthony Braxton – made him a suitable choice for the task we had in mind, making the magazine more enticing to those who were attracted by the jazz they'd heard, but who wished to know more about it.

I felt then – and still feel now – that, in the main, the musical balance achieved in *Wire* magazine (as it came to be called) under Richard Cook's editorship was exemplary. Special on Ben Bredon's rubric, about jazz with features on Linton Bates and the Jazz Warners, weekly studies of the entire recorded output of Dizzy Gillespie with colour-ink predictions concerning the future career prospects of newcomers like Andy Sheppard, Courtney Pine and Steve Williamson. The review section was unravelled in its breadth and evolution.

However, in the attempt to attract extra-musical advertisers such as whisky distillers and cigarette manufacturers (upon whom the magazine's financial viability was thought to depend), too much emphasis was placed on fashion and tapers. The magazine's design became increasingly important, strap-nutted young men were too frequently lauded over weathered but more mature and less fashion-conscious musicians, some of the writing was downright pretentious in its attempt to plug into the zeitgeist. The result was a lot of (ephemeral) colour-supplement attention for (some) jazz, but no appreciable increase in *Wire*'s sales, probably because for every would-be hip young thing we recruited to the readership, we lost a diehard jazz fan who just wished to know if Howard Riley or Stan Tracey had made another album and what it was like, and who definitely did not want to be continually welcomed to the 'cool world' contemporary *Wine* T-shirts told readers they were fortunate enough to inhabit.

Distribution problems too could make crack either the US market or Japan) and the sudden (and, I would assert, entirely predictable) departure of the mainstream press to search for the next New Thing led to disappearing readership figures, so it was decided once again to broaden the magazine's appeal to include such figures as Michael Jackson. At this point I left Quartet Books, still unconvinced that diluting the magazine's jazz content was the way forward, but also pessimistic about the financial viability of a 'pure' jazz magazine devoted to coverage of the whole of the music.

My proudest *Wire* moment? Being told by the manager of San Francisco's City Lights bookshop that *Wire* was the best jazz magazine he'd ever sold in the store. My lowest? Going into a precious heap fit about the lack of integrity demonstrated by the *Wire* Jazz Awards, bringing the ceremony and ensuing meeting Sting and Maceo Spivey. Most horrendous moment? Trying to keep a straight face while assuming the anticlimactic young lady from the Quartet Books publicity department was Davis to play at a jazz book launch, even if it was to be held at Kettle's.

Let's see... Publishing, The Next North Box Handwritten reviews. Philip Watson's desert boots Nam's patience. Joanne getting 100 quid for the book cover. Steve Lucy saying, "Thanks, man!" Sonny Rollins saying, "Don't ask me to smile!" The Jazz Awards. First Courtney Pine cover. Bringing in those young whippersnappers Nick Coleman, Tony Herrington, Ben Watkin, Andy Hamilton. Bang driven by Jagne. Handing a copy to Miles Davis. Posting off copy at seven o'clock on a Friday. Paul Elinman and his exasperating poems. The Neck White effect. "This is an outrage!" Chris Parker's outcrows. Getting Graham Lee to try on a Kallum Hume jacket. The first fax machine. Acid rain in Oxford. Advising what the office dress code was. Running down to King's Cross with an entire issue on boards. Lucy Ward, laughing. Marring advice at Crawley. Best Harout Award. Roy's tutorials. Waiting for the chameleon. Luce Tubes Jynce. Roger Thomas carrying in a sackful of ice. All those impoverished, hopeful photographs. Getting the last review CD. Michael Jackson on the cover. Herman Leonard sitting in the office. Eighty something issues – not a bad effort.

PAUL ELLIMAN
ART DIRECTOR 1988-89

I was still quite young (28) by the time I left *The Wire*, and it was my first experience designing. The problem was that I wasn't really a designer. I had been a member of the City Limits magazine collective. I was a 'paste-up' artist, I think. One night in the City Limits office, music photographer Jak Kilby mentioned a job going at *The Wire*.

Both magazines required a highly partisan involvement. Having had a strong interest in jazz-related music through my teens, I was already a reader of *The Wire*, so to become the magazine's designer was perfect for me then. And if lacking proper training was much, it was a fast learning curve – as encapsulated in the way the writing and music that defined *The Wire*, as by a desire to go against what I felt was happening in magazine design at the time. I used to mark up raw copy and send it to a typesetter 80 miles away in Kent (in Breeds). Hard to imagine that now. I kept erotic hours (office jobs rarely me) but I was very energetic – I was the only person to turn up for work Friday morning after the Great Storm of 1987. Which, more seriously, reminds me of going through King's Cross hall an hour before the tangle fire, on my way back from a photo lab in Clerkenwell. A grey Wednesday evening.

I brought in photographs from areas outside of music – namely, I was more interested in the quality of their work. I ended up using only one typeface, something which seemed to others to be a hardened minimalism, but really I couldn't be bothered to deal with the range of typography that existed. More importantly, I got to hang out, however briefly, with Sonny Sherron, Han Bennink, Betty Carter, Ornette Coleman, Dress Bailey – not to mention Richard Cook, Bill Kaye, Mark Siskin, Sue Steward, Brian Morton – I'm still a fan of *The Wire*, the magazine has never looked better. In many ways I think it's a stronger, broader project than the one I worked on. Both observations should be far enough though, after all, it is 15 years older.

alongside Anita Carmichael, Clark Tracey, Dudu Pukwana's Zulu and more.

46/47 DECEMBER 1987/JANUARY 1988
The 82 page 'double issue' for New Year 1988 features – who else? – Courtney Pine on the cover. The magazine is in full stride, with big pieces on Mike & Kate Westbrook, Cecil Taylor, Roland Kirk and Bix Beiderbecke, a 'Christmas Jazzword', and Tony Herrington on soccer star David Rudner.

48 FEBRUARY 1988
The cover carries a classic monochrome shot of Billie Holiday by jazz photographer Herman Leonard, whose iconic images are celebrated over several inside pages. Strikingly, the only text box on the cover is the alphabet from A-N, which is continued O-Z on the opening spread of an interview with Harold Budd.

50 APRIL 1988
A landmark half-toned of issues. *Wire* responds with a cover shot of a ticking metronome, the sheet music of "Lower Men", a clock face, and a poem by René Char. "Milestones can evoke mixed feelings," writes Richard Cook. "The pleasure of getting there is usually tempered by some combination of fatigue and wondering what on earth one can do next." The letters page, now named "The Witte Place", is given over to a letter from Neshu Ertegun, commenting on a recent article on King Oliver.

52 JUNE 1988
"Serry Wallenstein is a writer and poet with a long experience of working in the jazz environment. Jazz and poetry have many links between them, and there's a much fresh interest in combining the two genres. In this two-part piece, Wallenstein himself offers a first hand account of an unusual gig that took place in Lagos and then poses some questions about his life and work." Part two of this feature never appears.

53 JULY 1988
Lucy Ward joins as Art Editor. Elliman's minimalist precision and cool has reached its apothecary; Ward has the onerous task of continuing and freshening his style. Under her design, however, *Wire* consolidates its growing aura of urbane wit, sophistication and cosmopolitan hybridity. Russell Lack begins a short lived rap column. Under the banner "The Jazz And New Music Magazine", the years 1988-90 feature a heady mix of features on 20th century composers such as John Cage, Stockhausen, John Zorn...

54 AUGUST 1988
Ward's cover image of Jason Rebello stamps her seal on the look of the mag. A greater variety of fonts and graphics are introduced, although this is still the era of pre-digital publishing.

57 NOVEMBER 1988
And, the Clint Eastwood-directed life of Charlie Parker, elevates jazz in the public consciousness and *Wire* rides the wave with a cover still featuring the film's star, Forest Whitaker.

58/59 DECEMBER 1988/JANUARY 1989
The words "Acid-free" appear on the cover. Ostensibly a reference to the paper stock, it is a response to the encroachment of the kind of jazz-inspired dance music being popularised by labels like Acid Jazz. Contributor Paul Beinhart, whose Destination Out column covers the jazz dance club network, is so upset by this, he quits and sets up his own magazine: *Straight No Chaser*.

65 JULY 1989
The cover story is a piece on guitarist Bill Frisell by Jonathan Coe, soon to become a bestselling novelist (*The Rotters Club*, etc).

70/71 NEW YEAR 1990
New Year 1990: *Wire* heads into a decade that other media were characterising as the dawning of the age of Aquarius. The double issue was bulked up with a supplement in association with *The Guardian* newspaper, co-sponsors of the *Wire* Jazz Awards that year. While everyone else was digging The Stone

The 90s were over: the jazz-funk bubble had burst. Editor Richard Cook had an agenda: to transform *The Wire* from specialist jazz/improvisation coverage to specialist everything coverage, plus (he didn't tell me the bit to leave after issue 100, I had an agenda I didn't tell, also, a theory that wanted testing: there's a dichotomy about cheapness, that it's always the dichotomy of better, poorer, original, original less popular by so-called detector. But I believe mass appeal also comes from concentration, not dilution, and there's what I was going to try with the mag. Losing money? Threatened with closure? Ignore that. Old punky rule of thumb (just now made up): the contradiction is the hook - don't buy it, it's not. NO FUTURE NO FUTURE NO FUTURE. I read every issue as if it's the last, and go for broke with the material you have. I wanted (the writers with ten-year hindsight) an alert, funny journal which craved its readers, chafed and teased and engendered and thrilled and hurt and baffled and looked with them - a space for speculative playful misanthropic enlightenment which when it vanished (any moment, well it thought) left a queasy shadow behind the heart.

Don't assume every guardian of gangster or transgressive music has a taste or a gift for being either of these themselves. Fanboys are fanboys are fanboys. Establish yr collision of real event/gods ("have fun starting arguments" but not letting all the material in yr stable of critical) on the montage experiment. "Teach the lemmings how to swim by poking them and toasting them", especially when the "lemmings" are (some of them) pining for intelligent, spacious, ~~possible~~ experts. Counter constructively (how do you decide what matters in a journal that covers everything?) by themed issues, and fight-or-aggressive, semi-cynical/edgy. Clear and true are good if you have time, but cryptic allusiveness and wild surmise are better than laboured rectitude or (worst of all) repetition. Don't wrt from unfinished business: closure threatens curiosity. Complete new lack of experience is yr most trusted ally. I was totally a lemming too. Light like touchpaper. I can well forward...

Treatment a success: doctor succeeds if *The Wire* survived its tricky transition (or was surprised? OK, I am too). I only lasted 18 months, until a potential buyer hovered, any removal part of his bride price. I was branded angry by them, too exhausted to invent new themes, or resist even sensible compromise (oh no! We started putting faces on the cover again! No more robots, skulls or amoebas! Oh no!) when they told me I was history! I burst out laughing! I was so happy.

Roses and all things 'baggy', and with Black Wednesday a year and a half away, *Wire's* unique universe was summed up in an AZ of 'Hip cats, hysteresis and names for the 90s': Ants, Derek Bailey, Tommy Chase, John Debnar, Peter Ind, Improvised Music, Jazz Warners, Loose Tubes, the Outside In Festival, Courtney Pine, Pinski Zoo, Andy Sheppard, Tommy Smith, Ronnie Scott, Stan and Clark Tracey, Virgin Venues, Annie Whitehead, Steve Wray, Cleveland Watkiss and 'Young Turks'.

73 MARCH 1990

The masthead now lists 34 freelance contributors; key writers/reviewers at this time include Jack Cooke, Mike Fish (Richard Cook's pseudonym), John Fordham, Andy Hamilton, David Igo, Steve Lake, Kenny Matheson, Brian Morton, Stuart Nicholson, Chris Parker, Brian Priestley, Ben Watson, Philip Watts, Barry Witherden, Mike Zwerin.

74 APRIL 1990

On the letters page, readers' comments are quoted verbatim from a recent readership survey: "More bassists; More discographies; More avant-rock; More women, Ramones, anything; Too much white space; Too expensive; Please don't get too trendy; Perhaps I am getting old; What? No desert boots? If Bibs Kopf is a real person, could you print a photo of him in a future issue?"

77 JULY 1990

Mark Sinker, recently appointed Contributing Editor, asks whether music is threatened by sampling, and interviews ubiquitous Ambient DJ Mammeter Morris.

78 AUGUST 1990

A classic issue featuring a wiggly encounter between Sun Ra and Graham Lock; Dave Igo on Eugene Chadbourne; Bibs Kopf on Jon Hassell; and RD Cook on Frank Sinatra.

79 SEPTEMBER 1990

Hendrix on the cover signals that times they are a' changin'. The cover line, natch, reads: "Axes bold as jazz."

81 NOVEMBER 1990

Tom Corbin's Hardwire, a column about hi-fi and hardware aimed at musicians, kicks off. Plectrums, Trace Elliott amps, a bass guitar with silicon rubber strings, and the Fender Rhodes. It runs for a year.

84 FEBRUARY 1991

Art Director Lucy Ward is replaced by Brooke Auchincloss-Foramen.

86 JUNE 1991

Infamously, the cover features Michael Jackson. In his editorial, Richard Cook anticipates the response of long term readers: "Michael Jackson? What the hell's going on here?" He then attempts to reassure them: "Nothing, actually, that we haven't done before. Maybe the scales are tipping a little differently as from this issue, but *The Wire* is essentially the same argumentative, alternative, demanding music magazine it's always set out to be... [But] the word from now on is music [as opposed to 'jazz']". Music worth hearing, worth talking about, worth documenting." And just in case anyone had failed to get the message, the subtitle changes from "Jazz And New Music" to "Music Now And All Ways". The magazine starts calling itself *The Wire* again. The next four issues contain a rafting of articles on the Jam, Stravinsky, Elvis Costello, Elliott Carter, Prince, Hayden, Kraftwerk, John Lee Hooker, Z'ev, Van Morrison, Test Department, David Bowie's Tin Machine, Whitney Houston, Robert Wyatt... The contributors list now includes Barney Hoskyns and Phil McNell, both associates of Richard Cook from their days together on *NME*.

93 NOVEMBER 1991

Contributing Editor Mark Sinker, who had recently left *NME* after refusing to rewrite a negative review of a U2 album, joins the staff as Assistant Editor, replacing Graham Lock. His presence is immediately

felt: the cover features a solanzed TV image of Sid Vicious, and the issue contains a series of articles linked and themed by a multi-tiered cover line: "Nostalgia For An Age Yet To Come: Punk 15 Years On: What Happened. What Didn't. What Still Could." One of the pieces, by Ben Watson, berths the scabrous notion of punk jazz ("from Ornette Coleman to now"). In the top right hand corner of the cover, a box of text, like a tombstone echo of another time:

"Miles Davis 1925-1991."

96 FEBRUARY 1992

The cover carries an image of a toy robot (illustrating the issue's theme, "Machine Age Kluge"), which includes Mark Sinker's essay on Black Science Fiction. The robot is owned by Mark's sister, Becky.

99 MAY 1992

The cover line screams: "Is Music Dead? Why The Business Must Be Destroyed." Inside, the pages are decorated with images of smashed vinyl. The cover image again features a prop courtesy of Becky Sinker: a Mexican Day of the Dead skull photographed in lurid orange shadow. Yes, it's another of Mark Sinker's 'troubleshooting' themed issues. Meanwhile, elsewhere in the issue David Toop writes a critical essay on Ambient music for The Orb generation, referencing Philip K Dick, La Monte Young and JG Ballard.

100 JUNE 1992

Richard Cook's final issue. Somewhat ironically, he leaves the magazine to take over as head of PlayGround, his department. The cover story features "The 100 Most Important Records Ever Made", from the Windmill Coloured Quartet's 1902 recordings of gospel and minstrelsy to Public Enemy's 1988 *101 The Noise*. On the masthead of the next issue, 101, Adele Yoron, formerly the magazine's Administrator & News Editor, is listed as Publisher and Mark Sinker as Editor. The issue contains a report by Chicago critic John Corbett on the London Musicians' Collective's First Annual Festival of Experimental Music, co-ordinated, then as now, by Ed Baxter. On the letters page, readers continue to argue over the magazine's new direction, although now the arguments are widening: "To consider Prince's flashy, showbiz clichés as worthy of a place in *The Wire* than The Grateful Dead's often sublime output..." This issue also marks the magazine's move to its single floor office at Namana House in Scho's Poland Street, where it will remain until June 2001.

108 FEBRUARY 1993

A competition is launched to win the right to do a redesign job on the magazine. The winner is Mark Porter, who scoops a prize of £3,000. Mark Sinker's agenda for the magazine is now up and running in full effect. No more faces or musicians on the cover for a while now (not until issue 114, and 116, for the second of Mark's issues to be devoted to the role of women in music. Prior to this, the last issue to carry a cover story consisting of an interview with a known musician was 104, which featured a suitably chin-stroking Brian Eno). Instead, Mark generates a series of broad themes ("Lone Visionaries And Rogue Elements", "Music And Censorship", "My GB: Music And The Days Of Rage", "Music In The Realm Of Bodily Desire", "Music And The American Dream...") through which to commission four or five new essays per issue that will flesh out his vision of the magazine as "a try out zone for arguments about cultural, as opposed to purely commercial, success," as he wrote in issue 105. "As much as anything, argument is what this magazine is for," Mark Porter, as Contributing Art Director, illustrates these themes with a sequence of startling covers, including Sam Pyrasena's ghostly portrait of a disembodied Malcolm X (109).

115 SEPTEMBER 1993

Kevin Martin joins the team Isolatorist Music in an article featuring Main, Thomas Köner and Jovet-france.



back in the USSR?

President Bush's
reign in the
republic of the Soviet Union
has been the
most dramatic
and controversial
in the history of
the world.

t



hollywood
baby



Thinking about it now, I don't decide which was the most downright "fuck me!" episode moment... Opening the mysterious LP case package that arrived one morning sometime in the summer of 1988, and which turned out to contain a letter from Richard Cook, the Editor of *The Wire*, saying he liked the speculative reviews I'd mailed into the office, and why not have a go writing 300 words or so on the enclosed (a review of Herbert Hancock's mid-80s Blue Note album *Talkin' Out*). Or, six years later, fresh out of the London College of Printing (my Oxford and Cambridge rolled into one), taking a call from Mark Sinker, *The Wire*'s new Editor, following Richard's departure after the magazine's 100th issue, who offers me the vacant Deputy Editor's job (Cheese! I'm on the staff!) Just over a year later, and another "fuck me!" moment: Adele Yaron, the Publisher, has asked Mark to leave, and offers me the Editor's job. I accept only after talking to Mark, to whom I feel an intense loyalty and affection. We're chalk and cheese, but united by the fact that both of our ordinary lives were liberated and set on quixotic paths by the unrelenting call of punk rock, to end up in a place where we could celebrate and interrogate all those who, in one way or another, were having fun kicking against the pricks of orthodoxy (or starting arguments, as Mark would have it). So Mark's insistent don't be stupid, go head on, take it. And then, two years after that bombshell, Adele takes me out for coffee one day to tell me she's leaving the magazine after seven years, and has recommended to its owner, Nam Attallah, that I take over as both Editor and Publisher. My God, I'm in total control of the magazine! Except, I'd only just started to get my head around what an editor should do (for neither could I). Now, what the hell does a publisher do? And then the day in December 2000 when I finally sign the contract that says we, the magazine's as well as full-time staff, after some six months of mind-numbing legal and financial manoeuvring, have finally succeeded in our attempt to actually purchase *The Wire*, we bought the company.

Whichever of these moments landed me sideways the most, for the last 18 years, and even before then, in fact, ever since I bought my first copy (Issue 11, January 1985, the Preston branch of WH Smith, purchased mainly for Richard Cook's long, mellow essay on the Blue Note recordings of Wayne Shorter), my life has been so completely bound up with that of *The Wire* that it is impossible for me now to imagine how things might be, or might have been, without it.

Which is why, after ten years on the staff, more than 120 issues, sitting here in the office, writing this at 11:30 on a Monday night, after eight 12-hour days in a row, and less than 34 hours before the issue is due to be printed, with around 25 pages still to be finished, I wouldn't swap it for any other life you paid me. I wouldn't know what to do with it.

I often wonder whether some invisible guardian watches over *The Wire*. How else could such a capricious, unaccountable, unpredictable, confoundingly curious operation have lasted for the fifth of a century?

The *Wire* was the first and only magazine of any kind that I have ever worked for (apart from my festive, 1000 copies, 1987, and no you can't have one). My view of the publishing industry is therefore deeply skewed, but the same goes for almost everyone who's ever been sucked into *The Wire*'s orbit. As any of our contributors will tell you, it's no place for the career hack, nor for those looking to make a freelance living. For years it has run on strangled budgets, the editors really only stay there because someone left they had to be written. On the other hand, however, *The Wire* has thrived.

On my first visit to the Poland Street office in 1983, I was a nervous freelancer who'd just had his first review published. My mental image of five floors of busy, clacking typewriters and designers collapsed instantly. Instead, down a scaffolding-rested street, I found a jiggling of Doherty desks on a rained brown carpet on the third story of an office block around the corner from Sony International HQ. Mark Sinker's desk was an encasement of papers, zines, press releases and handwritten ideas for future-themed issues. Tony Herrington was chawing through a desk growing with CDs, chomping on cell-ops. The office computer, a mighty Macintosh G4 used for word processing, sat on its communal desk, belatedly after yet another trashing under Mark's fingertips. As I pored over the review sheet, as I had been invited, an argument broke out between Mark, Tony and Adele Yaron about the illustration for the next cover. I grabbed some discs and ran.

God only knows how I've ended up in this seat almost ten years later. I started as Tony's Deputy, comprising precisely 50 per cent of the editorial team until Chris Bohn arrived in 1997. The magazine had four and a half subscribers, we had to beg record labels to get promo CDs sent, and no one used to write us any letters. Advertisers didn't understand what we talked about, and anyway, John Major's Britain was in the throes of recession leading to work along Oxford Street every morning, you ran a gauntlet of boarded up bistros and blaring Mr Pound shops. In those days, each new edition we produced was referred to, quaternarily, as "the farewell issue."

Truth was, everything happened as backwards: there was no identified "target market," we just pursued the music that enticed us, published and were damned. There were no writers' guidelines, no fashion spreads, no conflicts of interest. We made mistakes, sure, but ultimately the friends outnumbered them. Right place, right time? Never a bad word. Since then, the world of music got better, technologies changed, and gradually the ship's bow started to lean in the direction we wanted. We were tossed headlong into the temperature changes in music culture that Captain Cook had opened in his telescope back in 1961. Major labels had atrophied, artists were scrapping the means of production and distribution, previously unrecorded sounds were rising down like meteors. We had no competitors: the music press, the style press and the daily press were all grubbing around for the same, irrelevant canon. Between 1996-2000, our circulation doubled.

My nine years at *The Wire* have been sunny, consuming, edifying and exhausting. For years, the workload meant you were effectively chained to your desk for 18 days at a stretch, including weekends, without a single day off. Social lives and private lives took a beating. An noon as each issue was signed off, I used to have to go and wander round Covent Garden to remind myself there was still a world out there.

Frankly, these days the schedule is a little more human. Some of the battles *The Wire* has fought have been won, but already new ones are looming on the horizon: corporate imperialism, archaic copyright laws, the criminal greed against bloggers. The internet has remained as it ever was: a listen for the energy, stick to the quest, keep the information pumping out. Putting the feature together reminded me that all who currently work here are together in giant shoulders. I hope they can keep easy.

Mark Sinker spends an entire weekend coming up with the headline for a cover story on The Coolest Thins. Eventually he delivers it: "Last Refuge Of The Sound Whirl" (a pun on the Samuel Johnson quotation, "Patricism is the last refuge of the sounder"), which says everything about Mark's frame of reference). Except, when the magazine is printed, the words "Of The" fail to render.

120 FEBRUARY 1994

Mark Sinker is sacked by Adele Yaron. In his valedictory editorial, Mark recalls his first, in which he stated, "have fun starting arguments". There were arguments all right, but they were mostly confined to the office, as Mark and Adele battled each other over their respective ideas of what *The Wire* should be: a theory, quizzical, fence run proto-Weblog on the one hand; a sleek and stylish urban music-'n' lifestyle monthly on the other. Tony Herrington, Deputy Editor since issue 104, is offered the Editor's job. Rob Young, Editorial Assistant since issue 116, is made Deputy Editor, and suggests putting "Adventures in Modern Music" below the logo, it's still there. Six years prior to the millennium, a shortlisted series begins, "Music In The 21st Century". The first is an interview with Future Sound Of London, followed by a meditation on recording and distance by David Toop, inspired by "dead zone" duets, and a piece by Tony Herrington on the first audio CD-ROM, Peter Gabriel's *Xpots*. Also in this year, the regular Multimedia column begins, written by Mark Espiner. People keep phoning the office thinking the magazine is the UK version of *Wired*.

123 MAY 1994

Simon Reynolds coins the term post-rock: "Perhaps the really provocative area for future development lies... in cyberg rock not the white-washed embrace of techno's methodology, but some kind of interface between real time, hands-on playing and the use of digital effects and enhancement."

134 APRIL 1995

Robin Hawes comes in as Art Editor. The layout has become a mess; Robin brings some semblance of order to the interior. Confidence is restored: a story on Aphex Twin and lucid dreaming, tapping into a fertile electronic explosion underway across Europe (whose full scale is revealed at that year's Sonar Festival in Barcelona), appears on the cover, and a supplement on Sonic Youth in New York is bound on as a freebie. Tony Herrington concludes a two part A-Z of Prog Rock from his slacked; the tone of the piece is sarcastic, which provokes the same kinds of hostile letters non-jazz pieces used to in the 80s. An email address appears on the masthead for the first time.

For years afterwards, *The Wire* only has one address for the entire office, and there is a note on the inside to use the single computer that's equipped to download mail. The first time the mail is checked, a message is waiting from Andrew Brooks, a reader who has been running an online index of *Wire* issues since issue 100.

138 AUGUST 1995

DJ Spooky is on the cover, before he's released a record. Chris Campion, author of a reportage piece on the Master Musicians of Jajouka in the Rif mountains, fails to pass on the information that there are two groups of Master Musicians, each with their own spelling of the name, and each at one another's throats. *The Wire*'s unwitting use of a photo of the Jajouka (as opposed to Jajouka) musicians nearly causes a diplomatic incident. Later, Sonic Youth's Lee Ranaldo will contribute a Moroccan journal that plunges the magazine back into the same dark waters. Sometime this year, Tony Herrington arrives in the office on the last day of press week to find it has been burgled. The only items taken are the RAM chips from *The Wire*'s three Apple Macs. "They'll be sold in



ROBIN HAWES ART EDITOR 1994-2000

By the time I joined *The Wire* in May 1994, the title had lost any semblance of its early visual identity as a magazine focusing solely on jazz; it had somewhat lost the high esteem in which it had been held by the graphic design community. The gradual evolution over time in editorial content had been accompanied by many redesigns attempting to signal these new directions to the reader. The result, unfortunately, was a jumble of old and new ideas with no single creative vision to clarify the look and feel of the magazine.

These accumulated efforts had left the then publisher Adele Yaron and the newish Editor Tony Hemmington in a nervous state about making large-scale design changes when I arrived. Consequently my first year at the magazine was a process of slow confidence-building and the gradual creation of a magazine which would be based on innovative photography and clean, clean typography. However, even with these early constraints, *The Wire* as a vehicle for design turned out to be a designer's dream, and in my experience a complete one-off.

The Wire holds a unique place in the world of publishing. Its independence from any large publishing group and their corporate marketing strategists, combined with a loyal and passionate readership, free the Art Editor from the usual interference in a title's design and layout. Leaving only the relationship with the Editor to be negotiated from time to time. "Tony, trust me: I'm a designer."

Inevitably the huge advantage of total creative control over the visual presentation of *The Wire* was always balanced against the complete lack of budget to produce it. The tiny fees that were available for photography and the fact that I was the only design staff, and worked there on a part-time basis, would always intrude people arriving at the office. They would expect to see foam of editorial and design staff along with hefty commission fees plus expenses.

Looking back, this actually worked to my advantage, in that the photographers I commissioned were often looking for their first published work and therefore, despite the low fees, brought huge amounts of creative energy and ideas to the magazine (very often costing themselves more than the commission fee). My philosophy was always to pass on the creative freedom I had been given and ask them to take the pictures they really wanted to take. This, along with the line-up of interesting people we were photographing, produced some stunning work over the five years I was there.

Among the highlights were photographing Tortoise on a rooftop in Chicago in temperatures of minus 30 degrees centigrade (my idea), and being photographed (out of focus) standing behind an *in-focus*, but inattentive and not altogether sober Mark E. Smith (the idea being that I should pretend to be an absent member of The Fall). The pictures were never published.

The unique setup of *The Wire* and the passion and devotion of the people who contributed to it all combined to help me produce some of the magazine design I am most proud of in my career to date.

There must be something about *The Wire* office... I said I'd be here for two weeks – that was seven years ago.

Apart from not knowing what extraordinary sound is going to crackle out of the office speakers next, that 'something' about *The Wire* office is harder to pinpoint. Maybe it's actually the absence of certain things: the absence of corporate speak, the absence of a mission statement, the absence of a marketing budget, the absence of a dress code, and there's no clock on the office wall either. But at the same time there's common agreement and understanding about what we're doing and the direction we're heading in. There's agreement that we will sponsor an event because we like the music, not because of the number of punters attending. There's agreement that the day doesn't have to start at 9am and finish at 5pm on the dot, and there's agreement that Englishmen's loins aren't made to be shown in public, but, with global warming and 60 per cent of the staff cyclists, shorts will be tolerated.

There's agreement that a *Wire* cover 'let's' needn't be young or hip or glamorous and the ads inside needn't be for sports cars and cigarettes.

This feeling of collective effort crystallised on the day we decided to buy the magazine, rather than see it sold off to an EMAP or IPC. In the current publishing climate, the magazine would never have been allowed to survive in its current form, and neither would the staff. And as nobody wanted to work anywhere else, we had to go it alone to ensure further freedom to produce the magazine the way we wanted.

If the number of subscribers – those brave readers who take the risk and buy the magazine for a year or more in advance – can be used as a gauge, then the steady increase from 2000 mainly UK subscribers seven years ago to over 6000 worldwide today, suggests that the freedom within which *The Wire* is created is increasingly valued in a world of corporate stagnation and mainstream overload.

Russia in exchange for heroin," explains a policeman.

154 NOVEMBER 1995
Under the headline, "Stockhausen Versus The Technocrats", the transcript of a BBC interview with the German composer is reproduced, in which he listens to and comments on new electronics by Aphex Twin, Scanner and Daniel Pemberton, instructing them to listen to his own music. So the magazine sends out tapes of his music to these artists and prints their comments, including Richard D James: "He should hang out with me and my mates; that would be a laugh. I'd be quite into having him round." Also in the issue, Tony Hemmington interviews David Toop about the latter's new solo album, *Screen Ceremonies*, which just happens to be the first release on the magazine's newly launched in-house label, *The Wire Editions*. It soon becomes apparent, however, that trying to run a record label while also producing a monthly magazine is supreme folly. Sure enough, it's another five years before the appearance of the label's second release, Rhys Chatham's *Kind Edge*. Meanwhile, back in the outside world, for three Saturdays in November 1995, *The Wire* co-hosts Transgressions along with the Chill Out Label and London Arts Board. Licensing problems at Community Music, the former LMC HQ in Central London, mean that the event is suddenly declared free just days before it opens. There are queues out the door for Otomo Yoshihide, Pram, Washmunk, DJ Spooky, a Zg, Pierre Bastien, Scanner, Frances-Marie Uitti, Max Recce and Jony Easterby's melting ice sculptures.

145 MARCH 1996
Robin Hawes and photographer Dean Belcher fly to Chicago to shoot the Tortoise cover. Rob Young interviews the group in... Bristol.

146 APRIL 1996
Smekal's 'Noko Ono on the cover; Simon Reynolds on Mike Pateaux and Frankfurt electronics; an anarchist's guide to setting up an indie label, and an invisible Jukebox with Courtney Pine – a blast from the past who, like to the times, is now running with DJs, drum 'n' bass outfits...

148 JUNE 1996
The Techno/electronic network is in full tilt, and this issue is unusually skewed in that area: Andrew Weatherall on the cover, pieces on R08 State, Mad Professor, Meat Beat Manifesto and Hardcore Jungle.

149 JULY 1996
Publisher Adele Yaron, a veteran of the magazine for seven years, leaves. Tony Hemmington becomes Editor & Publisher. At Soratch, a monthly club at East London's newly opened Spitz venue that is co-hosted by *The Wire*, The Leaf Label and Lo Recordings, Talvin Singh and Squarepusher perform an unheard live collaboration.

150 AUGUST 1996
An A.Z. "alternative sonic canon" reveals novelties and continuities at the heart of *The Wire*'s editorial mindset. Airta, AMM and Ayler are there, but also Masami Akita, Aphex Twin and Autoclave – and that's just 'A'. Tony Hemmington, in his editorial, writes: "Few of the musicians listed can be accommodated in any single canon with any degree of comfort: they are the rough edges periodically filed down by the acknowledged, streamlined histories of 20th century music. Taken as a whole, what they describe, perhaps, is a layering of shared experience, a network, distributed through time and space, of wayward exploration; and a desire to free music from the crippling embrace of the customs and lore that spawned it. There are six names on the masthead – only one more than in issue 1.

152 OCTOBER 1996
A sweeping redesign introduces a heavily promoted issue, which features a new, bolder logo, a free CD from Virgin Records, and a conversation between Jim

O'Rourke and John Fahey.

160 JUNE 1997
In a rare photo shoot, Nurse With Wound's Steve Stapleton looks out of the cover like a psychotic chimney sweep.

163 JULY 1997
Chris Bohm joins the staff as Reviews Editor. In a Primer on John Cage, a small cutting of one of Cage's scores is collaged as part of Savage Pencil's illustration. Cage's publishers threaten to sue.

164 OCTOBER 1997
By this point, *The Wire*'s workload is almost spiralling out of control. The title has achieved an unprecedented international prominence and is receiving more and more requests to co-curate events, attend festivals, host panel debates, etc. It has also inaugurated its series of free *Wire Tapper* CDs, which are compiled in-house (beginning with issue 170). In addition, *The Wire Website* is launched, in association with graphic design/multimedia collective Difuse. Anne Hyde Heston, who owned the magazine the previous month as Advertising Manager, will become the magazine's first Projects Manager to maintain these connections with the outside world of music.

184 JUNE 1999
On a whim, a fax is sent to Karlheinz Stockhausen's office requesting an interview. The next day, the fax machine spews out a handwritten summons to come in three days' time. It's too soon to make the arrangements, but a week later, Ken Hollings is traveling back from Würten, Germany, with this month's cover story in the can.

189 NOVEMBER 1999
The combination of a revitalised Iggy Pop on the cover plus a free Domino CD makes this the biggest selling issue in *The Wire*'s 17 years.

193 MARCH 2000
Tony Hemmington, who has been labouring as Editor & Publisher for some time, decides to split the job in half. Rob Young is appointed as Editor.

196 JUNE 2000
Andy Tait joins as Advertising Manager and, from this issue, the present-day staff line-up is fully in place.

200 OCTOBER 2000
The *Wire* celebrates its 200th issue with an expanded Internet special, throwing new Art Editors Jon Forsas and Kjell Ekholm into the deep end.

204 FEBRUARY 2001
The six full-time members of staff acquire the title in a management buy-out. They have enjoyed years of editorial freedom as part of the Namara Group, but because the magazine's finances have been tied into a larger group of companies, it has become underinvested, hovering on the brink of freefall, with staff morale at an all-time low. The process, set in motion in the summer, stumbles on for months, stymied by a succession of legal quibbles, including the late discovery that Anthony Wood still owns a token single share in the company, and his permission must be sought to surrender it. When the elusive Wood is finally tracked down, this information turns out to be untrue. The contract is signed a few days before Christmas and the title once again reverts to being a 100 per cent independent publishing operation, exactly as it was when it was founded.

206 APRIL 2001
Ekhnorffs radically overhaul *The Wire*'s design.

212 OCTOBER 2001
Jim O'Rourke dresses in a rabbit suit for the cover. Namara House is put on the market. The *Wire* relocates to its current home in Whitechapel, East London, following a summer residency in a temporary office near the British Museum.

The rest is history... □

WIRE



THE WIRE ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC
WWW.THEWIRE.CO.UK ISSUE 225 NOVEMBER 2002 £3.50



Invisible Jukebox. Tested by Christoph Cox

STEVE LACY

PHOTOS: CARA BLOCH (ASSISTED BY SAM SALGANIK)

Back in 1982, soprano saxophonist and composer Steve Lacy appeared on the cover of the very first issue of the magazine that took its name from his 1974 piece "The Wire". Raised in Manhattan in the 1930s and 40s, Lacy witnessed firsthand a unique confluence in jazz, where swing met bop and bop met free. Inspired by Sidney Bechet, he bought a soprano saxophone and began playing Dixieland, performing in his teens with the music's masters: Sidney De Paris, Larry Archey, Pops Foster and others. In 1983, at the age of 20, he joined Cecil Taylor's quartet, appearing on the pianist's revolutionary first recordings. At the same time, he fell in love with the music of Thelonious Monk, which has continued to inspire him throughout his career. Lacy briefly toured with Monk's quintet in 1960, and then, with trombone player Roswell Rudd, formed a quartet dedicated largely to interpreting Monk's compositions.

In 1966, Lacy met his future wife, the Swiss-born singer, cellist and violinist Irene Aebi, and said goodbye to the United States. He landed first in Buenos Aires, where, with Enrico Rava, Johnny Dyanal and Louis Moholo, he recorded what he deems "the first entirely free improvisations on record". A year later, Lacy found himself in Rome, where he hooked up with fellow expatriates Frederic Rzewski and Richard Teitelbaum, joining their radical improvisational collective Musica Elettronica Viva.

Lacy and Aebi moved to Paris in 1970 in search of a stable group of professional musicians to play the saxophonist's growing body of compositions. Over the next few decades he toured with The Globe Unity Orchestra, performed at several of Derek Bailey's Company Weeks and improvised music for Merce Cunningham's dance company. But the bulk of his time was dedicated to composing for his Paris-based ensemble, featuring Aebi, Bobby Few on piano, Steve Potts on saxes, Jean-Jacques Avenel on bass and Olivier Johnson on drums. In 1992, Lacy was awarded a MacArthur Foundation 'genius grant,' which has continued to fund his projects, most of them in the field of multimedia.

After 36 years, this autumn Lacy returned to the United States to take up a long-term teaching position at Boston's prestigious New England Conservatory of Music. The Jukebox took place in his new home on the outskirts of the city.

SIDNEY BECHET "BALLIN' THE JACK"

FROM THE FABULOUS SIDNEY BECHET (BLUE NOTE) 1991

That's a beautiful record. It's Sidney Bechet, of course. He sounds wonderful, thrilling. I've heard this record before. I probably had it. I had a pretty complete collection from the 30s and 40s and some from the 50s. Is that Tommy Ladner?

Oh, Sidney De Paris on trumpet.

It's yeah, I played with him when I was a kid. He was wonderful. They all played so great, all those guys. Each one of them had their own way of playing... Jimmy Archey, Pops Foster. Bechet sounds fantastic here.

As a young New Yorker in the 50s, what drew you to Dixieland?

Sidney Bechet, of course. I heard some Ellington stuff when I was around 12 and really fell for that. But when I was 16, I heard a Bechet record and that was it. I went out and got a soprano saxophone and began. I had given up the piano and was playing a clarinet that I had found in the house. But I was going nowhere with it. I was mixed jazz and frustrated at the piano. I just didn't have the hands for the piano. But when I heard Bechet on this record, I said, "Wow, that's it! That's what I need!" It was a record of "The Mooche", the Ellington piece. The combination of Ellington and Bechet - that did it.

Do you see a connection between your Dixieland years and the free jazz you took up later?

It's all one to me, really. It's all one. It's just different techniques and different repertoire and a different way of dealing with musical situations. But it's a way of life, fundamentally, and it covers all those different things. You know, I've played with all different kinds of people, all different kinds of styles, gone through many different things, and the older I get, the more, like, just one it all becomes.

The soprano was an unusual choice. But you've stuck with it.

Yeah, nobody was playing it back then at all. I bought it in a store on 48th Street. They only had one, and it was way in the back, full of dust. Nobody had asked for one in years. There was nothing written for it, it was just in limbo. That was part of the reason I stayed with it. I saw the possibilities; the field was wide open. So I was able to play with all these wonderful musicians - Pops Foster, Red Allen, Sidney De Paris, [Larry] Archey, Rex Stewart, wonderful people - just because I played an instrument that nobody else played. It didn't take anybody else's job away from them.

THELONIOUS MONK "OFF MINOR"

FROM ADVANCE MUSIC (RIVERSIDE) 1957

Well, yeah. No question about this. It's from Brilliant Corners, it's "Off Minor". No, from Monk's Music, with Coleman Hawkins and Goree.

You're known as one of Monk's premier interpreters. When I played with Cecil Taylor in 53, we were playing a Monk tune, "Beneatha Swing". And then Cecil took me to hear Monk's quartet in 1955. From that point on, I was really into it. I started learning as many of his pieces as I could. They fitted the soprano saxophone so well. Charlie Parker's music was wonderful, and I tried to play that also. But the alto is too low for the soprano, a little out of the range - tenor saxophone too. But Monk's music is the right hand of the piano, those melodies. And the right hand

of the piano is identical to the range of the soprano saxophone. So his music fitted the home. Nobody else was playing his music at the time, and I found it very challenging, interesting and beautiful. A critic, who thought that Monk was beyond bop, once said that though your career has spanned the history of jazz, you somehow skipped bebop.

Well that's... I don't know what to say about that. Monk was the brains of the bebop revolution. He supplied the structure and a lot of the language of the whole bebop thing. Even the look: he had the beret, the dark glasses, the goatee. Monk was the king of bebop, really. And I didn't skip over anything. I learned all of Charlie Parker's tunes and Benny Golson's tunes, Sonny Rollins's tunes. You know, in the 50s, there were these jam sessions at various musicians' houses and, in order to participate in those sessions, you had to know the latest tunes, the latest bebop tunes - "Aren't", "Doo", "Glee", "Stablemates". So that was part of my education. I went through all that pure bop stuff. No, that's a myth that I skipped over bebop. My course was aging and better skelter. But, you see, in New York in the 50s, everything was going on. The giants were there. You know, you call it Dixieland, but that's a meaningless word. I played with the people from New Orleans, I played with the people from Chicago, from St. Louis, from Kansas City. And a lot of them played the same repertoire, but in very different ways, different styles, different schools. So I call it "traditional jazz". But "Dixieland"? No.

Monk did play quite differently than a lot of bebop pianists. Space, yeah, he's into space. He knew more than a lot of the other musicians. He was a better composer, the most important composer. He did his research at the piano, so as to get new sounds out of it. He had the ideas, really, and the other musicians used to visit him to get the ideas - myself included, of course. That was headquaters. Monk directed the show.

CECIL TAYLOR "ROSES"

FROM DOUBLE HOLLYWOOD (FMP) 1980

[Smiles] Is that Cecil? [Laughs and listens some more] Crazy [laughs again]. What is it?

It's from an FMP disc recorded a few years after Taylor's great poetry record *Chimpanzees*. There's a clear connection between Monk and the early Cecil Taylor records that you played on.

That whole thing to me is like the Ellington school, really - Monk and Cecil and Miles and myself. We all are part of that Ellington school. That was the link between all those musics. But Cecil was so far ahead of everybody that the few of us that appreciated what he did just marvelled at him. Most people did not appreciate it at all. He was considered a terrorist, a musical terrorist. The club owners would look up their pianos, the drummers would walk off the stage, and the critics would scribble furiously. Just a few people liked it. Recently I heard that Jack Kerouac was there when we played at the Five Spot [NYC's legendary jazz haunt] and that he liked it. He thought Cecil was a very good bebop pianist. See? [Smiles] In retrospect, that seems the most balanced judgment of all. It took about 20 or 30 years before the tide turned and Cecil went from the Hall of Shame to the Hall of Fame. When I played with him, we didn't have very many concerts, but we worked a lot for dancing. We played mambo, rumbas, foxtrots, blues. And people danced. That's how we survived. As long as the people

Invisible Jukebox

keep dancing, you're all right. You don't get fed, you know?

Did Cecil sound like Cecil when he was playing a memo?

Oh yeah, absolutely. But it was so swinging and so danceable that there was no problem.

So were you putting your career at risk playing with him?

I was doing other things simultaneously. For example, from '57 on, I started working with Gil Evans; and I also had my own little trio and some more traditional things, with vibes and guitar and bass — almost like a Benny Goodman type of thing. I had several groups like that at the same time. Plus I was working with other people who would call me. I remember I even worked with strippers once, you know? And I also did some society gigs back then. I was also working in the days trying to survive, selling books, records, market research, airline tickets, various things like that.

You continued to follow Cecil Taylor's path of taking the music further 'out'.

Well, in and out, in and out, in and out, in and out, on and on, more likely, really! In order to go on, sometimes you have to go out. And in order to go on, sometimes you've got to come in. You've got to follow the music. It's not that we tell the music what to do. It's the contrary: the music tells us what to do so that it can read itself, so that it will become the way it's supposed to be. It's not that we tell the music what to do: 'I want to do this, and you must do this.' No, it doesn't listen, it doesn't obey.

ANTON WEBERN

'SIX BAGATELLES'

FROM JEWELRY SCHOOL VOL. 1 (ANTHONY QUARTET)
[JAMES MONTAGNE] 1911-13

Well that's Webern. I adore Webern, I always have, since the '50s. Everybody listened to Webern. We all went that way and me too, wow, like a ton of bricks, man! I played all the songs for soprano [voice] on the soprano saxophone. I transcribed them all. The beauty, the specificity of it all, and the sound, and the density, and the brevity, and the brilliance of the form, and the use of space, and... there are just too many great characteristics. It's just wonderful music, really. And for me as a future songwriter, it was extremely important to see how those songs were made, what he did with language. It was very, very important for me. When I worked with Gil Evans, I was the poorest reader in the band. They had to do things over and over again because I couldn't decipher the scores. So I was very embarrassed and I wanted to learn to read as quickly as possible. And the music of Webern was the most difficult music I could find that I loved. I had to spend weeks on one or two measures. It was so difficult — those floating rhythms, and the space, and the dynamics, and those slow tempos, wow! But I finally got them and I learned how to read that way. Also, there was nothing written for the soprano saxophone. But a soprano is a soprano, right?

Did your own composition ever go in a 12-tone direction?

I have one piece that is dodecaphonic, a piece called "Cloudy," which I wrote about 30 years ago and I'm still working on. It's a set of 11 tone rows. So, you know, I've used those techniques. But I've used them for isolated pieces. I've used chance techniques, 12-tone, a whole lot of different techniques. Improvisation is a technique too. It's important for me to cover the spectrum, the gamut of possibilities, to use all the tools that are available to us. I haven't monkeyed with the computer yet, but I probably will at some point. [Listens some more] Killer, wonderful music. Amazing. He was hired by an American soldier in 1945. He went

out to smoke a cigarette after dark, after the curfew, and an American soldier just popped him off, just like that.

MUSICA ELETTRONICA VIVA

'SPACECRAFT' (EDIT)

FROM MUSICUS: OVER THE EARLY OUTBURST OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC
[ELIASS ARIS] 1987

Is this Musica Elettronica Viva?

Sure is. Sounds really even by today's standards.

This was before I was with them [laughs]. That was a beautiful period in Rome, the late '60s. It really was 'la dolce vita'. Things were really relaxed. There were a lot of beautiful things going on. People were generous and there was no paranoia. It was a really sweet time. I knew [Richard] Teitelbaum already from New York; and he told me about [Fredric] Razawski. So when I got to Rome with Irene [Aebi] in '68, we hooked up. I wound up living in MEV's studio for a long time, at Via Perelli. I'm still closely associated with Razawski. I just perished with him, 1 August in Antwerp. And I played in MEV the past June in Ferrara, with Garrett List, George Lewis, Razawski, Teitelbaum, Alan [Curran]. I love all those guys. Working with them was a very, very important experience. I learned so much from Razawski, from Teitelbaum, from all of them. Too many things to enumerate. Razawski is a qualified genius. A great composer and maybe the greatest living saxist and improviser. He plays my music fantastically well. In fact, he's one of the only ones that can read it. He can play things around anybody. I wasn't there for this, so I can't say anything about it [laughs]. If I had been there, it would have been a little different [laughs].

Was it this wild when you joined them?

It was pretty wild. It was wild and experimental period. There was a lot of research going on. We were playing a lot outdoors, playing with traffic sounds and playing objects. We were also doing a lot of political things and a thing they called 'zuppa', 'soup', where amateurs were encouraged to come in the studio and pick up horns that they never played before and make sounds. Our job was to make music out of those sounds. It was like a Prometheus type of experiment that lasted for quite a while. There were many experiments and wonderful associations. I also met some of the great composers through them — [Morton] Feldman, [Giacinto] Scelsi, Giuseppe Chan and other wonderful people.

You always played soprano sax in MEV?

Yeah, that's all I did. I haven't touched another horn for almost 50 years!

What made you leave this scene?

MEV was wonderful, but it was an improvisational group. It wasn't built to perform my compositions. I was writing things for Irene to sing, and that was no place for her to sing in either. So we had to find our own thing, really. MEV was wonderful and all that. But it was a certain thing, and I was going somewhere else.

EVAN PARKER

'CONIC SECTION 3'

FROM CONIC SECTIONS (AN UNO) 1993

[After a few seconds] That must be Evan Parker, right? Can be none other than Evan! I haven't heard this one. Beautiful.

You two have played and recorded together...

That's right. We've done many things together. Quos, tríos, big bands, Globe Unity Orchestra, Kenny Wheeler's big band, Company, lots of things...

But the two of you have rather different approaches to the soprano.

Very different. One obvious difference is that he's into continual breathing and I'm not. I don't even want to

be. For me it's very important to stop. For him it's important not to stop [laughs]. That's one big difference. Very important for me is the space between. That's something I learned from Monk. He told me, 'It's very important what you don't play'. And he told me, 'Don't play everything. Let things go by'. I'm also into structure; and I'm fundamentally a writer. Themes are very important to me, whereas Evan makes up the theme on the spot. It's a different way of working. After I'm gone, the structures will still be around, if they're any good, whereas the playing will be gone.

Of course, part of what I do is this kind of free playing. Since the mid-'60s, I've done free playing with Derek Bailey, Evan Parker, Misha Mengelberg, I even do that with students. But I also work with pieces, with structures, with themes. Those are both valuable techniques, but they're not the same, though you can combine them, conjoin them. To have a good variety of approaches and of stories is important to me. Each piece is a story. Each piece is about something. Once I saw a film about Cambodian musicians and one of the performers said, 'Well, the normal Cambodian musician knows 1,000 pieces. That's normal'. [Laughs]

CENTER OF THE WORLD

'WINTER ECHOES'

FROM LAST POLKA IN MARCH (FRANCIS) 1993

Sounds like some of the stuff we used to do with [Josselyn] Allen Silva.

Good guess. Allen Silva is in there. But I thought the pianist might tip you off. It's a Bobby Few with the Center Of The World Quartet.

I thought that was Frank [Wright], but I wasn't sure. Well that's part of my Paris experience. One of the reasons I moved to Paris is that I heard this group at a festival in Armoise in '69. I also heard [Anthony] Braxton, Leo Smith and [Leroy] Jenkins for the first time. So many good musicians, and they were all living in Paris. So I said to Irene, 'Let's move to Paris'; and that's what we did. One of the most exciting things I heard was Bobby Few. I said, 'Wow, that's the piano player I've been looking for.' I was crazy about him right away. He was the first pianist I heard after Cecil that had something to say of his own. He was totally original and very well developed. But he was working with Frank and I didn't get him for ten years. He joined my group in 1980 and we played together for 15 years.

Will you continue to play with your French compatriots now that you've moved back to the States?

As much as possible. I especially like to play with Jean Jacques [Wendel] and John Betsch. You see, it took years and years to get that chemistry that we have. It's a fantastic trio or quartet. We have a new record coming out on Verve called *The Beat Suite*, with Irene singing the Beat poets, and that rhythm section [Wendel and Betsch] and George Lewis on the trombone.

JACK KEROUAC WITH AL COHN & ZOOT SIMS

'POEMS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED 'BOOK OF BLUES''

FROM BLUES AND HARMONY (RHYTHM) 1966

[Listens intently for a minute] Is it Kerouac? Might be Al Cohn and Zoot Sims with him?

Exactly. You've done a lot of work with poetry, especially with the Beats, as you've just mentioned. But your approach is quite different from this. What they're doing here is decorating the poetry. They're accompanying it, enhancing it, filling in, improvising. What I do is set the words to music very precisely. They become songs that can be repeated



and fleshed out.

What attracts you to the Beat poets?

I was in the same milieu in New York. I met [Allen] Ginsberg back in the 50s, and Kerouac came to hear us play with Cool Taylor at the Five Spot. So I was accompanying the Beat poets in that way already in the 50s. And, well, I've been into poetry for a long time. Irene also. She knew some of the people from the San Francisco scene before I did, even. So together, we have a nice knowledge of, and friendships with, a lot of these poets, including [Robert] Creeley, Ann Waldman and, until he died, Ginsberg. [Bron] Gysin, Judith Malina. They were all into jazz, especially bebop. It was the same time, and it was a simultaneous revelation, really. Every one of them was into jazz and also action painting, which was the glue between the two things. [Listens again for a moment] He's got a beautiful voice, a great voice, huh?

Do you like the Al Cohn and Zoot Sims accompaniment?

I like the whole thing. It's great. I used to love them; and I knew them very well, too. Zoot was a dear friend... of everybody. He was one of the most lovable and funny musicians in the world. He was just a really colourful figure. I admired him very much. And Al Cohn was very nice to me, very generous, very encouraging,

full of colourful stories, like real Zen food. I was lucky enough to meet him, go to his house and have a lesson; and then ten years later I had another lesson. They were very far out lessons, but they were very important to me.

Were you playing shakuhachi?

No, no, just the soprano saxophone. I have a very cheap shakuhachi, like a Woolworth's type of thing. I've had it for 25 years and I can hardly play it. It's a very difficult instrument. But Doso was an extremely important influence on me, and I retain a great admiration for him. He was the most modern improviser I've ever heard in my life. He surpassed anybody I could think of, including [Benton, or Derek Bailey]. Doso, to me, was just... whew, outside all of that, really. Of course, he didn't even admit to being a musician. He said, "Music? No, it's just practice".

Your playing has a certain affinity with classic Japanese aesthetics.
Yeah, Japanese culture is really large for me: Kabuki, Noh, the literature, the poetry, the costumes, the painting, the woodblock prints, and the food too. This music is really trying to get to the heart of it, boiling it down. He [Yokohama] is good. But Doso was better. Doso was like... whew, like Charlie Parker compared to all the other alto players, you know?

BHOB RAINEY 'SWEET SONG'

FROM JON MUELLER/BHOB RAINEY/ACHIM WOLLSCHIED
FOLKTALES VOL. 2 (COROUTON) 2001

[Listens intently for several minutes] Now there you got me, man.

It's BhoB Rainey, a young Boston based soprano player.

He uses some of my techniques, I see. But, you know, once you find a technique, anybody's welcome to it. It's nice, though – very sensitive, very interesting, nicely sustained.

He's part of a group of improvisers in and around Boston who work with extended techniques and often very quiet, small, delicate sounds.

That's a school of playing, yeah. They're welcome, really. There's enough of the blowhards around. In Rome, when I was living in the Musica Elettronica Viva studio, there were neighbour problems so that we couldn't make noise after ten o'clock at night, or we'd be in trouble. So we put a ceiling on the music. We'd improvise until three o'clock in the morning, but at a very, very, very low level. Nothing louder than this was allowed. And we got away with it for a while. At least we kept the research going like that. And the neighbours couldn't complain because they couldn't hear it. But it was happening [laughs]. This is like Feldman's music or something like that – beautiful. Is there an audience for this?

Yes, a small but dedicated one.

No kidding. That's good to know. It's like what we used to call the "cryptosphere", you know [laughs]? That's one of my old pieces, "The Cryptosphere" [on Lapis, 1971]. We put a record on a turntable – a normal jazz record [Ruby Braff's "Was It To Blame?"] – and we recorded things in the cracks: the hidden sphere. It's quite an interesting record, really, on Saravali. Actually, that's where "The Wire" is, too, on an old Saravali record [Scraps, 1974]. I listened to it a few months ago and it was fantastic. I couldn't believe it myself. I said, "Wow, did we do that?" It's an amazing record. I think we had two cellos, two sopranos and a metronome. It was supposed to be a portrait of Albert Ayler, about a life cut short by the wire – down to the wire. But, I mean, wow, that's a hell of a record. Here it is 30 years later, and it sounds different, sounds different now. □ Steve Lacy's 10 Of Dukes + 8 Originals (Senators) and The Holy La (Free Lance) are out now. The Beat Suite (Varie) is scheduled for December. Thanks to Michael Ehlers and Matt Krefting for their help with this Jukebox

KATSUYA YOKOHAMA 'YAMAGOE'

FROM ZEN. KATSUYA YOKOHAMA PLAYS CLASSICAL
SHAKUHACHI MASTERWORKS (WERGO) 1996

Well, it sounds like Watsumi Doso.

Close. It's Katsuya Yokohama.

That's his student, his most famous student. Doso was a great master for me. I took two lessons from him and studied his music a lot. I still have seven or eight LPs of his. They're masterpieces, all of them. He's one of the greatest improvisers I've ever heard in my life, maybe the greatest. He had an amazing life,

Charts

Playlists from the outer limits

Non-Format 15

Roxy Music
"Phain" from *Stranded* (Virgin)
David Bowie
"A New Career In A New Town" from *Low* (EMI)
Roxy Music
"Just Like You" from *Stranded* (Virgin)
David Bowie
"Wild Is The Wind" from *Station To Station* (EMI)
Roxy Music
"I Think It's Something" from *Roxy Music* (Virgin)
David Bowie
"We Are The Deads" from *Diamond Dogs* (EMI)
Roxy Music
"A Really Good Time" from *Country Life* (Virgin)
David Bowie
"Hercules" from *Low* (EMI)
Roxy Music
"2 HSP" from *Roxy Music* (Virgin)
David Bowie
"The Secret Life Of Arabia" from *Heros* (EMI)
Roxy Music
"Casanova" from *Country Life* (Virgin)
David Bowie
"Drive In Saturday" from *Aladdin Sane* (EMI)
Roxy Music
"Beauty Queen" from *For Your Pleasure* (Virgin)
David Bowie
"Always Crashing In The Same Car" from *Low* (EMI)
Deadhead
Teatime Drive Parts 1-3 (Metal Art Discs)

Compiled by Kyll Ekholm & Jon Potts
www.non-format.com

15 Dodgy groups names

Spread Beaver
Hair Police
Jolly Monks
Deatley's Child
Purgent Stench
Age Of Punk
Howl In The Typewriter
Billy?
New Faggot Cunts
Spectrum Fight
Rhythms & Sound
Necrodeath
Pink Eye Sire
Future Spewn Brazil
Gag

Family Vineyard 15

Misano
Ign (S&P)
Di Wolfgang
Rufus Thomas Mix Tape 1 (First All Right)
Rapider Than Horsepower
Concord Demo (Fuck Fight)
On Filmore
On Filmore (Quakebaker)
Cosmos
Twin (Epicure)
Impossible Shapes
The Current (St Ives)
Andria Heumade
Inevitable Solo 3" CD (A Brut Secret)
Hair Police
Blow Out Your Blood (Freedom Front)
DI Soryplaystation
DI Soryplaystation (Fuck Me Silly Mountain Princess)
Black Sabbath
Paul Lewis (Stancary)
Terekh
Vile Chawingprobe (Alan B)
Territory Band-2
Arkis (Chia Disk)
Owido
Each One Teach One (Nelson Cyl)
Thuje
Museum #2 (Unwired Antler)
David Daxler
sem (Anthrop)

Compiled by Family Vineyard: www.familyvineyard.com

The Office Ambience

John Fahey
Red Cross (Sevensad)
Forrest
Field Recordings 1995-2002 (Couch)
Hajich
1992 (Sung)
Martin Ray
Martin Ray (ROR)
Supernient
6 (June Greenleaf)
Told, Grila Och Sinner
Am-Schvay Day (Silence)
Cis
Tall, Dark And Handicuffed (Tiglonat6)
Beth Gibbons & Rustin Mack
Out Of Season (Go Beat)
Si/Duperman
Si/Duperman (Smalltown Supersound)
Verison
Night Owls 02 (Deluxe)
Verison
Blue Bird Art' Clear (Mon Music)
John Gabbane
A Love Supernal (Deluxe Edition) (Impulse)
The Liers
Five To Make Us More Fish-Like (Bliss Fest)
Fortonville
Sign On! (Krawley)
Rena
Imago (Inconduite Music)

Compiled by The Wire Sound System

We welcome charts from record shops, radio shows, clubs, DJs, labels, musicians, readers, etc. Email: charts@twire.co.uk

Detail from Non-Format's inner sleeve artwork for *The Wire 26: 1983-2002 Audio Issue* triple CD box set, released this month by Mute

Reviews



Acid Mothers Temple reviewed in Soundcheck.

Soundcheck A-Z

Acid Mothers Temple & The Melting Paraiso UFO 59
 Alterations 59
 Art Zoyd Studio/Musiques Nouvelles Ensemble 59
 Awol One 59
 BBC Radiophonic Workshop 66
 Björk 60
 Synneve S Bjørset 61
 Boom Bip 61
 Cex 61
 Henri Chopin 61
 Convolution 62
 Current 93/Nurse With Wound 62
 Dälek 62
 Miles Davis 64
 Frank Denyer 62
 Evil Dick And The Banned Members 62
 Fennesz 65
 Flaherty/Kelley/Corsano 65
 Michael Garrick 65
 Michael Gendreau 65
 Godspeed You! Black Emperor 58
 Hazard 65
 Andrew Hill 67
 Christopher Hobbs 67
 Bill Horist & KK Null 70
 Hornsinger/Berensford/Toop/Kondo 69
 Jazzkammer 67
 Greg Kelley 65
 Helmut Lachenmann 67
 Low Res 69
 Rob Mazurek 69
 Milece 69
 Jackson Moore 69
 Yousouf N'Dour 70
 Newband/Dean Drummond 70
 KK Null & Damian Catera 70
 Orchestra Baobab 70
 Ost 71
 Out Hud 71
 Oxbow 71
 Palestine/Coulter/Mathoul 71
 Lee Ranaldo 77
 Konstantin Raudive 72
 Ernst Reijseger & Alan Purves 72
 Ernst Reijseger & Ranco d'Andrea 72
 Reynolds 72
 Sam Rivers 72
 Alexander Von Schlippenbach 68
 Manfred Schoof 68
 Salvatore Sciarrino 75
 Sigur Rós 75
 Wadada Leo Smith's Golden Quartet 75
 The Soft Boys 77
 Sonic Youth + ICP + The Ex 77
 Karen Stackpole 77
 Suicide 77
 Sun Ra Arkestra 69
 Theoretical Girls 78
 Carol Thomas Feel Free Ensemble 78
 Wobbly 78
 Otomo Yoshihide 78
 Otomo Yoshihide's New Jazz Quintet 58
 Yoshihide/Sachiko M/Sugimoto 78
 Iannis Xenakis 79
 Zeitkratzer 79
 John Zorn 79

Columns

Size Matters 73
The Compiler 74
The Boomerang 76
Avant Rock 80
Critical Beats 81
Dub 82
Electronica 83
Global 84
HipHop 85
Jazz & Improv 86
Outer Limits 87

Cross Platform 88

Erik Kureniemi: Finnish digisound pioneer
 Plus: Ars Electronica Festival; Fabienne Audéoud & John Russell's topless tappers; Marco Cunningham Dance Company; Negativland's Deathsintences; Sabotage: Torments & Vices 1992-2002; ShowRoomDummies in Vienna; and Go To: our monthly Web crawl

Print Run 92

Industrial Revolution: Through The 80s
 With Cabaret Voltaire
 By Mick Fish
This Is Uncool: The 500 Greatest Singles
 Since Punk And Disco
 By Garry Mulholland
Serial Music, Serial Aesthetics
 By MJ Grant
African Ceremonies: The Concise Edition
 By Carol Backwith & Angela Fisher
Every Sound There Is: The Beatles, Revolver
And The Transformation Of Rock And Roll
 Edited by Russel Raising
Tomorrow Never Knows: Rock And
Psychedelics In The 1960s
 By Nick Bromell

On Location 98

Thrill Jockey Tenth Anniversary
 London, UK
Dissomance Festival
 Rome, Italy
Villette Numérique
 Paris, France
AMM + Christian Wolff
 London, UK

Soundcheck

This month's selected CDs, vinyl and singles

GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR YANQUI UXO CONSTELLATION CSD024 CD

The first sign of change on Godspeed You! Black Emperor's third album is how the exclamation mark holding up the end of the group's name has mysteriously slipped its moorings. Exactly why, it's hard to fathom. But the logic of inviting Shellac's Steve Albini to oversee the recording is indisputable. His punk-honed sensibilities leave him well equipped to take on the sprawling Montreal nine piece, which spread their potentially powerful orchestral forces far too thin over the two CDs of its predecessor, *Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas To Heaven*. Under Albini's guidance, they channel those forces into the more substantial, positive and dynamic *Yanqui UXO*. The set's five cryptically titled compositions alternately bristle with rage and fear, even as they refuse to abandon hope in a world poised on the brink of careening down a wobbly track to Armageddon.

As ever, the group stubbornly resist articulating out loud the thought processes that formed the record. Yet this time they leave behind a crumb trail of clues indicating they were more eager to communicate its contents. It wouldn't be GYBE, however, if they weren't wary about approaching their barely opened door. The front cover is filled with a single freeze-framed still of bombs tumbling from the silver belly

of an invisible plane, their target unknown. Meanwhile the diagram on the back cover draws arrows connecting sundry military organisations, arms manufacturers and corporate record companies, all of them ultimately pointing to the album's title. The accompanying "foothotes maybe" say Yanqui UXO "is unexploded ordnance is landmines is cluster bombs". And elsewhere they describe their mission as being akin to "stubborn tiny lights versus clustering darkness forever OK?". Somewhat unhelpfully, when GYBE say it loud, their statements are moodily poetic more than they are fighting words. Too vague to determine the album's aims, they ultimately frustrate meaning: who knows what dark and terrible portent moves through this music? Sometimes you wonder if GYBE still can see through the dense smokescreens of secrecy raised to protect them from world's prying eyes. With no identifying dogtags dangling from Yanqui UXO, the listener must enter unarmed, preconceived notions left at the door. Finally, the apocalyptic vision of GYBE's music coheres in the process of assembling it.

The opening "09-15-00" is a slow building epic cemented by the brooding atmosphere it is steeped in, as Enim Murruck's guitar, Mauro Pezzente's bass and Aidan Girt's thrashing percussion slam headlong into the escalating string section. The resulting sonic impact causes a chill of excitement to ripple down the spine, as its central theme is blown apart and then

reconstructed, when the group launch a second sensory assault that is even more explosive than the first. When the dust eventually settles, only the strangled scream of a solitary violin has survived the tornado force that tore through the track, leaving a devastated landscape in its wake. There follows a brief moment of respite, which is abruptly cut short by Murruck's simple guitar riffing, as he starts up "Fall On Rocket Fists", with GYBE's ever present string swarm soon falling in behind.

In an interview last year, Murruck revealed how he was deeply moved by an Olivier Messiaen organ piece performed as part of a mass in Paris's Catholic cathedral. "It was the most insane thing I ever heard," he said. "The entire church resonated, there were notes surrounding us and it was magnificent." The guitarist has seemingly passed on this profoundly affecting experience to the rest of the group, who've reconstituted it as the rolling core of Yanqui UXO. As with that Messiaen work, GYBE fervently perform this music as an act of devotion, which looks and plays in adoration to the heavens while keeping its eye firmly fixed on terra firma. The first section of the concluding "Motherfucker-Redeemer" is where GYBE's promised "stubborn tiny lights" finally break out in a dazzling celestial rock celebration of clanging guitars and sawing strings. It is their one combined ray of hope at the end of this particularly dark and almost impenetrable tunnel. □

Dancing in a minefield: Godspeed's Elvin Murruck

Veering between swarming guitar symphonies and Messiaenic tranquillity, Canadian refuseniks Godspeed You! Black Emperor are learning to love the bomb... not. By Edwin Pouncey



ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE & THE MELTING PARADO UFO ELECTRIC HEAVYLAND

ALBUM REVIEW
BY PHIL FREEMAN

Acid Mothers Temple are a risky proposition for connoisseurs of Japanese guitar overload. A good many titles in their own proliferating discography are worthy drone exercises, which can be easily dismissed as High Rise or Fushichu's halfhearted desperate for endorphin-fueled thrills. However, perilously close to Shokkochoed Space's jamzone, the Riot Rattlesakes CD they recently released as Mothers Of Invention is a case in point. But *Electric Heavyland* sets AMT launching purposefully down the noise rock route already blazed open by Mahalo Kawabata as guitarist on Mainliner's sunken Metal landmark *Mellow Out* and Musica Transonica's early motorpsycho CDs.

Ramming to more than 15 minutes apiece, the three tracks of *Electric Heavyland* set and roar from beginning to end, more or less, though the first track, "Atomi Rotary Grinding God", opens somewhat caustically given what's to come, with phased and echoed vocals swirling round the mix like bat cries. But no sooner have they died away than the guitar hits the ground rattling and thereafter never lets up. Snoring from off the neck at all, Kawabata combines the classic wizardry of Keiji Manno with the horribly misapplied power chording of Black Flag's Greg Ginn to hatch a post-Metal nightmare landscape. On the following "Love And Confused", Kawabata sustains the assault on his guitar, beating a six or seven note riff into the ground like he's auditioning for *Electric Wizard*. The rhythm section, meanwhile, pounds away inside a tug of dissonance, with snare hits dissolving into the bleats of static rising between the towering wall of guitar. The track's episode of bat-like squealing voices aside, its unrelenting 17 minute guitar apothecia could pass muster as a Mainliner track. Not only is it the album's highlight, it's also a clear benchmark for Japanese psych-rock.

The CDs final cut, "Phantom Di Galactic", harks into being some five minutes into the grinding hellfire of its introduction. Then Kawabata's metal-appeal whiplash leads combine with Howland-like, spacey and sprawling electronics in a dense cloud of black noise billowing from its dynamic core. Shamelessly homing, simulating or parodying their influences, the album's track titles simultaneously signpost where the music's from and the territory it now explores: bounded by late Hendrix and Led Zepplens, *Electric Heavyland* is a stomping re-examination of the heaviest aspects of 1960s psychedelic rock.

ALTERATIONS ALTERATIONS LIVE

REVIEW
BY DAN WASHINGTON

Today it's hard to imagine the shock caused by the emergence of a second generation of improvisation, at the very moment when the UK free scene's founding figures were starting to evolve their earlier radical breakthroughs into signature idiosyncratic orthodoxies. The pioneering likes of Derek Bailey, Evan Parker, John Stevens et al must have deserved their place on a pedestal, but that's not what *Alterations* couldn't rattle its

foundations with a mighty well-timed back-kick. Surely, dropping a snatch of "I Get A Kick Out Of You" wasn't accidental. Dr maybe they just liked the tune. Considering of Steve Beresford on piano and euphonium, guitarist Peter Cusack, flautist David Toop and Terry Day on percussion and also sax, *Alterations*' invention came out of play, mobility and inventiveness, rather than a revolutionary urge to rattle convention and topple new music's 'establishment'.

This CD features two extended live tracks, one each from Copenhagen in 1981 and Frankfurt in 1983, prefaced by a brief snippet of a 1980 London gig. These performances take in maddy dub, a delightful workout on "Happy Birthday", a respite for French brass and no end of strange squeaks and clangs. But underneath their seeming anarchy lies an implacable sense of logic, articulated by some truly great playing. Rejecting the aspirations of culture and class, they made music with toys, domestic appliances, anything to hand, as well as their specialist instruments. They accepted the legitimacy of popular music practice, be it vaudeville or a workman's club tune, and thought nothing of incorporating cheap 'n' cheesy elements dismissed as vulgar by more refined types. In other words, expect absolutely anything to happen at any moment. Beresford moves with ease from straight doo-wop coming to all out full-on without pausing for breath; the sensuous arabesques of Toop's alto flute vie with amateurish toots on the melodica; Beresford loses form just to light a little Rikhard in ten seconds; and Day's alto sax and Cusack's spiky guitar splutter and fizzle in the gaps between. Nobody tells anyone else what to do, but you know damn well that they're listening to each other as if their life depended on it. Like Dutch pianist Misha Mengelberg, for whom Beresford has expressed admiration, *Alterations* were open to accidents, wrong notes and sheer boredom. "The improvised music performances which don't work for me are those which are trying to project an image of pure music which doesn't have the same problems that most music has and most life has," Beresford stated back in 1978. Two decades on, wrong notes, real problems, wrong thoughts and all, this music still really works.

ART ZOYD STUDIO/ MUSIQUE NOUVELLES ENSEMBLE EXPERIENCES DE VOL

CD
SUSA SR192 3XCD

Gérard Houbert's experimental electronic outfit Art Zoyd was formed in 1971. It followed ANIM (founded 1965) and Musica Electronica Viva (founded 1966) in introducing some of the immediacy and volume of rock into classical venues. At first Art Zoyd eschewed drums for the slow linear qualities of their piano, string and woodwinds instrumentation. This triple CD set consists of pieces performed on stage by Art Zoyd Studio with Musiques Nouvelles, a 19 piece orchestra conducted by Jean-Paul Desay. Gérard Houbert is credited with "artistic management" of Art Zoyd, which comprises: Mireille Baur (on disc 1) and Laurence Chave (on discs 2 and 3) on electronic percussion; Yvonne Bertocchi-Hamada and Jean Philippe Collard on keyboards; Laurent Dailieu on theremin, plus eight 'music assistants' and two mimes. Altogether they play works by 13 composers. The

recorded sound abandons the image of a specific space for hi-fi clarity and separation.

Most of the weaker pieces are unwisely programmed on the first disc, giving the impression that Art Zoyd specialise in mediocre pastiches of established composers. Kaspar Toppel's *Bei jugendlichen Solos* using a Noise base smacks of the cheap minimalism and cossack exotism of David Shea's Chamber Symphony #2 come straight from *Samurai's* Rio Di Spring. Jerome Camber's *Noirs* recalls Scriabin and Varèse. At first, the funny bass and finger-popper rhythm of Giovanni Sollima's *Casualino* is a relief, but it's watered down drum 'n' bass and Hollywood sound drama quickly put: clichés from Ligeti, Mahler, Wagner and Bernard Herrmann's *Psycho* soundtrack occur in their order. Houbert's *Dances Mécaniques* is another flimsy concentration without processual logic, depicting spooky organ, demented atonality, sine wave motifs and rock drums for purely theatrical effect. The 'air' of the CD's title translates here as 'flight' but it's also the French for 'stolen goods'.

The string of arts foundation logos adorning the booklet should have served as a warning. Most of these composers write music for theatre, ballet and art film, institutions which favour music lacking either sonic elegance or non-academic grit. Jean Luc Fath's *Chorale* sounds like he's in control of his materials, the orchestra suddenly directed with speed, grace and logic, but after five minutes, his *Eloignement De Ciel* collapses into arbitrary sections of mimetic landscaping and banal, string-driven agency. Maybe someone should tell Chris Christopher Feldman that pregaranting electronic works alongside a string quartet does not modernise classical music — it reduces it to kitsch. In the booklet, Fausto Romitelli makes tandy and correct nods towards Aphex Twin, DJ Spooky and Scanner, but his own contribution can only manage an imitation of Franco Donatoni's baroque revival, itself a pointless exercise. Gaetano Dazzi and Jean-Paul Desay miss a narrow seam of Ambient closer to Asa Tanaka's use of "three Blind Mice" as raw material for his *OSCP* could be a cute commentary on minimalist vacuity, and Ryo Jindo shows his patented high whistles for flute and high strings.

But the set does actually have a genuine composition in Honoka Radolescu's *Rhufu's Serpent IV*. It is learned, involved, dense and well-argued. However, lacking in transformative capability, it's really revealed as conservative. His components include Durtrescu and Ana-Maria Avram have the right policy: form your own ensemble, use the untapped integrity of musicians from free improvisation, and record, mix and release your own CDs. Then we hear something truly immediate and arresting, rather than glossy anemic, pseudo-classical drizzle: the sound of electricity tamed by corporate technology to provide an upscale music, the audio equivalent of an arts festival brochure.

AWOL ONE SPEAKERFACE

TK PROMO CD

BY MOSKIEVES

A member of LA-based Hipkirk collective Shupshupshes, Awol One comes across like the brutish hound, would-be philosopher sloppily chatting you up at the neighbourhood bar. That



John Mulvey scrutinises a box set that includes a Björk's-eye view of the Icelandic singer's career



Hurdy-gurdy woman: Björk

BJÖRK
FAMILY TREE
ONE LITTLE INDIAN TRIPPOUS CO + SIX* CD
GREATEST HITS
ONE LITTLE INDIAN TRIPPOUS CD/LP

What to make of Björk? She is one of those artists who attracts mystification more often than analysis, and then she uses that very mystification as both creative tool and personal protection. Her music constantly locates her in a hazy beyond – in the 'emotional landscapes' of 1997's "Jóga", which have yet to be thoroughly surveyed and mapped. On 1995's "Cover Me", she's "going hunting for mysteries... to prove the impossible really exists". On "The Modern Things" from the same year, she sings, "All the modern things/Like cars and such/Have always existed/They've just been waiting in a mountain for the right moment."

This is alluring and slightly disingenuous stuff, carrying the implication that Björk's music is either a revelatory new discovery or somehow innate, and not the product of time spent studying developments in electronic music, as if the micro-skip and processed rustles of last year's *Vespertine* were always there, just waiting for a computer to locate them. The language habitually associated with Björk is that of magic rather than graft, science and collaboration. Her ideas and influences are obscured, dressed up in icicles, dewdrops and all the other ethereal clichés that have been spun around her outside of Iceland during the last 15 years.

On *Family Tree*, however, Björk does something genuinely weird – she is complicit in her own dissection. A suitably extravagant box set, it comprises one CD of greatest hits, and five 3" CDs which divide up her body of work under the headings of *Roots*, *Beats* and *Strings*. It's a curious move, one which colludes in the sort of reductive categorisation that artists abhor – at least when it's performed by critics. Still, the box set's surgical parsing usefully debunks the stereotype of Björk's work being wildly opaque.

Of the three thematic strands, *Roots* is the most revealing, as it tracks Björk's career from the minimalist flute pieces she composed as a 15 year old, through her work with the anarcho-punk unit KUKL and The Sugarcubes, and onto some of her starker solo material. The point, it seems, is to show how Björk's creativity is dependent on her perception of a peculiarly Icelandic cultural identity. That identity is not only conditioned by indigenous folk music, but

also by the way art punk and other imported developments were reinterpreted in her homeland.

There's a recurrent theme among Icelandic musicians of presenting artistic otherness as part of the national character rather than the product of personal idiosyncracies – Sigur Rós's collaboration with the folk singer Steindór Andersen being the most recent example. And Björk similarly invokes national character in her notes to *Roots*: "The ancient things in us; in my case, stubbornness and patriotism; enthusiasm for Iceland, the culture and the natural physical environment; old woman melodies and indigenous punk rock; my voice."

Of all the components Björk lists as constituting her music, her voice is the most pronounced here. It's remarkable how little it has changed, though on "Fuglar", a faintly Gothic KUKL track from 1983, she uses it to describe anguish rather than the wonder which becomes more prevalent as time passes. More than history, *Roots* – and indeed much of *Family Tree* – emphasises consistency. The set also underlines that Björk's voice is most striking in spare settings: matching her vocal with Zeena Parkins's tonally supportive harp, the 2001 live version of "Generous Poststroke" included here is outstanding.

Perhaps predictably, *Beats* and *Strings* are less satisfying. Amounting to a mere four tracks, the *Beats* component focuses on her work with 808 State's Graham Massey and one of her most rewarding collaborators, UFO's Mark Bell. Considering the critical role played by her immersion in the London club culture of the early 90s, the *Beats* section's skimpiness is puzzling. Except that it confirms a general tendency within *Family Tree* to present Björk as 'serious' by downplaying her 'lighter' side – as represented by her more club-oriented work, presumably. More than any other artist of the past decade, however, it's virtually impossible to separate the art from the pop in Björk's work. In attempting just such a separation, this collection threatens to neglect her superb populist tendencies.

Family Tree's revisionist motivation is most apparent in the *Strings* segment, where Björk strives to come to terms with her classical training. The live and studio collaborations with The Brodsky Quartet collected here are only intermittently successful. Especially good is a version of "Play Dead" that replaces David Arnold's glossy Bond-theme strings with a more challenging gnarled arrangement. But at times 'classical' austerity buckles her down, constraining her with the quartet's

baroque angles, where the simplicity of many of the song settings in *Roots* allows her voice to fly.

Family Tree is, inevitably, an eclectic selection. Its attempt at a coherent overview of Björk's work is reinforced by the inclusion of many rarities, B-sides and previously unreleased versions, though perhaps they have been included to ensure completists as much as to provide artistic enlightenment. Compiling Björk's favourite moments from her solo career, the box's 5" CD is, of course, the most straightforwardly entertaining. Its overlap with the separately released *Greatest Hits* (whose tracks were chosen by fans through an internet vote) is surprisingly large – they have seven tracks in common. Evidently, Björk and her public share a taste for silvery, brittle tech-ballads, where raw emotion and an understanding of grand theatre gracefully co-exist.

Greatest Hits is a terrific compilation, revealing how her musical backdrops have subtly evolved over 15 singles, even as her songwriting has remained consistent. Ranging from Nellie Hooper's smooth, down productions through to the intricate systems devised for her by Mark Bell and Matmos, it's striking how well much of this music, whose credits read like a cultural index of when they were made, measures up in 2002. Each single's multiple remises are largely ignored, which is probably wise, even if it means there's no room for a personal favourite. Funkschlung's superb deconstruction of "All Is Full Of Love". It also means that only two tracks have dated badly: the clunking "Army Of Me" (1995), through which Björk made a failed bid to shed her ethereal reputation; and the fluke mix of "Big Time Sensuality", a relic from the briefly diverting heyday of progressive House.

"I guess because the core of my work is emotional, I've used my emotions as a structure to build the rest on," Björk told David Toop recently. *Family Tree* and *Greatest Hits* provide an alternative framework for making sense of the oeuvre of this most gifted and mythologised of contemporary musicians. As a shaping device, her emotions – however unpredictable they might appear at the time – have produced a body of work remarkable not just for its sustained quality, but also for its cohesion. The extraordinary beauty of her music is well known. Regardless of the times it was made in or who helped her make it, *Family Tree* reveals, finally, that its enchantment is created from Björk's singleness of mind and not supernatural whim. □

is, when he's not finding new ways to slyly insult you. Yet *Amor Omnis*, blind out of one eye, he's falsely called on "Eye Games," proposing that in the kingdom of HipHop's deaf, dumb, and blind MCs, Awol One is king. Furthermore, "I don't give a screaming shit if you like me."

Marginally less ironic than Madlib but considerably more self-deprecating, Awol One rhymes when he wants to, which is about half the time. His voice resembles a wheezing yawn, perfect for uttering choruses like "It's not a waste of time if you spend your time getting wasted" (from "Kiss Yourself Destruction!"), a sentiment preceded by guest rapper 2MEK's praise for amphetamine on "NME." Many a seasoned HipHop head will probably write off *Speakerface* as pure comedy, but astute listeners will pick up on a few disturbing themes, such as the misogyny underwriting "Abortion Theme Song" and Awol One's allegation, "I know this girl she give herself a pregnancy test in a public bathroom." He doesn't skirt on the less savory aspects of his personality, and *Speakerface* ends, appropriately with a one minute recording of himself passing in a toilet.

At the very least, Awol One is good for the odd sex line like "God blesses me, I can tell by his loins," or "I know my enemies like I know my own nuts/They're like a sheep up world's clothing." Like every other underground rapper in Los Angeles, his flow takes some getting used to, but some of the beats he rolls out under his rhymes make their passage smoother. Finally on "Keep The Rats Moving," Awol One stages a surrealist freeplay romp for himself, from *Styles Of Beyond*, *Sole* and *Redeemer*, and leaves them all open-mouthed with a wildly conceived conclusion: "I was two inches away from giving up/Well, I was one mouth away from shoving up."

SYNNE S BJORSET

RAM
MORC0 9140 CD
BY CLIVE BELL

Synne Samundsdottir Björset is a powerful young player of the *Hardanger* fiddle — a Norwegian violin adorned with black flower designs and an extra four resonating strings under the fingerboard. 17th century Norwegians were possibly inspired to modify the fiddle by Asian string instruments, as its high, ringing overtones offer a European equivalent of the sitar or sarangi's enhanced string sound.

Still in her early twenties, Björset has studied with Hilken Heggnes, a master of the traditional *Hardangerfelle* (Hardanger fiddle) style, whose Utis too have devised their own original, overtones, semi-improvised music that some might call power folk. For her part, Björset is more extreme and muscular than her teacher. Her *So Dansa Jenta Mi!* begins with wailing and howling trills; "Halling" is furling out with abandon. Yet this is dense music, weaving shifting drones and counter-melodies around every line; and when the bow jumps from one string to another, the resonating strings below ring out. Strange harmonies collide on "Haniiegren," evoking a peep of bells in a storm. A few tracks add guitar accompaniment; and the album's predominantly fierce mood breaks down for the slower paced melancholy of "Stillelied."

We may scan the *Taiwan* for outlawing cassette tapes, but as recently as the 19th century Norwegians were burning fiddles during

religious revivals. These days, people are less inclined to ban such music as the devil's work, or ascribe its power to trolls. Yet Björset's eyes have a mad glint, and her playing makes traditional discipline with lute-like abandon.

BOOM BIP SEED TO SUN

LEX 006 CD
BY CLIVE BELL

If a musician spends much time in a church when young, you can bet you'll hear it later in their music. Most likely back when he was still Bryan Hoblin, his press bio notes, the young Boom Bip was handyman and piano tuner for a church in rural Louisiana. There may be a link with his electronic landscape called "False All Over," which resembles stored harmonies, penitentiaries; and another one again on the edgy but blissful "Mannequin Hand Tagdoor 1 Reminder," on which Dose One's rapped poetry is layered like a congealment of Laurie Andersons, creating lovely harmonies over simple chords. Raising memories of a church choir, this highly original track is the best on an album that intrigues throughout. Only the distanced guitar strumming of the final track left me unmoved.

Occupying a bohemian poetic terrain similar to much of DJ Shadow's *Private Press*, Boom Bip obliquely references genres such as HipHop more than he inhabits them. Recording in his Cincinnati basement, he builds a track around a string bass phrase, placed oddly over a scorching variant on a HipHop beat, or a beat infected with Aphex Twin's sidereal. The tension between his chosen musical elements generates his particular voice. The bass is up and the drums are down, and elsewhere, on "Cloud Shoulders," which nods to techno, the guitar is lurking in a hammock while the electronics are a tree full of creaking, cawing crows. Warm chords fill litchy electronics across the album, with emotionally ambiguous results.

The good humored trombone and bangs lick of "Newly Weds" is threatened by tense overlays of seething yet understandable sounds. The janky beat of "Waiting An Accident" fits you up, and its ominous electronic riffs bring you down. As singer Buck65 tells it on "The Unthinkable," you can "do the tango with a bomb," but "everywhere I stir sea ghosts."

Buck65 and Dose One inject the album's two vocal tracks with a tincture of imagery. In contrast, "Riposte" features Japanese woman Nucky Korne, speaking on the phone in a glaucoma style verging on beam, as it metamorphoses into an electronically treated wall of pain — a beautiful *Bun Bun* moment over two chords and a gentle beat. More erudite alliteration. Seed To Sun radiates plenty of ideas and musical richness beneath its deceptively folk or low tech surface. Most likely the next one will be even better, but this is already aiming pretty high for a church piano tuner.

CEx TALL, DARK AND HANDCUFFED

THEIRBERT MCOWEN CD
BY MICK RIVERS

A magnetic live artist, Baltimore's Cex has a reputation for working himself and his audience into a libidinous sweat. Flopping on the floor in the underwear, he shouts out rhythmic, over-the-top electro-funk beats that recall Noel Keen's bizarre

vinyl adventures. One way or another, Cex promises the perfect escape from the tired, overworked dulcs of HipHop and electronica. So why is his album so damn dull?

The most surprising thing about Tall, Dark And Handcuffed, his second album, is that it squally pepperholes Cex as a straight-up rapper, and a mediocre one at that. A few traces of his onstage insanity survive the translation to record. On "Brutal Exposure," for example, he concludes, "I'm going to fuck with this industry, it'll be the way that I can feel it/covered in her blood and my piss, fucking on her penis/rm sensors." But for most of the album's hour programme, he comes on like Edan — or maybe MC Paul Barman — over spare, characterless beats. And over the album's six party tracks, "Cuts," sounds limp and by rote, as he declares, "The underground needs a change". Since when did some party rapper Cex give a fuck about the HipHop underground?

If Cex was aiming at thinly veiled parody it doesn't make Tall, Dark And Handcuffed any less lame, especially since Prince Paul, The Beatbox Boys and countless others have sent up HipHop's cultural assemblage without undermining the pleasure factor of their music any Cex's album is simply boring. Where once he could rock a reputation for provocation on the back of some unusual noises, he now sounds like he's looking over his shoulder.

HENRI CHOPIN/VARIOUS REVUE OUI: SOUND POETRY, AN ANTHOLOGY ALMA MARCHEM CHAM XCSD BY EDWIN POUNCEY

French sound poet Henri Chopin launched his remarkable *Revue OUI* magazine in 1953. Over the ten years of its existence, it brought together printed and spoken word in a grand experiment that made art out of language, and communicated through abstract sound. Each issue came with a 10" vinyl UP compilation of sound poetry, the entire contents of which are spread over this exhaustive four CD set compiled by Italian label Alma Marchem. The 70 page book and numerous printed texts, posters, etc. that complete the package convey the heady excitement of artists and poets engaging with the notoriously spiky nature of the Word in an attempt to take communication beyond the reach of the controlling mechanisms encoded in the Word from the Bible on down.

The set's range of contributions and readings is vast and varied, with contributions from writers, performers and poets experimenting on word and voice through O.U.s, tape manipulations and treated sound. These experiments engaged writers, sound poets, performance artists, composers and instrument builders. The set's international roster of contributors includes François Dufrène, Bernard Heidecock, Mimmo Rotella, Raoul Hausmann, Paul de Vise, Charles Aronchian, Bengt Erik Johanson, Åke Hedbl, Bob Coobing with Anne Lockwood and Jeff Keel, Lucelav Nivak, Stan Hanson, Gil Weiman, William S. Burroughs, Brian Gysin and editor Chopin himself. Among the set's highlights are two saw recordings of beat god Burroughs reading at NYC's East End Theatre on Valentine's Day 1965. The best of the rest has Burroughs mockingly reading from *The Last Words of Dutch Schultz*, while interspersing unpredictable bursts of

HAPPY 20th!



from your friends
at
thrill jockey

fall releases:

RADIAN thrill-113 cd/tp
Rec. Extern
SUE GARNER thrill-112 cd
Shady-side
JOHN PARISH thrill-110 cd/tp
How Animals Move
CATHERINE IRWIN thrill-119 cd
Cut Yourself a Switch

coming soon:

SEA AND CAKE thrill-116 cd/tp
One Bedroom
BROKEBACK thrill-120 cd/tp
Looks at the Euro
www.thrilljockey.com

Soundcheck

noise created by fast-forwarding the tape on play with the notes representing the jumps of a dying gangster's consciousness, the recording vividly brings to life the cut-up wing technique he invented with fellow writer, painter and telefilm friend Ben Gysin.

Throughout this postapokalyptically assembled reissue Chopin's presence looms large, and his "Audio-Poems" are among the most interesting and tangible of these audio artifacts. The ingenious use of his own electronically treated body music produces Dadaistic sound collages and living, breathing word sculptures that rival the best of Art Schwenker's Chopin's "Vespers" and "La Fuite Interplanétaire"—complete with a countdown that brings to mind Sun Ra's "Rocket Number Nine"—are thrilling text adventures. But these are surpassed by Chopin's "La Cose" ("The Body"), a three-part work that originally took the whole of issue DU 30-31. De "La Cose", Chopin embarks on an epic journey in cinematic sound which, with the added voices of Jan Lisien and Jean, Brigitte and Denis Chopin, takes the listener through the nervous system of the poet's mind and body, passing his pounding creative heart on to witness the sound artist's brain exploding with ideas.

CONVOLUTION

1 TO 5
SUBSUNALIN HARE EDITIONS SHED CD

SMOKE

SPOOKY SOUND NO NUMBER CD

CONVOLUTION GOES WEST

SPOOKY SOUND NO NUMBER CD

BY MARCELLO CARLINI

Mark Cunningham used to play guitar in Mael, one of the more thoughtful groups participating in NYC's No Wave scene of the late '70s and early '80s. Now based in Barcelona, he contributes trumpet and growlbox (combining drum machine and processed electronics) as half of the electro-vital duo Convolution he shares with guitarist, vocalist and visual artist Shiva Mentes. Consisting of a mini-album, an EP and a live set, this trio of Convolution CDs offers a multifaceted overview that still makes one crucial component—the visual projections that accompany them live.

The overwhelming mood coming off 1 to 5 is melancholy. Stylistically, Convolution's music occupies a mid-ground between Jon Hassell and Sun Ra. The opening track "Psychotron" is driven by a trumpet motif over a glitchy, bass-heavy electronic rhythm, like Herb Alpert waking up in a spaceship. When he improves, however, alternating between long, sonorous prodomations and agitated growling and sneers, Cunningham sounds closer to Don Cherry. Adapted from William Blake's "Songs Of Imagination", "The Blossom" sets a poignant trumpet atop a multitracked one-man orchestra, while Mentes evokes the legend of the heron seeking solace in the author's bosom—hence the soundtrack's repetitive heartbeat. As musical Blake adapters go, this pitches down melody between David Aronoff and Mike Westbrook.

By way of contrast, the Smoke EP is Convolution's meditation on Deep Purple's "Smoke On The Water" riff. The track undergoes five versions. The most impressive is Jakob Dierker's. Dierker's track, which simply yet passionately presses Cunningham's now very Miles Davis-like trumpet against an arhythmic

background marked out by a heartbeat. On "Will 61", a hypersensitivity of trumpet, electronics and guitars threatens to engulf the riff altogether.

When "Will 61" reappears on Convolution Goes West—compiled from performances in Knoxville, Columbus and Chicago—the "Smoke" riff has completely vanished. The set's performances of "Psychotron" and "No West" are noticeably more ferocious and tactile than the studio versions. The music works well enough without the duo's visual projections. Stripped of studio effects, meanwhile, "The Blossom" morphs into a more carnal horn song, while Mentes' interpretation of a song called "La Frontiers Del Caepto", over a near-drum 'n' bass backdrop, underlines Cunningham's quiet power.

CURRENT 93/ NURSE WITH WOUND MUSIC FOR THE HORSE HOSPITAL

PANDURITIO/PANDURITIO CD

BY JIM HAYNES

The visionary art of David Tibet and Steven Stapleton manifests itself primarily through their longstanding music projects Current 93 and Nurse With Wound. After this year, however, the pair got to meet a joint exhibition at London's Horse Hospital. Some of the work on display originated as album cover art for NWW, C93 and others, but the occasion also exposed plenty of previously unseen works: Tibet's totemic dragons, Orkney-like figures and amorphous abstractions all dissolving into vibrant pools of isyptic colour; Stapleton's drawings of monsters, grotesque portraits of disembowelled figures and reconstructed furniture that suggest a meeting of Hans Belmer and Dr Seuss.

The exhibition's incidental music now appears as a limited edition double CD, *Music For The Horse Hospital*. Tibet's Current 93 arrangement is a semi-improvised instrumental performed on violin, piano, clarinet and hardy-gurdy by players asked to focus a mood of metaphysical introspection. A litany pat of notes circling the eerie rime of the hardy-gurdy gets that mood down well enough. The ebbing drone of the Nurse With Wound "Salt" conjures a biblical image of high water rising within the frame of a future neglected forebode, its outlook bleak in the context of Tibet and Stapleton's pictures at an exhibition, the music at one level handsomely fulfils its function. Viewed from another level, it drips with a trumpet motif over a glitchy, bass-heavy electronic rhythm, like Herb Alpert waking up in a spaceship. When he improves, however, alternating between long, sonorous prodomations and agitated growling and sneers, Cunningham sounds closer to Don Cherry. Adapted from William Blake's "Songs Of Imagination", "The Blossom" sets a poignant trumpet atop a multitracked one-man orchestra, while Mentes evokes the legend of the heron seeking solace in the author's bosom—hence the soundtrack's repetitive heartbeat. As musical Blake adapters go, this pitches down melody between David Aronoff and Mike Westbrook.

DÄLEK FROM FILTHY TONGUE OF GODS AND GRIOTS

IPACAC-IPACAC CD

BY HEDI CHAPRON

Remove any commercial marketing strategies from HipHop, add a healthy dose of punk attitude and direction, beats that weigh a ton and an MC that sounds like a Goth Pansy and you've got the new Jersey noise making the Dälek Dr. mere simply put, Dälek sound like a politically aware New Kingdom. Releasing their second album, *From Filthy Tongue Of Gods And Griots*, on Mike Portnoy and Greg Werbin's Ipecac Recordings, MC Dälek, producer Diskus and DJ/producer Bill take advantage of the label's policy of complete

artistic freedom to create rich, dense sonic arrangements heavy with healthy doses of distortion. A cacophony of screeching clatter and gritty static belittles Dälek's earnest explorations of how we all fit into the universe, with his poetry delivered in the matter of fact style of a great orator but without any preachy tendencies. "Spiritual Healing", the opening track, is a pretty accurate indication of the serene weightiness that is maintained throughout the album. A consistent rhythm is overlaid by the squealing pieces of some sort of mechanical beast. The 15 second ambient intro to "Hold Tight" bleeds into a force room of thunderous bass drugging auditory sounds emanating from a steel cutting factory. Frenzied drums, heavy basslines, guitars, keyboards and tubular crank out choice in their quest for a noise that might coincide with the intensity of their lyrics. Influenced by rock jazz, HipHop, punk, Metal and soul, they have kept the true spirit of HipHop alive by absorbing everything that influences them and turning it into something uniquely their own. The unrelenting energy they sustain across the album's 11 tracks matches the passion of their live performances, as they openly and honestly expose Dälek's wounds without sacrificing their universal appeal.

FRANK DENYER FIRED CITY

TRICKLE TRICKLE CD

BY PHILIP CLARK

Frank Denyer's identity as a composer was formed against the background of 1960s English experimentalism. His stance may seem less obviously progressive than Cornelius Cardew's, but he pitches his work at a similar tangent to the classical mainstream. New music commentator Bob Gilpin agrees his corner: "While some composers were content to knock the heads off a few statues, Denyer quietly set about building a cathedral." Like Harry Patch—to whom he is inevitably compared—Denyer writes pieces for self-manufactured percussion instruments; and often his works are similarly scored for laudably impractical ensembles featuring multiple groups of the same instrument hammering out an agitated noise, the meaning of which has long since been forgotten.

The earliest works on this new disc, *The Hanged Fiddler* and *Quick, Quick, The Timber* are Corning (both of them 30 years old), modern folk sources from the low-art school of English pastoralism with the same iconoclastic spirit that once drove Michael Finnissy and Howard Skempton. The Hanged Fiddler is based on the folk account of a fiddler who gives a final performance from the gallows as he is about to be hanged for stealing a hen. Denyer undercuts the piece with a sustained viola drone, while violinist Mariette Kaser intones a solo line coloured by unlikely melodic dissonances and microtonal blurring. The piece's inherent tension is amplified by percussionist Damien Hannon, thumping a bass drum and delivering a pair of bones. If nothing else, Denyer creates a potent scenario.

Quick, Quick is a cranked patchwork of intertwining lines compiled out on four bass flutes building from the same melodic source. The piece gives notice of the otherwise unsavory fact that producer Denyer's recent music. People believed he would be hard pressed to outdo the

extreme instrumental combination of flute, bass tube and contra bass saxophone Denyer uses in *Resonances Of Ancient Sirens*. Yet he adds a whole other dimension by placing the combination's sudden spurts of activity against a percussive hearing an enormous wooden box with a mallet. Towards *The Darkness, Beneath The Fied City* and *Prison Song* all involve the distinctive timbres of Denyer's homemade percussion instruments. Towards *The Darkness*, a piece rich in paradox, also uses three double basses and three flutes playing in whistle and "plunger" fuses. The basses grow against the light of the flutes, or a piece planned with event. They leave you wondering how his sounds can speak so directly yet with such eloquence.

EVIL DICK & THE BANNED MEMBERS ROCK 'N' RANDOM POLEMIC MUSIC PMWC CD

BY BEN WATSON

Since he was interviewed in the Wire 179 in 1999, Richard Hellmings aka Evil Dick has been holed up in academia in Leicester, pursuing a PhD on "randomness" as it relates to statistical calculations and contemporary music. His label and website (www.polemicsmusic.com) have been active in the meantime—this is the ninth release since his debut *Coprophagia* attracted attention with its deft and cliff-hanging pop and dance music clichés. Those virtual assaults on regressive listening are now presented in real time in clubs. Hence his group And The Banned Members, featuring Gipsy Wolfson on guitar, Simp Linn on drums and Mistress Vasegh on soloists.

Using actual musicians has made Evil Dick's music more clearly, but it is now more three dimensional and lovable. He still sets out to compete in gashiness and vitality with pop radio, and as a consequence his Banned Members recordings have been streamed through his software, distorted and spilled up. "Sensitive Dick" is a "downtuned low song" that lost all the Beatles hooks used by Dick, only to reduce them to ridiculous rubble. From the mess left behind he constructs a piece of "computer enhanced free improvisation" (Evil Dick's ex-so loving alterego takes leave reviews behind).

"Coloured Dicks" (it's a spinoff of colour codes to force his musicians to pick "random" probes while structuring rhythm and achieving "vague" melody). The highly original music sound as though the aleatoric strategies of the current Boston Quartet are being pushed through bright, random, radio-friendly sonorities. If anything, the avoidance of an "art" tone (a malaise of epidemic proportions among Boston's disciples) gives the music greater violence and bite. "Hair Spider Stick To Rock" is a seven minute masterpiece that squashes Vennetene tension against a bad bagpipe.

The so-called avant-garde turns sickly when it becomes specialised, content with its role as "art", and aims to imagine the monstrous totally it is meant to be protesting. Evis's collision of pop sounds and genuinely researched avant-procedures is the correct medium for niche market. Instead, just to show he knows what he's up to, in a short update, he on Radio Dick, Evil takes on a fringe folk ensemble about the structural imitations of today's chartboard songs. The track is called "Fudwits in the Box", and it's



LEO RECORDS

Music for the inquiring mind
and the passionate heart

AUTUMN SALE on LEO RECORDS

- CD LR 104 KESHAVAN MASLAK & PAUL BLEY
ROMANCE IN THE BIG CITY
- CD LR 105 KESHAVAN MASLAK & S. MURRAY & J. LINDBERG
LOVED BY MILLIONS
- CD LR 112 THE GAVELIN TRIO, OLD BOTTLES
- CD LR 127 NADIGE NICOLS & PETE NU, NICOLS MNU
- CD LR 143 DAVIS PAPADIMITRIU
PIANO ORACLES
- CD LR 164 GIANCARLO NICOLA TRIO AND JOHN TONICHI
COMPOSITION NINE
- CD LR 170 EXILES JAY ZELENKA - GREG MULLS
STRANDS IN PARADISE
- CD LR 171 THE GAVELIN TRIO, OPUSSES
- CD LR 172 PETRAS VYENALSKAS
VENEMORE CONCERT
- CD LR 177 KESHAVAN MASLAK, MOTHER RUSSIA
- CD LR 181 ASTREA, MUSIC FROM DAVOS
- CD LR 182 THE ITALIAN INSTANTABLE ORCHESTRA
LIVE IN ACO & RIVE-DE-GIER, 1987
- CD LR 183 THE FRODO WORKMAN ENSEMBLE
ALTERED SPACES
- CD LR 184 GIANCARLO NICOLA/REGULA NEUMALS
- CD LR 185 TIGOR SZENZO, THE CONSCIENCE
- CD LR 186 THE JON LLOYD QUARTET, HEAD
- CD LR 187 NED ROTHENBERG, THE CRUX
- CD LR 188 SUN IN ARKSTRA, FRIENDLY GALAXY
- CD LR 189 EARTHBOUND, UNITY
- CD LR 194 MARILYN CRISPELL
STELLA PULSATIONS/THREE COMPOSERS
- CD LR 195 PHIL MINTON / VERONICA WESTON
SONGS FROM A PRISON QUARTY
- CD LR 196 SUN RA, A QUIET PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE
- CD LR 198 KESHAVAN MASLAK & KATSUYUKI TAKURA
EXCUSE ME MR. SATIE
- LEO LAD 001 COLLECTIVE ATT, THE ROMANCE/NER
- LEO LAD 002 MAT MANERI TRIO, FEVER DEF
- LEO LAD 003 MAX NAGL, DAILY BULLET
- LEO LAD 004 ENSEMBLE UNCONTROLLED
TALES FROM THE FOREST
- LEO LAD 005 GREEN ROOM, LIVE TRAJECTORIES
- LEO LAD 006 ENZO LANZO, RONDONELLA PROJECT
- LEO LAD 008 AMUNDKAR JAZZ ORCHESTRA
PSALMS & ELEGIES
- LEO LAD 009 UWE OBERG/GEORG WOLF/
JORG FISCHER, > LO <
- LEO LAR 001 COLLECTIVE ATT, ORCA
- LEO LAR 002 CARLOS RECHENAS PROJECTS
- LEO LAB 071 MISHA PERGINOVICH/HULTOREN/
LADONNA SMITH, THEY ARE WE ARE
- LEO LAB 072 HANS TAMMENDOMINIS DUVAL
THE ROMO BENDS HERE
- LEO LAB 073 BERTHARD DENZLER/
NORBERT PYRAMETER, NANOCUSTER 02/000
- LEO LAB 074 JOACHIM GIES, WHISPERS/BLUE
- LEO LAB 075 THE SOGGARD ENSEMBLE
MULTIVERS
- LEO LAB 076 THE REMOTE VIEWERS
STRANDS DEPOSITS
- LEO LAB 077 CAROLYN HUME & PAUL MAY
BY LAKES ABANDONED



Industrial Evolution Through the 80s with Cabaret Voltaire

by Mick Fish

"Does for Cabaret Voltaire what
Nick Hornby did for Arsenal
Football Club"
Record Collector

Paperback, 288 pages, \$9.99



Kraftwerk Man, Machine and Music

by Pascal Bussy

Completely revised and updated
"Bussy's crisp, business-like
biography pines smoothly along a
thorough and entertaining read" NME

Paperback, 152 pages, £12.99



Tape Delay Confessions from the Eighties Underground

by Charles Neal

Nick Cave, Swans, Coil, The Fall,
Diamonds Galax, G.P. Dmige,
Lydia Lunch, Rollins, New Order,
Newkies, Sonic Youth + more

Paperback, 256 pages, £15.00

Coming in 2003

England's Hidden Reverse: Coil - Nurse with Wound - Current 93

by David Keenan Lavinsky / Illustrated today. Individually numbered limited edition, with CD

Future Days: The Can Story

by Pascal Bussy A full-scale biography of Can, the wild German avant-garde improvisers



saf publishing

Check our website for special offers, latest news, or to order
these or any of our wide range of music books.
www.safpublishing.com info@safpublishing.com

PHILL NIBLOCK YPGPN XI 121 NOW AVAILABLE

YPGPN (Young Person's Guide to
Phill Niblock) the long-awaited
reissue of this 2 CD-set

Many composers have been interested in the idea
of making a piece of music by allowing one
sustained sound or noise to drone on and on with
little change. Perhaps the most sensuous and lush
drone pieces, however, are those of Phill Niblock.

No one has ever made music anything like this.
-Tom Johnson

Available from Forced Exposure, Wayside, EMF, North Country,
Anomalous, Vergé, Silenzio, Metamkine, Fuse, Impetus



RECORDS

XI RECORDS

PO Box 1754, Canal St. Station
New York, NY 10013, USA
ph: 845-469-3691/fax: 509-357-4319
xirecords@compuserve.com
www.xirecords.org

Buy any amount: EACH CD IS £ 5.00. Postage & packing to U.K. and Europe,
£ 0.50 per CD. Postage to the USA & the rest of the world add £ 0.75 for each CD
Payment by postal orders, cheques, I.M.O. or credit cards to Leo Records,
Abbotsford Orchard, Abbotskerswell, Newton Abbot, TQ12 5NR.
The offer expires on December 1, 2002.
e-mail: leoec@atlas.co.uk website: www.leorecords.com

Howard Mandel finds Miles Davis livin' large on a 20 disc set spanning close to three decades of the trumpeter's Montreux performances



Well suited: Miles Davis

MILES DAVIS THE COMPLETE MILES DAVIS AT MONTREUX 1973-1991

WARNER MUSIC 0074 1836 30XCD

If nothing else will, 20 live CDs of the climactic sets Miles Davis performed at the postshot of international jazz festivals at the Swiss tax exile resort of Montreux during his electric prime and ten years later will relight the fight over the iconoclast's final developments. In the early 70s, Davis purged his fanbase of conservatives entirely by flaunting an assertive mix of jazz, rock, pop, punk, blues, modality and musique concrète. If he sought the softest gear, it was all the better to push impressionable young collaborators towards dire suspense, glitzy shocks and rampant passions. The great modern jazz trumpeter turned himself into a rock star, going after vast audiences with highly charged, wicked, worldly blues, and he leaned that way up until his death in September 1991.

The first two CDs are exemplary examples of his genre-defying notes. In July 1973, Davis and his well oiled wah-wah pedal are heard fronting the legendary but little documented guitar and bass faction of Pete Cosey, Reggie Lucas and Michael Henderson, alongside relentless drummer Al Foster, hard-hand percussionist Mtume and saxophonist David Liebman. Over five stunning performances lasting between 15 and 30 minutes apiece, his group manage to call up the spirits of Jimi Hendrix, Sun Ra, Sly Stone, James Brown and John Coltrane. Three different versions of "Miles in Montreux", taped within 12 hours of each other, tell plenty. The first one up is a chomping, monochordal vamp taken at an unrelenting tempo, in which Davis improvises on both muted and open horn, while Liebman spits lewis on soprano (in contrast to his tenor squalls). The second rendition, running to almost 20 minutes, starts with a limping gait and gains speed under Davis's coaxing before it simply turns weird, with the players intertextually taking time out - for cosmic meditations, presumably. The third is a flat-out urban jungle jam, with Davis, Liebman and the guitarists ramping up on clavé sticks and woodblocks over a backbeat that ends with Mtume's conga drums.

These distinctive collages share some slight skeletal material. Essentially, these workouts press Cosey and Lucas to conjure multiple soundtracks for nightmarish and paradise out of timbral transformations and near silence, raging stomps and testosterone-fueled solos. Davis thrives at the core of the firestorm, in the process inspiring Funkadelic, James "Blood" Lister, The Decoding Society, Ornette Coleman's Prime Time, Henry Threadgill's Very Very Circus and any number of Vernon Reid projects. But he burned out on it, too, and retreated into seclusion in 1975.

Contrary to most accounts, Davis was hardly more subdued or less extreme when he secured his comeback in 1983 as a headliner on the international festival stage. The Montreux box set's other 18 CDs, recorded almost annually from 1983-91, prove it. At Montreux at least, Davis was determined to demonstrate his relevance while making a point of his exile. And he did so. Up until 1991, and his ill-advised return under Quincy Jones's baton to Gil Evans's charts, each Davis performance erupted with sputtering scales and rapping scales, muted, microtonal riffs, lippy attacks and quests after melody that conveyed genuine, immediate excitement.

His familiar late-era tunes are here: the crafty appropriations of Cyndi Lauper's "Time After Time" and Michael Jackson's "Human Nature", as well as hand-sold charts by Marcus Miller for "Tutu", "Amandia", "Hannibal" and "Mr Pastorius"; John Scofield's "What It Is", Joe Zawinul's "In A Silent Way", John McLaughlin's "Pacific Express", Prince's "Movie Star" and his own taunting "Jean-Pierre". When it was introduced, his 80s material was often dismissed as thin on chops and concept, flaccid and slick. Now its themes are as iconic as Motown hits or Aretha Franklin's Atlantic sides. Their strength is in their modular quality: these instrumental parts can stand alone and will work to some degree whoever is playing them. But their hooks and patterns add up to a specially good time when they're expanded upon by Davis with guitarists Scofield and Foley and occasionally Bob Berg or Kenny Garrett on saxes, and their dynamics are matched by synth colourist Robert Irving III, bassist Darryl Jones, simmering Al Foster or lighter, faster Ricky Wellman.

Davis and his producers (Tommy LiPuma, Marcus Miller) originally designed his comeback repertoire to exploit new production possibilities, improved electronics and would-be upscale urban formats. Together they hit the mark and their results remain imitated, if diluted, on radio today. But Davis's true masterstroke was to adapt hothouse studio contrivances to the requirements of live shows in vast international venues. On such stages, the ferocious attitude in his slurring and posing, the weight of his statements and the pride suggested by his keyboard-thickened anthems achieve proper scale. The riffs and voicings of "Code MD" or "Maze" or "Heavy Metal" might have been over the top to minimalists and punks, but even their foolish ambitions are welcome now. The ostinato momentum, the constant beats, the short, hammable bits: Davis wasn't trying to create a canon of sentimental songs - though he did that, too. Rather, he meant to establish a street-savvy, pan-global and well-capitalised slangage that might survive into a foreseeably hi-tech future.

What's always compelling, live most of all, is his own haunting sound and floating line, wary, bold, romantic, wry, base and candid. His trumpet dependably pulls one up and out and inward. His phrases are hastily brushed, straining together to summon a vivid response. He issues blunt commands, hollowly full-throated or in squelched whispers, and he exploits winning effects, such as vicious stop times. He pierces the stratosphere and trows the low end, roaming registers he seldom reached for when young.

Miles Davis's music was free in that he was willing to let go of control, but it was also finely calibrated. He had vast ambitions. His 80s 'directions in music' were all about livin' large, and his music sped forth, awash in all but irresistible hooks, tales and strikers. His soundscapes were ecstatically intoxicating, his rhythms hypnotic and explosive, his moods by turns languid and crisp with resolve. Davis was the charismatic figure we followed even into excess. But on his visits to Montreux he generated significantly more transporting music than he hit dull dead ends, making these recordings invaluable. For all time. □

Linking the home of today with the pulsating world of tomorrow, The BBC Radiophonic Workshop's incidental music crammed maximum invention into minimal space.
By Ken Hollings



Knob head: Malcolm Clarke at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop in the 1970s

THE BBC RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP BBC RADIOPHONIC MUSIC BBC MUSIC RECOMMEND

THE RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP BBC MUSIC RECOMMEND

You can tell that The BBC Radiophonic Workshop was established in the late 1950s just by looking at the name. 'Radiophonic' has all the futuristic thrust of the era: a synthetic, invented word devised to reflect new advances in human society never before thought possible. And, like the smooth 'autodynamic' line of the latest design in cars or the 'Hoovermatic' appliances cluttering up the kitchen, the term meant absolutely nothing. What it conveyed, however, was considerable: a new invisible technology that linked the home of today directly with the pulsating world of tomorrow. Because this was the BBC, however, the reassuringly common noun 'Workshop' was tacked on at the end so as not to spread alarm and despondency among the general populace. Richard D James summed this arrangement up very neatly in his recent comment that "the best stuff they produced sounds like academic music, but from the garden shed instead of the laboratory". There speaks the true fan.

Officially set up in 1958 after a radio production of Samuel Beckett's *All That Fall* required specially generated sound effects, the Workshop's Maada Vale studios, located in a converted skating rink just off Delaware Road in West London, produced electronic music and treatments to order for local and national radio programmes, television drama, schools broadcasts and children's entertainment. It was specialised work, created by a "small number of creative staff", according to Workshop member Desmond Briscoe's sleeve notes written to accompany BBC Radiophonic Music's original release in late 1969. Laboratory technology was approaching white heat by then, a new educated elite had begun its ascendancy, and the Workshop was still best known for terrorising children at Saturday bedtime with their 'realisation' of the Dr Who theme devised by Ron Grainer and Delia Derbyshire. Behind the quietly tasteful G-Plan psychedelia of its cover art, the first

Radiophonic Workshop album presented worlds of hitherto unimaginable strangeness. A compilation of commissioned pieces created over the previous ten years, BBC Radiophonic Music focused solely on the work of three composers: John Baker, David Cain and the fabulous Delia Derbyshire. It would also contain no, repeat no, Dr Who material whatsoever.

Whether composing a station identification theme for Radio Sheffield out of stainless steel cutlery being bashed together, or getting a cash register to play "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" for a 1963 radio production about the commercialisation of Christmas, the Workshop team had become adept at using tape manipulation techniques to cram sound into tight melodic structures. Such hi-tech methods produced high impact pieces of tremendous lightness and complexity, often designed to occupy less than a minute's airtime. John Baker's jingle for the Woman's Hour slot, "Reading Your Letters", a eight seconds of cheery radiance, while Cain's "Cross Beat" projects an intensely studied statement lasting barely three times that length. The restraints of the original commission, coupled with the constraints imposed upon duration, raised problem solving to a fine art. Their solutions took electronic sound to places where pop and academic innovators feared to tread. If the bridge to John Baker's Radio Nottingham jingle contains echoes from Ray Scott's Nottingham Research Inc laboratory in Long Island, it's probably because they were both working within the same parameters.

Whereas Baker's compositions tended to express a bright eyed and bushy tailed attitude towards the push-button future, his favourite sound source being the popping of a champagne cork, Delia Derbyshire's best work sounds like it emanated from a stage in technological development at which the machines were now worshipping each other. It's enough simply to feel your flesh quaver to the xy theronny of "Zwzch Zwzch OO-OO-OO", composed by Derbyshire for an episode of the BBC2 sci-fi series *Out Of The Unknown*, to appreciate her singular visionary talent. Ostensibly a hymn sung by automata in praise of an energy converter, its backward intonations and inflexible phrasing have the whole history of techno-pop's alien

otherness, from Bowie and Tubeway Army right through to Flareonspoon, written into them. Similarly, there's a dark growling soul at work behind her composition "Pot Au Feu", while the bleakly resonant terran of "Blue Veils And Golden Sands", recorded for a TV documentary on the last Berber nomads, and the murky sonic depths of "The Delian Mode", sound as alive today as they did more than 30 years ago. Not surprisingly, both pieces ended up in the background to episodes of a 1970 Dr Who adventure. You can't argue with the future.

Which is why it's so difficult to come away from the Workshop's 1975 release, *The Radiophonic Workshop*, without the feeling that very little has progressed. Sure, the cover photo shows an EMS Synthi AKS neatly cast amongst detritus that still wouldn't disgrace a garden shed, the composers' hairstyles and dress code might appear a little shaggier, but everything else is pretty much the same as before. The restraints that had once forced creativity into being now threaten to stifle it, which is ironic, considering that the majority of pieces contained here were specifically written for the album. Not that it's bereft of marvelous moments: the world can always use a new stereophonic version of "Major Bloodnok's Stomach", a particularly bilious mortgage created by Dick Mills for a 1959 edition of *The Goon Show*; and Roger Limb's forays into modular Easy Listening have much to recommend them. However, there's something about an analogue synthesizer that brings out the staleness in a novelty faster than any other instrument in creation, as evidenced by Malcolm Clarke's "Romanescan Roul". But John Baker can still be heard bubbling away to good effect on "Bno", now augmented on this CD reissue by two much more experimental compositions for treated percussion that were deleted from the album's original running order. There's also a sense of absence here, especially on the haunted, wordless incantations of Glynn Jones's "Wells And Mirrors", which carries deep within it reverberations of Delia Derbyshire's magnificent "Blue Veils And Golden Sands". But that particular desert caravan had long since passed over the horizon. □

on "Substanz", opening Nilsen's new CD, *Land*. On the same track, Agnieszka Lewak is providing a recording of a train passing through a tunnel. Although Nilsen doesn't modify the sound of the wind, he shades the train at an understandable distance and saturates it with reverb. As the repeated content of his passing is switched from channel to channel in the mix, the train takes on an enigmatic quality. OK, this is a surreptitious aural experience, but doubt remains.

Nilsen is certainly technologically adept. The ambiguity of where the train is situated within a simulated three dimensional space is tantalizing. Conceptually, too, he knows what he's doing. Part of the sound we hear as a train passes through a tunnel is air being channelled and forced through a tube, the imperfections of which delineate its resonant characteristics. This confluence of winds — one natural, the other man-made — is a particularly appealing metaphor for our careless engagement with the natural world and our invisibility from it. In the words of Hesse: "They have seen the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." Although the flow of materials on *Land* from tracks one to four is seamless and fascinating, the last three reveal Nilsen's shortcomings. Appearing of 1980s post-ambient music, they are nowhere near as interesting as the CD's opening side. When he's dealing with sound as sound rather than as music, Nilsen is a skillful manipulator of his material. But when pitch is introduced, even somewhat rebelliously, as on the closing "Kosmos Gene", his inadequate strategies topple the music towards the banal.

ANDREW HILL A BEAUTIFUL DAY PALMETTO PNC008 CD

BY ANDY HAMMOND

Andrew Hill's first recording for Palmetto should have been called *Dawn* and not *Dusk*, given its sequel *A Beautiful Day*. Featuring his Post Of Departure Sextet, named after a 60s Blue Note album, 2000's *Dusk* marked the end of a ten year hiatus in his recording career as leader. This album features a 16 piece sextet, which Nilsen confirms that *Dusk* was no one-off. Four decades after the Blue Note period that made his name, and notwithstanding many fine albums, he is again at the cutting edge of jazz.

Recorded live at New York's Birdland, *A Beautiful Day*'s programme of Hill compositions and arrangements looks off with the thunderous heavy groove of "Drive Revolutions", laid down by bassist Scott Colley and drummer Nashiet Waits. When Hill solos, the pianist's remarkable dragging feel finds the obscure cracks between the beats that everyone else misses; the tenors, Aaron Stewart and Greg Tardy, get a jostling duel. The glistening "5 M" stresses the register extremes of tubs and bass clarinet at one end and flute at the other. When Hill follows Gil Evans's predilection for high-low voices, the results are much tamer and more rugged.

The interpretations capture a variety of moods, ranging as much Romantic tenderness as Hill's trademark Gothic darkness. JD Pemon is prominent on bass clarinet on the meandering "Faded Beauty", while the unaccompanied bass saxophone solo concludes his signature track "J" D1" — a second, groove driven track that contrasts with the first feel elsewhere. "11/8" takes the CD out in the time called by its title.

CHRISTOPHER HOBBS FIFTY IN TWO THOUSAND EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC CATALOGUE EMCD01 CD BY JULIAN COWLEY

As the title indicates, Christopher Hobbs clocked up his half-century two years ago. By then he had been composing music seriously for 35 years. In his teens he studied at London's Royal Academy with Cornelius Cardew, and he followed him into the Scratch Orchestra and AMM. In 1971 Hobbs and Gavin Bryars staged a legendary performance in Leicester of Erik Satie's marathon piano piece *Vexations*. 10 years later, he recorded Satie's second longest work, *Le Filles Des Fées*, employed since 1892. In 1975, Hobbs's systemic pieces "Iron" and "McGrimmon Will Never Return", scored for road angles and toy planes, appeared on the second release on Brian Eno's *Obscure* label, along with work by Bryars and American composer John Adams. His musical direction since hasn't been as clear as his former *Obscure* LP partners. The fine *Fifty in Two Thousand* is the first recording from the Experimental Music Catalogue, which Hobbs founded in 1968 as a source for unconventional scores.

The "75 minute piece" is far gone with five "prepared" notes, cowbells, gangs and Yamaha DX-100, using an ambient bells voice, detuned by a quarter-tone. It is assembled in 50 sections, each lasting 30 seconds and subdivided in accordance with a premonitioned grid reproduced on the cover. Hobbs supplies details of his carefully calculated procedures. Far from the "forbidding, hermetic" piece implied by his commentary, this quietly alluring beauty possesses the seemingly incidental beauty that can arise in music composed under self-enforced constraints. It does lean, as Hobbs remarks, "toward the meditative and uneventful", but the games it plays with time are constantly diverting. The electronic keyboard sounds at one moment like churning clocks, at others like a giant toy piano. The percussion rings out potentially interminable patterns. The piano hits and musics, illuminated by the glow of decaying notes. The music elements are hand-sampled, following three preconceived procedures, and by the piece's end another potential hour and a quarter has taken on its singular shape.

JAZZKAMMER PANCAKES SMALLTOWN SUPERSOUND STS004 CD BY JULIAN COWLEY

John Herge and Lasse Mathias of Norwegian avant-electronica duo Jazzkammer grow increasingly abstract and challenging on the eight pieces here, seriously recorded in Scandinavia, Tokyo and Edinburgh. *Pancakes* opens with a glitch avalanche, and then buries its events within a dull, distant rumble. High volume levels become a necessity to track the remotest turbulences, purportedly happening on the borders of audibility. Piped lead, raw impact takes precedence and instrumentation becomes irrelevant. Glacial electronic winds howl and mar; static clicks amplify into explosions. Music takes form out of waves of juddering purr, shrill tones, pulsating white noise and haphazard crackle. Increasingly impersonal, Jazzkammer music has established an identity, which gets more pronounced here. Each piece is less like a recognisable musical structure than a chamber

in which some clouds coalesce and disperse, while soundwaves undulate and vaporise. Herge and Mathias have harnessed their considerable experience to the end of eluding the standard web of musical aliveness en route for degree zero. Naming the album *Pancakes* and photographing actual pancakes for the cover is a way of moving the message to the front, in the same way that this apparently earnest and abstruse duo followed their liner debut on Rune Grammofon with Hot Action Sex *Karaoke*.

HELMUT LACHENMANN SCHWANKUNGEN AM RAND ECM NEW SERIES 02834619498 CD DAS MÄDCHEN MIT DEN SCHWEFELHOLZERN KAROS 0012282KX 2XCD BY ANDY HAMMOND

Until quite recently, Helmut Lachenmann's music had a low profile even in Germany; elsewhere it was almost invisible. But thanks to the work of committed interpreters such as Ian Pace, and a slew of new recordings, that situation is changing. The new ECM disc, the composer's first on this label, selects three key works from the 70s, 80s and 90s, performed by the Ensemble Modern and its conductors directed by Peter Eiselöv. In some ways Helmut Lachenmann's "technical expeditions" for new instrumental sounds are a bromatisation of the free improviser's concerns, expressed in Steve Lacy's comment that "the instrument — that's the matter — the stuff — your subject".

An aficionado of free improvisation like *Mouvement* on the ECM disc would find themselves at home — not that this subversive and unsettling music could ever be described as "homey", with the rawness and edge of Improv subsumed under a staid formal vision. *Schwankungen*, a pioneering work for brass and strings from the 70s, takes its cue from Luigi Nono's investigation of thunder sheets in its awe-inspiring and magnificent effect. As Lachenmann explained, "I began longing on their every which way, dragging them across the water over slabs and hard surfaces, playing them with metal rods... these objects turned into radically deformed monster violas with super-sonic-fluid sounds, or... huge, exceedingly reverberant 'beatstones'".

The final composition, "Zwei Gefühle" ("Two Feelings") from 1992, sets a spoken part in antagonistic confrontation with cascading instrumental sounds. In expanded form, the piece is incorporated into Lachenmann's opera, or rather stage piece, based on unlikely material by Hans Christian Andersen, and with a projected gestation over ten years. Completed in 1997, it's billed as "Musik mit Bildern" ("music with pictures") and on its first recording, the Staatsorchester Stuttgart and choir are conducted by Lothar Zagrosek. Lachenmann was reminded of the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale when he heard a "strangely alliterated" Japanese version in 1975 which haunted him. But the "social violence of innocent bourgeois indifference to helplessness and suffering" led him to incorporate the writings of Swedish Gudrun Enckell, who in 1968 set fire to a Frankfurt shopping centre, seeing her as a disfigured variant of the Andersen character.

Even less likely, at first sight, is the inclusion of the last setting of Leonardo da Vinci which

ELLIPSIS

the debut album from Skist

new starting points at the juncture of electronica and song

from Polarity Recordings Japan

skist@bt.rim.or.jp

www.japanimprov.com/skist/

Byron Coley appraises more archive treasures of free jazz and Improv unearthed in Atavistic's ongoing Unheard Music Series



Unheard but not forgotten: Alexander von Schlippenbach

ALEXANDER VON SCHLIPPENBACH
THE LIVING MUSIC

UNHEARD MUSIC SERIES UMSALP231 CD

MANFRED SCHOOF
EUROPEAN ECHOES

UNHEARD MUSIC SERIES UMSALP232 CD

SUN RA ARKESTRA
NUCLEAR WAR

UNHEARD MUSIC SERIES UMSALP232 CD

**HONSINGER/BERESFORD/TOOP/
KONDO**

IMITATION OF LIFE/DOUBLE INDEMNITY
UNHEARD MUSIC SERIES UMSALP234 CD

Traditionally, free jazz collectors don't publicly criticise each other. Our disagreements are aired solely at our biannual club meetings. Anyone ignoring this unwritten dictum risks ostracism: and when a tubby avant collector turns his back on you, you know you've been dissed. That said, there's little I can write about John Corbett's Unheard Music Series that's not positive.

The only headscratcher in the series thus far is Luther Thomas's *Funky Donkey*. With albums by Black Artists Group still unavailable – BAG were Mississippi's answer to Chicago's AACM collective – it's surprising that Thomas's record was chosen to represent St Louis. Apart from that, it's tough for a collector to quibble. These four titles are a case in point. While anyone would be hard pressed to argue that these are the best of the respective artists' unavailable records, the originals are not only very scarce, they're also archaeologically significant.

Alexander von Schlippenbach's *The Living Music* was recorded for RMP in April 1969. A septet date with Peter Brötzmann, Michel Pilz, Manfred Schoof, Paul Rutherford, Buschi Niebeggall and Han Bennink, the music they created is closer to that of Schlippenbach's quietest than it is to the expensive roiling of the Globe Unit Ensemble. Interestingly, it was recorded on the same day as side two of Brötzmann's *Nugles*. But where Nipples is autodestructive art frenzy, *Living Music* is communally relaxed. The source of the compositions here seems to be the Euro/free music tradition rather than American/Free, and everyone maintains respect for each other's space. Even

Brötzmann's flesh-flaying sax tones sound relatively genteel emerging from obviously prepared horn sections. Clearly, Schlippenbach's idea of creating liberation music in the tradition of Julian Beck's theatre work was a healthy idea. This is an important, idiosyncratic piece of the Euro free puzzle. And of course its reissue bears the original colour scheme.

Manfred Schoof's *European Echoes* was the first album ever released by RMP. Reissued with its original front cover design (dig that logo!), it's a template for many subsequent aktions. Recorded two months after *The Living Music*, Schoof deputises the same players (minus Pilz), plus Enrico Rava, Hugh Steinmetz, Gerd Dudek, Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, Fred Van Hove, Irene Schweizer, Arjen Gorter, Peter Kowald and Pierre Favre, creating an uncontrollable 16 piece ensemble – the largest international free meeting on record to date. Three fucking periods! Three fucking trumpets! Three fucking saxen! Three fucking bassists! El! The mix is rather flat (can anyone hear a single note of Bailey's?), but the whole has a massive physicality. The ideas here regarding simultaneous improvisation inside a large group format are embryonic. Many of its moves were refined as the RMP history unraveled. But *European Echoes* remains a pivotal, important album. And the multi-piano chorale near the end of the first track should be a key free highlight in anybody's book.

Nuclear War was an Italian/Greek-only LP, unknown even to the most hardcore Sun Ra collectors. Recorded in 1962 as part of *The Arkestra's* final Saturn studio sessions (all subsequent Saturn recordings were live), it was originally planned for release on Pop Group manager Dick O'Dell's *Y Records* in the UK, as a follow-up to the "Nuclear War" 12". Only it got lost when Y went out of business. That it was released at all was news to me. Many of the tracks surfaced on two Saturn LPs, *Fireseed's* *Chut With Lucifer* and *Celestial Love*, but UMS's reissue is the non-Mediterranean public's first chance to experience the album in its intended sequence, or to hear the cover of Ellington's "Drop Me Off In Harlem", which Saturn skipped. In his notes, Corbett calls this one of *The Arkestra's* strongest B0s LPs, as epoch-defining a slab as 1972's *Space Is The Place*. His hyperbole is nearly true. The album catches

the Arkestra in fine form, not long before they began their descent into classic jazz repertoire. The tendrils of their mad 60s explosions remain visible in the title track's chants. The friendly burble of their 70s organ-funk extravagance exists on pieces like "Blue Intensity". They sound great instrumentally and vocally, bouncing through all known traditions with the flair, effortless skill and weird edge that all their best work possesses. But it's Pollyannaish to say that a proper release of the album first time round might have changed Sonny's fortunes. Would it have received wider distribution than the Recommended LPs of that era? Not likely. The real question is why this sounds so scratchy. I realise they had to master from vinyl, but the crackle is still a bit of putting.

The crackle on *Imitation Of Life/Double Indemnity* is equally off-putting, but it's intentional. Also recorded for Y, these two sessions were first issued into a post-punk milieu with little use for free music. *Double Indemnity* was a Steve Beresford/Toop/Honsinger date recorded in August 1960. Manifesting antic madness at its best, the pair use cello, piano, flugelhorn and voice to create a suite of unbalanced chamber vignettes. Honsinger even tells a fine vegetarian story to some moist accompaniment. Oddly, this reissue discards half the original, replacing the material with two long outtakes, without much comment or explanation. But the new pieces work well, so I won't gripe. *Imitation Of Life* is from 1963, with the Beresford/Honsinger ranks now swollen to quartet size by Toshinori Kondo and David Toop, and its flavour is quite different. *Imitation* consists of two long tracks that sound like they were made to accompany silent Surrealist comedy films – lotus slappin', lotus scrappin', lotus snappin', presumably courtesy of Beresford's bag of "little instruments". The mood is reminiscent of the Parachute label's looser recordings of the period – a variety of thought-floes overlap in ways that are usually interesting, and some of them cohere into passages of surprising beauty. Ignored 20 years ago, imitator's music should find many more receptive ears today. Its ideas and techniques have not become old: true spontaneity never does. □

originates in "I...zoo GoLive". But these interpretations leave Lachetman to "open up this pleasant fairy tale, this 'sentimental tear jerker'." Clearly he's not interested in conventionally plotted drama, and in different ways his inspiration is closer to the modernist art operas of Britten and Luigi Nono. The recording vindicates the idea that opera is best heard or read, using one's visual imagination. Tumbling masses of orchestral sound contrast with the most spare, whispering textures — "soft" sounds suggested by the frozen winter night form a leitmotif. But the gorgeous effluence of tuned percussion accompanying the little girl's vision of a Christmas tree, and bizarre vocal effects including "longue clucking notes" for the Go Vind reading, are made vivid by defined instruments and percussion. The inclusion of a Japanese shō — a Gagaku mouth organ — in the concluding scenes is a masterpiece. Combined with toniness, breathed trumpets and knockings on the wood of the piano, the core instrument has a riveting impact. The Little Match Seller is an improbable and remarkable musical achievement.

**LOW RES
LIVE RAMEN**

PLUG RESEARCH PRODUCTION CO

BY PHILIP SHERBURNE

There is jazz, and then there is 'jaz'. Though the two have little in common, they're often confused. Jaz is found in spirit, breath and a restless tradition of shapeshifting that goes back 100 years. 'Jaz' dresses up pop music in tropes designed to be recognized as jazz; it thrives in affect, simulating a genre that deeply involves in authenticity. 'Jaz' is usually considered to be a bad imitation. But in a fascinating upheaval, Danny Zelensky's Low Res project cracks the hollow plastic shell of 'jaz' and extracts from it something warm, hearing and very much alive.

Like Alton Heger and Burt Friedman in their Latin jazz guises, the detail-obsessed Low Res are dedicated to simulating the flow and flux of improvised jazz music within the quantized confines of computer composition. Zelensky has not the garnish of electronic styles, from Deep House as Joy Monk to fractured techno as half of Train Acidvibe, alongside Plug Research's Allen Anagnostis. But Blue Ramen surpasses even his earlier outings as Low Res and Oink for its controlled chaos and hysterical swing.

No one could mistake this for real jazz, as its

textures are too digitally rolled and its timbres are too loud with paelelog. When instrumental voices do sound like piano, horn and percussion, they're made to morph and melt into viscous cascades of soundless, processed sound. Even so, the tropes of 'jaz' are all over Blue Ramen, waking basslines, arpeggio piano tinkling, blaring horn choruses. Instead of smoothly telling, however, the components knock against one another like tombstones' elbows on a crowded stage. Instruments refuse to remain in key, rhythms unravel like broken watch mechanisms. Form and content battle it out in a slippery warring match between musical odds and artificial sounds.

This, of course, is exactly the point. In his macho deconstruction of 'jaz', Zelensky achieves something wildly inspired. It would be easy to spoil elevator music and lounge fakery, and leave it at that. Zelensky's triumph is in uncovering dark, seductive impulses festering inside the buttoned up body of its jazz. He lets them come spilling out like a wild-eyed Pandora on the bandstand.

**ROB MAZUREK
SILVER SPINS**

DELMARK DIGITAL CD

BY PHILIP CLARK

Chicago based trumpeter Rob Mazurek arrives at his solo CD of sound sculptures via a background in blues and hard bop. In the mid-90s guitarist Jeff Gutt introduced him to free improvisation and Mazurek started challenging his Lee Morgan-like gestures with tougher aesthetic realities. He later went on to record with Tortoise and Jim O'Rourke, but Silver Spins is by the Mazurek that recently transformed himself into a 'sound activist'.

This is a long CD — just short of 70 minutes — and Mazurek's attempts to sustain this span with a rapid turn around of event and contrast don't wholly come off. Mazurek places his own correct playing at the centre of the music, and his unaccompanied solos morph into densely layered electronic transformations. But the rootlessness and idiosyncratic doodling of Mazurek's solo editing a hole in the dramatic flow, soliciting an unnecessary utilitarian edge to some otherwise striking and ambitious sonic images.

The opening tracks (which have a title too long to repeat) starts like a 1980s Miles Davis CD that's developed a nervous tic. Between the twitches, Mazurek places an undercurrent of prickly electronic static that has sufficient gravitational

pull to force the cracked trumpet lines towards its own orbit. A later dedication to Stanley Kubrick multi-tracks an asphyxiated wall of harmon muted trumpets into a texture that could easily fit into the 'healy arts removed' atmosphere of a Clockwork Orange and is a brilliantly judged musical equivalent of the Kubrick aesthetic. Elsewhere, the sound of Mazurek's trumpet is mutated into something sounding like a muscle chamber, complete with overexposed wail-wh and belching sub-tones. The result can seem very cold and sometimes even contrived, but its bleakness is undeniably compelling.

"Pathetic and Fixations Along The Path Of Seeing Red" finds Mazurek pushing his trumpet away from Miles Davis and towards the hellier more normally associated with Donald Ayler. His improvised lines feel overly subscribed, but there's certainly nothing predictable about the decision to use concealing tubular bell organ for backing. And that conjunction of the original and the ordinary seems typical — despite some fascinating excursions, I'm still not convinced I know what it is Mazurek wants to say.

**MILEECE
FORMATIONS**

LOD LTD

BY MART FYFFICHE

At the tender age of six months, Mileece made her video debut in Lene Lovich's "Lucky Number". Then their her parents ran a pioneering music video production company called Rockclips, as well as the Free Range recording studio in London. Some 288 months later, after teenage years spent on a Californian crystal farm, and elsewhere obtaining a BA in Sonic Arts, she is now based in Montreal where she is still infatuated with lucky numbers — but this time as the interface between computer generated music and the theory of organic systems in nature. Her music aspires to "the rotating progression of sparse then condensed spores of growth in plants", or the micro-structures of snowflakes. Despite the new age psychoacoustics, however, she's committed to evolving her pieces through digital procedures. "Twile" has a remarkably comforting simplicity. Delicate woody chimers fall in musical paths that repeat and echo each other, seeping locally into attractive patterns that never quite repeat, like raindrops falling in water.

Occasionally a note will pick out a more insistent pulse, but others soon start to double

and fient around it as the autonomous structures unfold. The emphasis is on a zen-like accidentalism, even if, or perhaps precisely because the music is systematically generated. The nearest equivalent for these ears is Terry Riley's live improvisations with piano loops. If Mileece's music isn't overly concerned with just monotony, she is interested in microtonality, and her CD has microtonality's cotton wool and soap bubble feel for floating points of sound. There's the same hypnotic playing with particular tonal intervals, too, not to mention the ability to weave a gently rippling band of platonic harmonic detail without straying too far from minimalist parameters. "Formations" is a buster merry-go-round of muted notes, calling up the tumbling asides of Riley's in C, or the haunting Sini Carrel. The silver sounds wheel giddily by, narrowing down to a single oscillating pair like a Marcel Duchamp Rotafel. "Fere" is more aggregated and Orb-like, a lifting Ambient track. And the concluding "Nightfall" takes the music back to a more slowly processional pace, of a gong ritual in a zen temple, perhaps, over which Mileece creates in a breathy, abstract half-voice. Restfully restless, and intelligently, uncommonly beautiful.

**JACKSON MOORE
THE LABORATORY BAND
VOLUME I**

PEACOCK 69 CD

BY PHILIP CLARK

Saxophonist and composer Jackson Moore comes from steady stock. He studied with hard-bopper Jackie McLean and then collaborated with Anthony Braxton on a number of projects throughout the 1990s, including the Ghost Train Ensemble and his recording of Lennie Tristano material. But why laboratory here? Laboratories are environments where experiments are carried out; Charles Mingus had a Jazz Workshop and Cecil Taylor briefly led a Jazz Laboratory of his own. Moore, meanwhile, is interested in exploring further the mysterious hinterland between improvisation and composition. This superb CD tackles the demands of both disciplines head on, opening with a lengthy group improvisation and climbering in an elaborate formalism composition that is ambitious as much and abundant in activity.

The mixed instrumentation of the Laboratory Band includes a pair of saxes (Max Weiss on violin, Jess Pavone on viola) and brass (Justin Flynn on French horn, Eli Hellman on tuba). The

**GODSPEED YOU! BLACK EMPEROR
YANQUI U.X.O.**



HANGUPD ON TOUR IN EUROPE NOV/DEC 2002

CONSTELLATION PO BOX 42002 MONTREAL CANADA H2W 2T3
WWW.CSRECORDS.COM EUROPE DISTR. INFO@SOUTHERN.NET



staubgold

MUSIC OUT OF PLACE



faust
patchwork
1971-2002
staubgold 37 cd/tp
...exclusive archive
recordings first, all
original members...



f.s. blumm
arkano
staubgold 35 cd/tp
...beautiful second
solo album after his
debut on merr music
last year...



various
music out of place
staubgold 35 cd/tp
...new budget-priced
label compilation, also
on vinyl...



thilges 3
die offene
gesellschaft
staubgold 35 cd/tp
...first full-length
album by this
Viennese trio...

also
with raw/oren anhorchi cd, sleeping/
gustaf or tp, weekend ebien cd,
napostari cd/tp...

DISTRIBUTION BY:
thelshock (uk), forced exposure (us)

staubgold.com

resulting music is inevitably tinged with the subverted marching band idea that has occupied a strand of American composition from Charles Ives to Beethoven. As before a Braden pupil, Moore's tone on the saxophone isn't his best, but indeed, his sound shares something of his mentor's neutrality. He delivers solos in deceptively peaced state of melody interspersed with tightly controlled silences, but in this context, the approach works beautifully.

Another Braden acolyte is guitarist Kevin O'Hair, who plays the harmony guitar and acts as a bridge between Moore and the rest of the group. The strings occasionally gab at harmonic patterns but more often punctuate them with furiously scratchy sounds of indeterminate pitch. Eli Heibrunn rejects the idea that his tuba should be a bolster and produces walking lines that push against the prevailing direction. The improvisation hints at greater regularity as it gathers momentum. A recurring tuba motif leads to wild outbursts from Max Veseli's wood and there's a telling sequence of strangled shrieks near the end.

Throughout Moore keeps things nicely on the beat and leads the group with a procession of meaty ideas. The fully composed piece is built from overlays of the same melodic kernel moving at different speeds. It begins with an explosion of overpowered sound and finally slows to a snail's pace to deal with the debris.

YOUSOU N'DOUR NOTHING'S IN VAIN (COONO DU REER)

GAYWEST WEST CD
BY CLIVE BELL

Now 43, Youssou N'Dour has been Senegal's biggest star for going on 25 years. He has since formed the deftly urban group Super Étoile De Dakar. Recording in Paris and New York, then duetting on his with Neneh Cherry and Peter Gabriel, he is also the quintessential World Music artist. Indeed, his international career epitomises the problems of this genre. N'Dour was dropped by Virgin in the 90s when his album *The Lion* failed to set the world alight, and he has been labelled a hopeless artist. This, his second CD for Nonesuch, was produced in Senegal by N'Dour himself and his old spinning partner Super Étoile musical director and bassist, Habib Faye.

It goes without saying that N'Dour has a fabulous voice, and at least he sounds interested on the opening "Tan Bi" ("Heart, Break, Tenderness"). A hoarse African fiddle weaves around him and guitars, discreetly supported by modern production. N'Dour starts innovatively over the lazy, swaying rhythm, but quickly works up to passionate Islamic testifying, showcasing his white range in three minutes. "Moor Nidze" ("My Everywhere") has a yohimbine transcending across the light, rapid beat: the voice is reflective, the mood almost closed. So far the album is irresistible.

The sentimental female backing vocals of the third track, "Ti Ma West", are a wailing portrait, the sort amounting to an irritating demonstration that N'Dour has mastered the craft of writing cute soft rock. "Gimme" has a rude flute and harp, but the music is blinding out by the minute. Like *hogan* says and a chili on a Big Mac, the traditional instruments provide a splash of exotic colour on something essentially banal.

Nothing stops the rest of the album's 13 tracks from descending gently into anonymous filler. "C'est L'amour" is faintly delicious French sleaze, but the most cynical piece of pop is the duet "So Many Men". This is sung in English, French and Wolof, presumably to annoy everyone equally. How does World Music expect to be taken seriously when one of its most talented artists offers up this slop? This whole branch of World Music is dead wood – dead in the sense that you no longer expect anything interesting to arise from it. It's simply a campaign to treat the whole world to Western pop, entitling so many exotic artists as possible.

NEWBAND/ DEAN DRUMMOND THE WAYWARD WERNIG WERNIG CD BY RICHARD HENDERSON

In the time immediate before Harry Patch's death in 1974, one sensed that the composer was finally releasing his due. If the new crop of American composers had minimalist affiliations, several of them also shared Patch's willingness to challenge the hegemony of European notation, as well as his interest in the theoretical underpinnings of different styles of Asian music. The availability of albums issued by Patch on his Gate 5 label slightly improved, and Colson Masters' record issued his open. *Delusion Of The Fury*, a box set containing an additional disc that demonstrated the range and singular timbres of his two dozen invented instruments.

In recent years, however, Patch's influence has unjustly diminished, so a reissue of the calibre of *The Wayward*, the four-piece Patch collection comprising his first large theatre work, is especially welcome. Finally, Patch has a powerful and constant modern champion in Dean Drummond, who is himself an instrument builder with an interest in macrotonality. And, together with his Newband ensemble, he has taken on the responsibility of housing and maintaining the Harry Patch instrument collection.

Newband's performances are flawless throughout, capturing within a satisfying large room ambience that garnishes the sounds of Patch's inventions with blossoming events. The composer's rebel stance as regards tonality was intrinsic to both the design of his instruments and to his orchestral writing, but his strictly regulated tempo was every bit as critical to his overall design. Dean Drummond's conducting of "US Highball" (A Musical Account Of A Transcontinental Hobo Trip) and, according to the notes, a piece that Patch valued highly as representing a true break with the influences of his youth) shows deep understanding of the mercurial pace dictated by Patch's charts. The subtle shifts in pacing contribute to the piece's elliptical narrative, abetted by doppler effects built into instruments such as the *skolay*, an auto-ton-and-organ pipe assemblage drawn by a massive bellows. Each of these works stems from the composer's own experience of homelessness and transience during the Great Depression. "Barstow" is one of Patch's best-known works and it is included here. The libretto form is derived from graffiti inscribed on a highway taking in the Californian desert. A great example of glib humour in song, "Barstow" is a holo-graphic shard enabling listeners to grasp

all that's admirable in Patch's accomplishment in less than ten minutes.

KK NULL & DAMIAN CATERA FREAKOUT MODULATION HARSH HOUSE HD 007 CD

**BILL HORIST & K K NULL
INTERSTELLAR CHEMISTRY
RECALIBRATION HDG 007 CD
BY TOM RIDGE**

The varied nature of Japanese guitarist Kazuyuki K Null's output has created an air of near impenetrability about him. Given his sheer swiftness in musical direction, it seems, the more you hear of Null, the less you know. And Null himself gives little away in interviews beyond the barest facts about the music. These two collaborations aren't the ones to make Null a household name. They separately involve two US based avant guitarists Bill Horist and Damian Catera. Null himself is credited with guitar (on the Horist collaboration), drum machine and Nullistic, his personalised effect board.

Interstellar Chemistry consists of 12 fairly concise pieces which combine free rock atonality with skittery electronics and modulated feedback tones. Between them Horist and Null create a net of noise where everything sounds blurred or bent out of shape. The recurrent theme here is displaced duration, and the album could be a soundtrack for a midsize age dystopia, where voluminous space-rock is disguised by random interference and distortion.

The collaboration with Damian Catera is the result of a studio-based dialogue, whereby improvised Mullonic sounds are modified and reconstructed in the studio by Catera, adding more guitar parts, before he hands it back to Null, and so on. As befits the album title, tracks on *Freakout Modulation* run longer than those on *Interstellar Chemistry*. And its mood is indeed more expansive, combining the monotony of machine noise with brittle sound interventions, while in the process allowing their noises onto emerged peaks of cohesion. In all, the Catera collaboration is a little less than the Horist set, it is also more erratic. Its counterpart is a 16 track, cassette work which justifies the album's bestialist tag. Finally, the duo sign off with an impressive, low end blast that simulates a state of perpetual, crumbling collapse.

ORCHESTRA BAOBAB SPECIALIST IN ALL STYLES WORLD CIRCUIT WCD004 BY PHIL ENGLAND

Throughout the 1970s, Orchestra BAOBAB were Senegal's most popular bands. Many their popular Cuban rhythms with African stylings and original songs, they released some 25 recordings over a 17 year period. By the 1980s, their relaxed style had been overtaken by Youssou N'Dour & Étoile De Dakar's harder edged mbalax style. After his success with reuniting the Baobab Vista Social Club, World Circuit boss Nick Gold has now put Orchestra BAOBAB back together. He even persuaded g'fand guitarist Barthélémy Atisso to quit his job as a lawyer and pick up his instrument again for the first time in 15 years. In short, Gold doesn't miss a trick: Youssou N'Dour is drafted in as producer to bridge the gap between the old and the new, and Bashim Ferra is flown in to stage a track in order to cement their Cuban and Buena Vista Social Club

connections.

Recorded in London, the album inevitably has a cleaner, punchier production than the earlier 1982 recording with *Prises Chances* which World Circuit released with extra material last year. Essentially it relies on the same Afro-Cuban mix. At least they set it up in a variety of ways, from upbeat, distinctly Cuban numbers such as "El Son le Llamó" to cooler dance numbers such as "Sunrun" and the sparse, groping meditation on death, called "Dés Moe Wô".

The time runs, their songs are tighter and more compact, and they make greater use of backing singers. One of the joys of the record is lead guitarist Clotilde's ability to meet the needs of any occasion with his variety of styles. The group also features a fine range of vocalists, each of whom brings a contrasting style. This is dignified hip-swinging, essentially.

OST SEIMLSTE OLYTHIC GURIO CD BY PHILIP SHERBURNE

San Francisco's Chris Douglas, like so many contemporary digital musicians, performs on a laptop computer but where others might be checking email or doing their taxes (as Pimono is alleged to have done on a live recording for Tigerbait), Douglas stays into his screen with an eerie intensity, head cocked, eyes far away. Five minutes after finishing, Douglas might be found stumbling drunk outside the club, but for the duration of his set, it's as though he's groped by some weird, nameless force.

Schizoid goes a long way toward hampering that energy and rendering it audible. While this debut album is considerably more subdued than his occasionally abrasive live shows, it throbs with the same dark impulse. The patchwork fractals of Autochord form the rhythmic underpinning, but Douglas heaps swathes of drones, rumbles and oppressive ambience on top. Despite its digital palette (somewhat tempered by musique concrète's magnetic tones), Seimlste never indulges in "glitch" clichés: clicks and whirs rippling across the surface and are folded back into the jellied mass. Douglas's structures are largely insouciant, having more to do with the possessed croak of scuttling than the predictable syncopations of Autch's third-generation cosmic winds of white noise blow through the sound field, trailing odd pieces of debris in their wake. It's not all so abstract, though. Tracks like "Ga" (all but one of the 13 tracks are titled with two letters, like elements of an alien chemistry) pulse with the intensity of classic techno, even though the drums have been lost in crashing static and foghorn blare.

OUT HUD STREET DAD KRAKOV KRAKOV CD BY ELIZABETH WINGETELLI

There's a lot of talk these days about a new crop of New York rock groups discovering the liberating power of dance music. What is actually new is the rediscovery of a brief window in time, around 1979-1983, when funk, rock and minimalism collided with heady results. It's not surprising, then, that Out Hud — among the brightest of the newcomers — found themselves opening for ESG in September. The young quartet

rose to the challenge, progressively loosening its aspic mid dance as the set went on, until half the group were dancing in the audience, while their machines pulsed onstage. It was like watching the science geeks in a 1985 sex comedy get in touch with their inner James Brown after accidentally ingesting happy pills.

Dut Hud's debut album is a quieter beast compared to the group's performances. Live, it's as if the group are basking up a mountain, switching to an ever higher gear as it goes along. The instrumental album, on the other hand, mostly sticks to one pace and runs it into the ground. Neglecting the disco-inch, the CD simultaneously gets to be loose and disciplined, spacious and spare, mechanical and organic.

The opening "Story Of The Whole Thing" basically lays out the group's building blocks. It begins with a mercurial bottom end, dubby bass, generous echo and deep sighs of cello cutting through like a foghorn. The remaining five songs repeat these same elements in various combinations: The gorgeous cello swipes on "Hair Dude, You're Shopping on My Mystique"; the 12 minute head trip of "The I Train Is A Swell Train And I Don't Want To Hear You Indes Complain"; the telltale tremors and rars of distortion on "Dad, There's A Little Phrase Called Too Much Information".

As the songs patiently stretch out, layering brittle guitar over massive echo, you are reminded that yes, this has all been done before (Dut Hud sound immediately close to mind), but Dut Hud got by with the watchful innocence of well-integrated brainiacs. It's not an accident, after all, that their music is newer as archly ironic — or obviously flippant — as its song titles.

OXBOW AN EVIL HEAT NEURON NIGHT CD BY JIM HAYNES

It's safe to say that Oxbow vocalist Eugene Robinson has some issues to work out. Elsewhere he has exercised his demons in grand spectacles of public humiliation and self-degradation. Outside his activities in Oxbow, Robinson has performed extravagant displays of delusional machismo, which he has documented in a column for the *1981* magazine, *Groggler*. Dedicated to no holds barred combat, he elegantly writes about rudely getting his ass kicked by jujitsu masters, sambo instructors and other practitioners of martial arts. His images of pain, anger and blood aren't those of a masochist; they spoken by a pitiful, physically imposing individual frustrated by the limitations of his body and mind in the face of adversity.

With Oxbow, Robinson achieves similarly powerful emotions that jump straight out of a Harry Crews novel about cursed boxes and defamed bodybuilders. In contrast with the concise language of his written essays, Robinson's vocals are anything but conventional. Behind Oxbow's sprawling mutation of Birthday Party swamp rock and beefed up American hardcores, he utters nearly indistinguishable grunts, guttural screams and shrieked punctuations of monosyllabic wisdom. In performance Oxbow are extraordinary, with Robinson stalking the stage nude but for a loose diaper and thick bandages over ears and eyes. Meanwhile, the rest of the group rev up the blues machine with

a bludral violence that is as preposterous as it is horrific.

An Evil Heat is Oxbow's first studio album is going on five years. It has more accurately translated the Oxbow live experience to disc than any of their previous records. While Robinson comes across like a madman enraptured in the act of an unwitting a felony, the trio of John Wenner (guitar), Don Adams (bass) and Greg Davis (drums) often exhibit an impressive ability to bring their claustrophobic, defiled blues to a screeching halt, then erupt out an entirely different tunnel of strangled chords and crashing rhythms. Throughout their career, they've wrestled with women like Lydia Lunch and Marianne Faithfull. On An Evil Heat, former Swans singer Jarboe makes an appearance. Unfortunately, her bloodcurdling screams almost too closely mimicked Robinson's deranged harmonics for them to start up a dialogue. Instead, they take a daredevil dive into the abyss of the abject.

PALESTINE/COULTER/ MATHOUL MAXIMIN YOUNG GOOD YEARS CD BY EDWIN POLJENCY

Depending on how much of a purist you are, UK composer, multi-instrumentalist and session musician David Coulter and Belgian sound manipulator/collagist Jean Marie Mathoul's combined reconfiguration of minimalist/free artist Charles Ives' Palestine's greatest hit, will be a pleasant surprise or a nasty shock.

Working with edited highlights from Palestine's Jamaica Heineken in Brooklyn field recording composition, his Schöngard's *Idal/Adrone* for solo pipe organ and Karantina, his piece for voice and harmonium, Coulter and Mathoul have applied their own electronic and found sound flourishes to ingeniously remodel some of the composer's original ideas. Yet, for the most part, they keep the spirit intact. On some releases you hardly notice their presence at all, as on the opening "Jamaica Heineken in Brooklyn Revisited #1". The worst thing here happens on "Schöngard's *Idal/Adrone* Revisited #2", where an ugly electronic drum track and gurgling voice loop clumsily down out Palestine's sustained spectral organ drone. In their haste to stamp their own mark, the removers have blissfully unaware of how drone sequences here unfurls and manifests itself naturally. Simplicity is its strength. Palestine's own 1959 "Pomer" remix of his Schöngard's *Idal/Adrone* (plus not included here), where he adds found sounds of animal noises and a couple making love, enhances rather than detracts from the original by incorporating an unintrusive element of humor and erosism into the sensual build up of the sonorities. In contrast, Coulter and Mathoul's almost thoughtless effort to add an extra twist unwittingly blunts the power of this extraordinary composition.

On the other two versions of "Schöngard's *Idal/Adrone* Revisited" and "Karantina Revisited", however, the duo are more sensitively attuned to the music which they already adore. Here they electronically stroke the edges of the originals and incorporate a lush recording of what sounds like a digipiano to create a musicalian ambience that embraces the ideas of all three collaborators. Regardless of any misgivings of seasoned Palestine listeners,

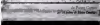
AMBIANCES MAGNÉTIQUES



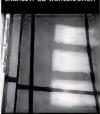
Klaxon Gueule Grain



Dis, Blaise...



Pierre Cartier «Dis, Blaise...» chanson du transsibérien



Lori Freedman À un moment donné



Sylvie Chenard, Maryse Poulin, Martin Tétreault, Alexandre St-Onge Océan pour la suite

www.actualised.com



this CD opens a valuable entry point for those who have yet to hear a note of this master minimalist's eternally beautiful spiritual swell

KONSTANTIN RAUDIVE THE VOICES OF THE DEAD RUB ROSA 1966 CD BY JEROME MOUNIELL

There's quite a story behind the disembodied voices and whispering radio static that make up the source material of this project. Konstantin Raudive, who died in 1974, was a Latvian psychologist and student of Carl Jung, whose most controversial work in the last ten years of his life involved electronic voice phenomena, or EVP inspired by the Swedish film producer Fredrick Jurgensen, who found occult layers of speech buried in his field recordings of bird song. Raudive tied his own experiments. Under "strict laboratory conditions," he sometimes made recordings using no input at all; other times he recorded with a microphone or a radio receiver tuned to the white noise between broadcast signals.

Between 1965 and 1974, he collected more than 72,000 samples. Played back at high volume, he too discerned chatter submerged in the hiss — ghosts from the ether gabbling at him in several different languages. William Burroughs, among others, was intrigued enough to write about Raudive, though he seemingly concluded that the voices were a manifestation of the experimenter's subconscious. He conveniently aligned with his view that "a tape recorder is an externalized section of the human nervous system." Others believe the Raudive recordings are paranormal communications from beyond the grave. Whatever, they certainly speak in tongues: German, Latvian, Swedish, English, Russian, Spanish and French rattle out at different speeds, often in the same sentence. The sleeve notes provide translations of Raudive's original samples, which begin and end the disc ("Good evening, I'd like to drink your wine with you" is one reassuring phrase, spoken in five languages). But the bulk of the pieces collected here are by musicians inspired by Raudive's findings, which they integrate into their compositions. Each is followed by a short snippet recorded by Raudive's friend Gerhard Steppert, who explored similar phenomena. Carling on a decent cast including DJ Spooky, Scanner, Lee Ranaldo, Random Inc and David Lowy, the results remain freely across different sonic areas, but share an eerie mood woven thick by the phantoms conversations waver throughout the texture of the album.

Only mailingspeak is truly appropriate the poetic effects of EVP's border-hopping fractured dialogues. For the rest of us, some of the best pieces here plunge the voices into the most subliminal strata of the mix. Scanner embroils them around a wave of oscillations; DJ Spooky wraps them into two tracks of indistinguishable glitch interludes. Steppert's brief interludes are the closest to white noise, while loop's piece begins as the most depressed, then enters a shimmering squalls state of soft meditations. Towards the end, Brett Dean contributes a mournful ten minute vocal solo, before the more cryptic snippets of Raudive's closing fragments, hard to fathom or explain, lead us finally to "the land of the soul".

ERNST REIJSEGER & ALAN PURVES TA NIMBUS WEST RECORDS NB300 CD

ERNST REIJSEGER & RANCO D'ANDREA I LOVE YOU SO MUCH IT HURTS WRITER A WRITER 71007 CD BY BRIAN MARLEY

Dutch cellist Ernst Reijseger and Scottish percussionist Alan Gangi Purves have been playing together for more than two decades. Their first collaboration was *Deutsche*, a Scottish, a 1982 LP released on Dances, then, at the tail end of the 1990s, *Writer & Writer* about Cello Voice under Reijseger's name. Their CD documented a fertile meeting between the duo and two San Francisco vocal groups, *Improv* and *Concerto De Dase*, and it contained classical pieces, folk forms and a refined take on World Music filtered through an improviser's sensibility. It, which plugs the gap between these time-lagged projects, was recorded in Santa Barbara, California, during the duo's 1987 American tour.

Dutch improvisers have a reputation — not always justified — for madcap stage antics and musical slapstick. Reijseger experienced a great deal of that during his time with *The Cuspone Trio*. Of course, what works well in concert doesn't always translate successfully to CD, as the Cuspone discovered to their cost. Although it contains a great deal of spontaneous good humour, it's edgier than usual.

Even Purves's most iconic for sparsity lays, "Once Upon A Time In A Was Green House", stands up to repeated listening. The opening number, appropriately titled "Where Is The Light?", finds Reijseger and Purves searching for common musical ground. Once they find it, there's no stopping them, no matter how many musical knots the two tie themselves in, the pieces segue smoothly. At the centre of the performance is "How Great Thou Art" [sic], a quotation laden composition from Cuspone musician Michael Moore that's given a vigorous reimagining.

Because Reijseger and Purves isn't afraid to entertain as well as to challenge, it offers a rare combination of good fun and even better music. Italian jazz pianist Franco D'Andrea is a stellar interpreter of standards. On *I Love You So Much It Hurts*, he's reimagined tracks by Cole Porter, Duke Ellington, Ray Charles and Thelma Houston, and their readings are ingenious and often surprising. The first half of Cole Porter's "Night And Day" is a Baroque music reinterpreted by Reijseger as a Philip Glass pastiche. Reijseger cleverly blocks out the changes, and at key moments during the second half D'Andrea adds an abstracted note or two. Between them, they provide just enough of the costumes of "Night And Day" to make it recognisable as such.

Most of the rest are arranged less tricky, though even a straight rendition of Miles Mangelberg's "Complex Eight" is sure to bend ears a little bit out of shape. D'Andrea's particular strength is his ability to spontaneously reharmonise a tune, as he does on his solo reading of "In A Sentimental Mood". Rhythmicity helps less inventive, and his style of playing isn't altogether suited to Thelma Houston's jaunty off-kilter compositions. Maybe that's why Reijseger backs "Reflections" on his own, whistling the melody in an insouciant manner while busking an accompaniment.

REYNOLDS PACALITAE SORBAN CUMANOS BETALACTAM RING MT051 CD BY ALAN CLUMMING

Reynolds takes questions of listener motivation, control and voyeurism far more problematic than even the most publicity-seeking of GG Allin wannabes could dream of. It is the presence of Miguel Tomash, the group's Down's Syndrome-afflicted vocalist, drummer and touchstone of liberated artistic inspiration, which sets Reynolds in a discursive class all its own.

Fortunately, compared to similar endeavours like *Tomash's Epiphany*, a spirit that pervasively started seeds amidst with well-meaning though hopelessly leaderless rock improvisers, Tomash steers his group in musical directions so refreshingly and playfully unexpected that they disarm all suspicions of Daniel Johnston freakshow exploitation.

This latest release from the fantastically prolific group sees them taking a step sideways from their recent collaboration with Pauline Oliveros, and the conceptual art statements of early releases like *Blank Tapes* and *10,000 Chunks*. Indeed, we're back in vaguely primeval territory that they last touched on with the *Reynolds/No Reynolds* set. Dirty drones, monomaniacal *Nie!* style drumming and warty maniacal flashes of heavily distorted and gutted out courtesy of Roberto Conliza and Arto Osa define Pacalitae Sorban Cumanos' tonal landscape. As for Bismillah's slurred voice that (potentially) shakily holds the centre ground throughout. For all of its self-contained emotional desolation, it is still a remarkably expressive instrument. On the sparse "Ficcilo" (*Que Nera!*) is particular, Tomash comes on like a loveless drunken chorale covering "Don't Dry For Me Argentina" after lights out at the cathedral cathedral. Slathered in avert and weeping over the organ keys, his voice cuts through any doubts and delivers an emotional punch straight to the heart.

SAM RIVERS CRYSTALS VERVE/IMPULSE SET SBK90 CD BY ANDY HAMILTON

Asked whether he thinks of himself more as a composer than an improviser, Sam Rivers recently replied, "I think what a composer does, he writes down his improvisations!" He's also described his compositions as "backgrounds for improvisers", an apt description of this superb 1974 New York studio date, curiously a Verve 24-bit reissue of an Impulse! recording. He's been writing large ensemble works for many years — since 1958 he claims — and, inspiration, by the *Robbes All-Star Orchestra*, appeared in 1999 on *BMG/RCA Victor*. But recordings of his large-group output have been sparse.

If anything *Crystals* is more appealing than inspiration because the textures are less dense and the leader gets more solo spots — quite often just supported by bass and drums. Here, there's Rivers the multi-instrumentalist on saxophone and tenor sax and flute, though not piano or voice (which are also in his territory in the 14-piece group are many unfamiliar names: Richard Williams is the most well-known of the three trumpeters, Joe Daley is prominent on tuba and euphonium, while Roland Alexander and Paul Jeffrey, one time member of Thelma

Size Matters

3", 7", 10" and other misshapes



Left: Bailey and Simeon H. Fell; Right: H. Fell

Derek Bailey and Simeon H. Fell's 15 August 2001 (Sound 323 NO NUMBER 3") is the first in a free improv series, in limited editions of only 300 copies, recorded in the tiny basement and released to commemorate the shop's second birthday. Over 20 minutes, with two tracks culled from a 40 minute gig, bassist Fell and guitarist Bailey goad each other into some of the most impassioned, forthright playing I've heard from either artist. Fell is known as a composer who creates structures for improvising ensembles, but this playing is completely free. You can safely say it's not guitar plus rhythm.

The gig was particularly spontaneous as being a last-minute arrangement - Fell's original partner pulled out. The venue seats 25 people, and the domestic soundproofing - thick pile carpet up the walls - renders the rumble of arterial traffic. But the results are surprisingly good, and these isn't that sense of just 'recording the room'. The opening is explosive, with sonic shards and fragments flying across the sound stage, the two instruments at times indistinguishable in the sound mass. The later part of the track yields some respite, with arco bass and gentle arched guitar lines - 'twee music' maybe - but the overall tenor is muscular and intense. The antiprags show no signs of flagging in their search for new instrumental sonorities - at one point I could have sworn there was a dog yelping in there. The result could become quite a collector's item, since according to a note within the set-up, there's no chance of Sound 323 running another 300 copies. This should be a one-off operation: time to maximise the limited market for free improvisation; by keeping the run very low, it should sell quickly without incurring sales of the artists' other discs. Aesthetically, it's a delightfully minimal little product... it might be an idea to get your son. (AH)

Charlemelios are a magical trio from Austin,

Texas comprised of Heather C and Tom and Christo Carter. Most of their recent work has been packaged digitally, so it is a real treat to find their new one on vinyl, and very fine it is, too. *Ano/Kata* (Beta Lactam M1029 10") is an assemblage of guitars and voices that textures at the edges of form/desolution. There are strums and plucks set up against quiescent walls of amp buzz. There are vocals that emerge wordless from the curtains of night. There are moments that are like the furthest away, most wound down, deep down extensions of the most wandering psychedelic bedroom shit you ever heard. The vibe on this one sometimes reminds me of Laurent Mazzucchi's first recordings with Suzanne Langille, but that's probably a red herring. Charlemelios create their own pocket universe every time they turn around. So be there. (BC)

On first glance, the new split record by **Cock Robot** and **Katzenmallets** looks like like an Enlil Hagdon project, but 'as not so. Apparently Cock Robot has nothing to do whatsoever with Cock ESP, so let's put that goddamn rumor to bed. That said, this untitled EP (Rogier RRV001 7") is doubly enough to have been one of his concepts. Cock Robot are a duo from Syracuse who do a sorta new take on contemporary Casio punk moves. They're good and grubby here, with little of the danceability that has begged down some of their peers. Katzenmallets are a similarly minded group from Madison, Wisconsin, although their minimal is not quite as rewardingly kicked as Cock Robots'. Still, the package is nice and this is the sound of young America, so what the hell? (BC)

Song title of the issue must go to 'My Crush On Kim' from **Feverdream's** *Dwell EP* (Repetition Vinyl 002 7"). This paean to one-time Black Flag bassist Kim Deal is, of course, a Gas-like bass instrumental that slides along the frets with the easiness of Mike Watt's strum. It's a great piece. On the other two tracks, it's pretty hard to

figure out what the instrumentation is. There's a whole lotta electric humming and hunching going on, but there are also surges of Eastern sounding strings and twinkling bells. Whether they're live or Memorex, I couldn't be sure. Still, there's a real good garage-experimental feel to this record. It's very unlike much of the slick crap that has been coming from the so-called avant garde recently. And the packaging has to be seen to be, uh, seen. Nice. (BC)

Klenslike And York are a California sax/drums duo, comprised of Chad Stoddard and Nate Berer. How they got their combo name I cannot guess, but they do have a record name I cannot guess. It's called *Respect For Others* (NLDORK 001 7"), and it's quite nice. Of special interest is the 9:04 tune on the second side, 'Angry Gull', which has some very obscure percussion touches and a very spiky/spiky tenor attack that moves through some of Mats Gustafsson's territory without affing his pockets. Necessarily left, due to playing time, this single's still a must for anyone stocking a free jazz juke, and it's interesting to find out more about these guys. They lack some of the military, high energy buzz-out feel that many current young American improvisers seem to manifest, replacing that with a kind of ecstatic underpinning; and I can't help but think that's a good thing. (BC)

Unless my Latin is really rusty, the new single by **The Microphones, Lantems/Anders** (K PUG 7"), is the 101st entry in the International Pop Underground Series. That's pretty goddamn amazing, if you ask me. The entire concept of *American* (as opposed to British) style bedroom recording and lo-fi pop investigations was born on this label, and it is a pleasure to report that its standards are as low-level as ever. Basically a project of Phil Elvrum and whenever he chooses to work with The Microphones have been around for five years or so, and have created a mighty raft of pop-to-punk-action records. This new one pairs a dreamy drage using

beautifully looped percussion, with an acoustic plucker that is as majestic a surge of yoom as you'll hear in a month of Sundays. (BC)

Slowburn are another of the many cool groups that Norway has produced these past few years. Their previous efforts on the Apartment label (and presumably elsewhere) are very choice, and so is their new lathe, *Fuite/La Marge* (Monomall Monomall NO NUMBER 7"). Slowburn's stock in trade is a kind of sweet, stately drop-pop with heavy organ status and psychedelic layering, and they pull out all the stops here. This whole slab grooves with pleasure from the handmade sleeve, right on through the trails of delicious stink the songs leave in their wake. (BC)

In my jaded ear, rock cake rock does not get much better than **The Warlocks'** *Sally Blue* (Shredded single (Bardman NUMERO 3 7"). This LA act takes the lessons of classic, early Spoonmen 3 sides (and let's face it, those were monster records, in rock terms) and merges them with gorgeous Angelina formalism. 'Baby Blue' is such a perfect ready-made that I don't believe that anyone who ever liked Love or The Byrds could possibly deny its power. Suspend disbelief and investigate this. I swear, it's great. (BC)

The electronic recordings he has done under the **Hiratsuka** moniker are not exactly my cup of meat, but **Kath Fallerian Whitman** has another approach that suits me fine. As on a recent CD issued under his legal name, Whitman's new single, *Live At The Fremont Theatre* (Tonschacht 012 7"), runs like guitar through serene effects and a Meez with beautiful results. There are tactile similarities to some of Jon O'Rourke's recent work, but the way that Whitman allows the quiet waver of strings to congeal into something far more menacing and far less obviously human, is definitely real. Still hoping for a full album of these particular experiments, but this single will definitely do it in the meantime. (BC) Reviewed by Byron Coley and Andy Hamilton

The Compiler

Various artists: reviewed, rated, reviled



Don't let it go to your head, Barry's Connectors

Compiler Hrud Chaudr edges those songs where dumness, naïveté or deluded glamour, or possibly all three, conspire to create a pop moment wicker than anything the entertainment industry can devise. Like DJ Kerry Everett with his radio slot for The World's Worst Record, Chaudr turns value systems upside down. In his outsider universe, the downright abominable becomes charming, infectious, even addictive. Faced with intense demands for avant experience, playing Roy Harris's symphonic demonstration "7" has always been a temptation. But how does the listener feel after a whole CD's worth of ridiculous crap? One problem with *Single Is the Key Of D: The Careless Believer Of Outsider Music Vol 2* (Gammam BR102 CD) is that Chaudr played his best cut with Vol 1, issued alongside his book of the same name. It sported endorsements from John Zorn and Larry Kaye, plus tracks by the Shoguns ("considered by many [including Frank Zappa] one of the most odd/slightly significant records ever released"), Daniel Johnston (a songwriter "recorded by cool fans like La Tangua, Jan Fari, The Pastels and Noel Japanese") and Shoo Ray Taylor ("a fan base that includes Tom Waits"). Contrived assurance that the indelicacy goes into this stuff actually defects its function, which should be to unsettle your sense of value and cool. The best track on Vol 2, Congolese-born Matondo Jackson Parker's "Gasin Mosquito" — a quaint piece of gnostically advice for the inhabitants of "this world" — is a mirror of the one on Vol 1: Shoo Ray Taylor responds, but now he's no longer. Buddy Mac's "The Birkmeyer Song" is memorable, but all sick jokes, it's strictly a one off. We miss the haunting earnestness of Daniel Johnston and the righteous, bouncing energy of Wesley Willis with his anti-capitalist anthem "Rock 'N' Roll McDonalds". Vol 1 also included a Swedish EDS impersonator named Edd Plann whose stylized version of "Johnhouse Rock" was a truly fantastic clash of Scandinavian scansion and vowel pincettes and rock 'n' roll. Hing, Bengo Georgios's "You're Out Of The Computer" promises a similar level of off-Indie headbonging, but he's too self-conscious a performer to make it. The final effect of viewing Vol 2's bedlam of wannabe stars is depression and guilt, like ribs of passage beyond armed drums, laughing at another Country & Western suddenly seems adolescent and pathetic.

When Jean Dubuffet invented art (a term trademarked by Roger Cardinal as "outsider art"), his fascination for the power and truth of the art of schizophrenics was potent, a criticism of the emotional rigidity of the art world. Chaudr's artists don't earn that respect: there is nothing

here that awakes the soul like Velour or Apollinaire or Brekt. There is none of the magisterial innovation which forces Zappa fans to learn music while they're sleeping. Instead, we hear the familiar sound of a concept scraping the barrel. Vol 1 succeeded because it consisted of gems accumulated over decades of collector bagging and tape swapping (although Captain Beefheart's egregious inclusion seems to have been part of the same unfortunate muddle which allowed the release of Grof Row). Vol 2 reveals that Chaudr's "outsider" was too patriotically convoluted, too lacking in a real outside in terms of either feeling or technique, to supply a lasting retort to our conformist pop industry. (RM)

The German Gammam label struck gold last year with its anthology of obscure early 80s tracks from New York's downtown set on *Anti NY*. They've stayed closer to home with *Justus Disaster* (Gammam GDMMA032 CD), a collection of even more obscure "German new wave funk, trashfunk and hobbyfunk" from 1977-83 — "Massimo Stars Over the Rhinefeld" if you will. Inevitably, the records collected here are less "funny" than the tracks by Gary, Vivienne Goldman or Karmelzee on *Anti NY*, but no less sparse, weird or revelatory. Scilla's "Woman In Red" is sort of like Tim Lamer with Shrekback in Jo-Jo Benson's basement; Edmund's "Faint Red Tent" is a dead nigger for Acappella's Udo Kischneider playing late Dury to ESO's Blackhearts; BBB's "Tag" has a guitar sound like The Pat Group's "She Is Beyond Good And Evil"; the Tarantula's "Musikmusikmusik" had modern guitars at least a full decade before anyone else; and Kink's "Blauer Luminaria" is trivial House as covered by The Lounge Lizards. The best thing here, though, may be Ampella's Delight's "Lover's Walkman" — surreal, secondhand disaff air pitched somewhere between Blondie and The Smits. Everyone who has been better off if no one had unearthed Schwann's electro-ska and it wants to lag about halfway through too much Vince Clark and Gingo Bongo, not enough D'O'Neil, but Justus Disaster will put some kink into your worst if your knowledge of German post-punk begins with Neiz and ends with Palais Schaumburg or X-Mal Deutschland. (PSh)

Ahno, black beads, raised fists, "All power to the people" slogans — yes, it's another Black Power song/funk collection. *Black & Proud Vols 1 & 2* (Rhino USG02/US08) do pretty much what the other collections of "political" soul from the early 70s do: privilege obscenity over subtlety and nuance (as if Camille Brown's "All Hell" or any Last Poets track are more effective political songs than Aretha Franklin's "Respect"), thus reducing protest and rage to nothing but style. The real problem with these sets of collections, though, is one of timing. When soul became politicized in

the very late 60s, it coincided with a shift in vocal styles, an armistice of traditional gospelness, meaning there is some wretched singing here (Slegments Of Time, Geto Kity, Gody Tate, etc.). As always, though, the compiles do manage to unearth some obscurely worthy of a passing glance. Getto Realist's either charming "James Brown" (an ode to the Godfather by a school choir — one for the Langley Schools Project set), Denango's mean and moody "Let My People Go" and The Sounds Of Black's "Sounds Of Black". (PSh)

After the peripatetic electronic wilderness of volume one, *Barry's Connectors 2* (Lo Recordings L031 CD) finds the Ad N B's (a) frontman concentrating on the popperously collectible film and TV soundtrack music released by the Italian Can label. Fittingly, instead it's more precious than the first track, Giuseppe De Luca's (ie, not the Bel Canto singer) "Kino A Los Angeles" — essentially, a sp-off of "Irene Gaddie De Vito" with bongos and timbales. This is worth the price of admission alone, but there's also lounge-surf floating in hyperspace and so-4 sample fodder from Giampiero Bonacci, a pre-post-techno chase theme from the very great Piero Piccioni, like bar erotica backed with a fuzz bass lifted from The Doors' "Hello, I Love You" from Stefano Irosoli and a wild pitch-funk vamp from Ennio Morricone. More fun than a barrel of Anabars (PSh)

Supporting a recent exhibition of Australian pop art at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Dumbo published *Groin* (Dumbo Limited Editions NO NUMBER CD) with four of the featured artists from the ten-hour "tasteful room" situation: Philip Samartzis, Pimmon, Dornn Verhegen and David Bown. Samartzis, who was the curator of the event, demonstrates his acoustic syntax of environmental, plundered and digitized sound into a toxic distillation of daily perceptions not unlike the best work from The Heffer Trio. Perhaps the most widely heard of the four is Pimmon, who has claimed his typically agitated chunks of synthetic noise into a lullaby of sleepy rumblings. Verhegen also slips into a more sedate persona, shifting from his fantasy-based, imaginary film scenes as Shirijuku Tied to a post-techno game with slowly evolving electro pulses standing in for tribalist music. The finale from David Bown is a jarring return to the sound collage technique where Samartzis began the album. A haunting chord number for feedback tones and theremin vibrato abruptly comes to a halt as his crescendo with an exceptionally well-blended of discordant orchestral samples and onerous rattlings. (JH)

A New Korpak release offers comfort for

creatures of habit: uniform design, familiar names, those frantically daisy-gauging another variation on the old theme of prying beats and dub wash. But *Real 4* (Korpak PRMD0 CD) confirms recent suspicions that the label has gone unthinkably pop. And why should they be embarrassed? The comp's highlights — Superstition's cover of Eino's "Baby On Fire", Jorg Burger's (as Autobach) "All Around (Everybody's Kissing)" and Justus Khröck's "The World Is Crazy 2", a reprise of his recent hit "2 After 905" — put inestimable appagations with despairous vocals, riding the tide of the current retro rage but swading this so wu's wistly undertone. (PSh)

On the evidence of *Wannabe4* CD (Wann WARE4 CD), Korpak's local court Wore is less enchanted with 80s synthpop, running from Perle-style, hypersyncopated Techno and esse, besides belatedly to boss-heavy minimalist grooves shrouded in a dark cloud of melody A Velvet Underground sample betrays the label's debt to an earlier generation's outlaw cool, and Matthias Scheibauer's "Das ist Pop" isn't far off course. (PSh)

Based in St Petersburg, Andrew Nuhomarov's Cheburak label follows the first, limited edition *Out Is City* compilation with *Out Is City Two* (Cheburak CH012 CD), a miscellany collection of new electronic from Russia, England and the USA. Psychotic pop hovers PGP get soulfully bent on "Last Song", while 2M Company freestyle with some scintillating Cybotron rhythms, and Klunk... also longtime Cheburak associate Denis Popov, throws out sparkling lightweight beats on "Secret". Other regulars include light labiate Lester giving Eino's "West" a slippery nudge before creating shiny new shapes on his own track "Korn". With talk of further collaborations involving other musicians and labels, festival events and more electronic releases, Nuhomarov is undeniably a man with a five year plan. Check him out at www.cheburak.com. (KH)

It occasionally errs on the jazzy side, but *Detroit Beatdown Volume One* (Third Ear 3E001 2000) is mostly mood, deep (but not snappy), downbeat (hence the title) post-whatsoever dance music. Theo Parrish's "Falling Up" is staggering, mammalian contemporary come-down disco: an off-kilter zing boss with distortion like a snitch from Arthur Russell's World Of Echo gradually gives way to a downy but enquiring keyboard riff. More explicit disco cut come from Rick White, Norm Talar, Dwight Jensen and Mike Clark, but the tempo rarely rises above a shuffle. Parrish adds, there's nothing particularly original here, but it proves the Renaissance City just might bounce back yet. (PSh) □ Rewinded by Ann Hayes, Ken Hollings, Peter Shapiro, Phil Spector and Ben Weiss

Merki's quartet, are on sax. Mostly they produce groove driven time, no changes" jazz. The rock grove on "Inisiquity" dates the session to the '70s jazz-fusion era — and very enjoyable too — while "Postlude" and the superb "Lullaby" set some very different textures, the latter in very free time.

SALVATORE SCIARRINO L'OPERA PER FLAUTO VOLUMES 1 & 2

STRAODWAIR 8733333-005886 CD

BY PHILIP CLARK

Composers who can fill two CDs with solo flute music and leave you happily wanting more are few and far between. But since this music is a product of Salvatore Sciarino's fantastical imagination, the fact that it happens to be for solo flute doesn't seem so significant. Sciarino, who was born in 1947, comes from the generation of Italian composers who followed in the wake of Luigi Nono. Nono's late works defined a heightened and more unified relationship between acoustic composition and electronic treatment, and Sciarino's production has been to read his acoustic works with a level of unsharable timbral detail and an open-ended attitude to structure that certainly draws on the experience of electronics, but is ultimately something entirely unique.

The two discs document 12 pieces written between 1977 and 2000. Each of them utilizes what music dictionaries would not dub as "extended techniques," but suggesting Sciarino uses these techniques as an "effect" would be missing the point. His myriad of breathless one-blow techniques, strange harmonics and key-note timbres are not merely an extension of the norm — they are the pieces. The flute becomes an annex of Sciarino's own mind and is transformed as fundamentally as East Flanders improvisations have redefined the saxophone. Sciarino has written about his obsession with "new perceptions of time" and he manages to slip on for outside of our usual idea of instrumental reality that our perception of time passing shifts too. In these new recordings Sciarino works with flautist Maria Cicala to produce an ideal balance not only composition and performance, but also between composition and acoustic. The discs were recently recorded in an echoing church, with a forest of microphones being used to pick up the most incidental detail of both flute and acoustic.

The two earliest pieces, *Alfame in Una Lontananza* (1977) and *Hermes* (1984), are most obviously indebted to Nono, but Sciarino's own preoccupations clearly rise to the surface. The opening of *Alfame* — a breathy, tender sliding sound from high in the flute's register — is a quintessential Sciarino gesture. It seems to flow naturally from Cicala's timbre, and already Sciarino's idea of blurring the edges of "lyric" and "musical" time can be heard. The piece takes on an almost Feldman-like quality until a violent, spiky descending swoop challenges its progress and the music moves into more schizophrenic territory.

Coming one year after *Hermes*, *Come Venigno Prodotto Gli Incantamenti* is built on the sound of the keys ricocheting against the metal of the flute. Sciarino builds fascinating counterpoint between different strands, and the music generously converses with itself. Again there's a

poetical interruption when a more conventional gesture is shoehorned as top, but in the later works poetic gets away to a subtler and more organic form of musical discourse. The comprising less of *Venire Che Le Grazie La Pianiscono* from 1989 chatter and sing to one another like a chorus from Italian opera. One line has a whistling quality while a nasal counter-melody is heard in the context of slurred key notes and vocalizations. *L'Iniziazione Luminosa Di Alfame* from later in the same year conveys more breath and vocalizing than flute, and the extent to which Sciarino has knicked the full potential of the flute and the flautist into expressing his own carefully forged soundworld comes into clear focus.

The works on the second disc take the story to Letters *Deigh Antipodi Portata Da Venito*, written in 2000, via the dry wit of *Maria Lirica* and the incredible beauty of *Immagine Ferme*. Sciarino's contrasting dialogue with the flute has produced some of the most refined, joyful and coolly beautiful sounds in new music. That must therefore make Maria Cicala the most refined and beautiful flautist of his generation — after all, this is where the flute has reached dire 2002.

SIGUR RÓS

FATCAT FATCATS CD

BY DAVID KEENAN

Arriving announced, Icelandic quartet Sigur Rós's third album is instead represented by the graphic (). The latter's bracketed nothingness possibly implies a portal or an exit, which would make the entire record into a jumping off point for elsewhere. But gaze into it long enough, and beyond the initial snow blindness that Sigur Rós records always bring on, and it begins to assume the power of a scrying mirror in the mode of the obsidian oval owned by the Edotheater megalomaniac John Doe. Like Doe's glass, you can lose yourself in it for days soaking in the suggestive play of its images.

Like Cat, Sigur Rós have always made a ceremonial music. Cat first used the idea of a transverse oval on the b-side of their *How To Destroy Angels* 12" and their *Time Machines* album. Coincidentally, they have just played alongside the Icelandic quartet at London's Royal Festival Hall. But whereas Cat were most concerned with rituals that hyper-sensitized, re-colored and made a sacrament of the entire body, Sigur Rós were all about leaving the body behind, casting rather than entering the third eye, drifting on an ethereal umbilical to the heavenly roof of strings dancing beneath a bow, slow drones and contralto vocals. Still, () feels much more immediately physical than their last few entries (exits?) and for the first time there's a locatable live band at the center of each track. There are no titles, as if () is to be seen more as a series of gestured movements rather than distinct songs, but the first track sounds most like a dead postscript, the aftermath of a vision that's left everything seeming tawdry and dead in comparison. Vocalist Jónas Thor Björgsson repeatedly sings "you saw the light", it appears, festering the same piano part that holds the track together and letting his breath hang in smoke in front of him before inverting the phrase and breathing it slowly back in.

Other tracks take the blueprint of Tim Buckley's

Starsailor further out with galestorm Kurtan Swenson taking on the shadowy role of Lee Underwood, loosing bubbling little notes that float weightlessly away and there are sections that sound so disorienting and psychedelic that they could almost be Japanese. The later tracks provide some of the biggest revelations, the closer in particular with its soaring drums, martial patterns and blurred vocals sounding like a final reclamation of Led Zeppelin's curtain. Wallflower, throughout a background drone repeatedly surfaces, like it's the inspired chatter of children speaking in tongues. It erupts again halfway through track four, as the group work through a processional that sounds like Jay Gatsby augmented by banks of Canterbury-styled keyboards. As the whole group comes to a slow-motion stop, vocalist Björgsson is left suspended in mid-air, before finally crashing to earth with a wordless gasp. Maybe () was just an empty set of brackets after all.

WADADA LEO SMITH'S GOLDEN QUARTET THE YEAR OF THE ELEPHANT

PIRATA CD

BY KILL SHOEMAKER

It is not surprising that the zebra of Miles Davis imbues a substantial portion of *The Year Of The Elephant*, the second album from Wadada Leo Smith's Golden Quartet. The bummer played the leading role in the *Not Miles* project, and drummer-keyboardist Jack Coltonette was the rhythmic lodestar of several enduring Davis recordings. The Miles tip even extends to pianist Anthony Davis's occasional use of an electric instrument to buttress Deltonette's avant-funk grooves and Smith's bell-tuned proclamations and spluttered, yet agile runs. The quartet stops well short, however, of running the voodoo into the ground. *The Year Of The Elephant* has plenty of music that connects Golden Quartet to the trajectory established by Smith's underthe-radar editions of *New Gates Ajar* with Davis.

With the more overt Miles-like material used as book ends, the album has a polarized start and finish. On both "W-Machine" and the three-part "Miles Star" there is a disciplined approach to moving between floating rubato passages and a Bitches Brewish groove. It is particularly effective on "W-Machine" which commences with a misdirecting, freely improvised exchange featuring the pianist's trademark trills and ominously hovering chords. Coltonette's spattered fragments and bassist Malachi Favors Majors's arc meanders. The statement of the gear-like bass pattern and the entrance of Smith's claxon theme and Davis's electric piano (as well as his some Hancock-brewed, though he uses a less favored octaved and is far less reliant on tremolo and pulse-shifting) quickly bring the music to a primer.

The bulk of the album, however, is largely composed of contemplative material like the jazz noir ballad, "Phr", a soundtrack for pondering fog and angst, and "Klangenspace's Hollow". For the most part, the latter is a serene punctuated acoustic duet between Smith and Davis that is reminiscent of their work on the classic *New Gates Ajar* album. Reflectivity, its deep mood enhanced by an interlude featuring electric piano rumbles and pale string washes. Additionally, there are bridge-like tracks like the buoyant blues-based title piece that simultaneously give the program

New Albion



Lou Harrison NATT
Complete Harpsichord Works
In Historic and Experimental
Tunings
Livide Surman-Hall, keyboards



Cornelius Cardew NATT
We Sing For The Future!
Fredrick Roswell, piano



Stephen Vitiello NATT
Bright and Dusty Things
With Pauline Oliveros & David Tronzo



Stefano Scodanibbio NATT
Six Dues
With members of Arditi Quartet

New Albion Records
684 Castro Street, #100
San Francisco, CA 94114 USA
t 415.221.5757 f 415.221.4781
info@new-albion.com
www.newalbion.com

NEW ALBION

The Boomerang

New reissues: rated on the rebound

Hitting in BGM: Sonny Sharrock

While Sonny and Linda Sharrock are often celebrated for the extreme guitar (reminiscent vocal headbust, Monkey-Pocke-Bo released on the BGM label in 1970, Sharrock was no stranger to roots music. He sang in the duo-group The Echoes in the mid-50s, played for Herbie Mann between 1967 and 1974, and led a group playing synth-driven avant rock in the mid-80s. So it's no real surprise that the Sharrocks recorded a pop album for Atlantic in 1975, *Paradise* (Rhino/Atlantic WATER1104 CD). What is surprising is that it opens with a number, "Apollo," which sounds like it could have been written for The Monkees. Linda accounts herself well as wordless soundtrack pop-rock vocalist, though she quickly outpaces a stronger throat-croak in order to remind the listener who she is. Then the producer—who just happened to be their Minotaur, the prolific and esteemed electronic composer—drops in a section of electro-clavnet bubble gum with Mahavishnu-style progressions, which Sonny embellishes with a multi-hued nod of slide guitar. When Linda returns with her dreamy vocal, it's as if you've been viewing *Head*, The Monkees' psychedelic film. Since that is probably the highest point so far reached by pop culture, you have to applaud.

"End Of The Rainbow" and "Pococho" are Herndon's amazing muting into everything that will happen in Hong Kong pop over the next two decades: Orient 'n' Western, all oppositions melted in sweet nostalgia. On "Moss Dots" and "Blue Green Children," Kenny Armstrong's bling provides the funny funk George Duke played in the mid-70s. Dave Aris (bass guitar), Jorge Wilkins (drums), and Sonny Bonilla (saxophone) are a warm and integrated jazz-funk outfit, providing that total love-ponic sound which all today's DJs and mimes crave but cannot achieve using their software tools; this kind of melodic generosity and detail could only come from real-time playing. Meanwhile, Linda's regressive vocalese starts sounding like the Needy Sea-Goon, a fantastic spritzer for the synthesized songs. The pop arrangement makes Sonny's extended solo sound particularly organized and disciplined, pinging upper notes carefully reserved for the climax. (BW)

When they were first mixed in 1993 on Nakhin Ukwai's Moh'n 'n' Dad Productions label, the first five volumes (of an supposed 15 CD set) from *Magical Power Nite's* Harmonium 1972-1975 (MO MIN001 SACD) project proved to be an instant sell-out, despite the fact that, outside of a few hardcore Japa-neze psychedelic rock collectors, little was known about the main or his music. After working with composer Taro Takekuma (an early supporter of his music) Make went on to record three magical albums for Polydor, the first of which, *Magical Power*, featured the early guitar playing of Kiyu Hane. During these album

sessions Make managed to store up a vast collection of recorded material, the bulk of which he distributed throughout Harmonium (aka Harmonium). In many ways Make's monumental project can be compared to Bob Dylan's Basement Tapes: by laying down these recordings in his private studio during the early 70s, the spawl of technological musical ideas he produced could be utilized in his later work. It is the first disc of this initial set, though, that continues to be the most interesting, a thrilling matter of traditional Japanese music, psychedelia and imaginary soundtracks which builds into a towering tidal wave of experimental instrumentation, through which Kiyu Hane's guitar can be intermittently heard pushing through the raging rhythmic chaos. Although the remaining four volumes of this set have their own magical moments, nothing is really as distinctive. Indeed, label Mo is to be congratulated for making this curio available once again, although the unimaginative packaging and lack of information in the accompanying booklet (where they have simply reproduced the Japanese notes that were issued with the original *Moh'n 'n' Dad* set) lets it down badly. Whether Mo will keep its promise and release the remaining ten volumes of Harmonium, however, is anybody's guess. (EP)

More immediately accessible is the CD release of *Power Plant* (Sunspice SPDT513 CD) by Iswan and rocksies *The Golden Dawn* which was first released on International Artists, recording home of The 13th Floor Elevators and Mayo Thompson's Red Krayola. Taking their name from Alexander Crowley's chosen magical sect, The Golden Dawn specialized in playing hallucinogenically fueled music for the mind and body that sometimes veered off into freeform boogie meltdown. *Power Plant* has not withered over the years as the opening track, "Evolution," clearly testifies: It's a full-on acid-stoked headcrusher, enriched with pop sensibility and enough guitar doo to leave your head ringing. Apparently *The Golden Dawn* have recently reformed and their comeback performance has been hailed by those who were there as a stunning success. On the strength of hearing *Power Plant* again, here's hoping they recorded their reunion. (EP)

Even Parker's *On Of One* (PS4 CD.03 CD), issued initially as an Intox 12 sounds special, even within the context of his other remarkable solo saxophone releases. It was recorded in a London church in June 1980 and it's becoming clear that the vastly recognizable Parker saxophone negotiates ecclesiastical resonance guided by organ pump and choral harmonies. Ostensibly comprising six pieces by a solitary improviser, in practice multiphonics, overbite controls and mild echo create a series of phantom partners, menages of ensemble interaction and counterpart. The solos flow in swelling ribbons of sound that miraculously never get entangled, and Adam Szwajgier's engineering does just justice to

Parker's meticulous execution. The reissue offers an additional seven minute piece from the same session, which only only limits the can have said on inclusion on the original. (JC)

"We're the Human League and we're much cleverer than you," declares Phil Oakley at the start of "Dance Like A Star", a 1977 demo recorded just on the cusp of greatness. Taking their name from the so-far-beat game *Star Force* and dismissed by Johnny Rotten as "trendy hippies", *Human League* went on to produce the last record Lester Bangs was ever destined to hear. Released in 1981 (after several scintillating splits, shifts and false starts), *Dave* (Vigil FROMO CD) was found revelling on the turntable in Bangs's apartment after his death, the needle still stuck in the run-off groove. Remastered by Simon Heyworth in time for the 21st anniversary of its original release, and accompanied by its much-louder instrumental *sexm* album, *Love And Dancing*, the soundtrack to the radical cultural shift from OFF dissonance to knowing pop product retains all of its initial promises and imperfections. Oakley's voice still sounds as dead as power dressing, but the cinematic sweep of the songs, the gleaming technological thrust of the sound, together with the moderating presence of Susan Ann Sulley and Joanne Calderbank, continue to exert the same pull they did back in 1981. Hard to believe that the year before, Oakley and Heyworth had been drinking about recording cover versions of the Dy who they were former League members Morty Wurm and Ian Craig Marsh were turning heads as Heaven 17, trace the line back over further, beyond their first two Virgin albums, the disappointing *Reproduction* and the critically unimpressed *Autobahn*, and the Human League are exposed in all their awkward smart-aleg glory. Company, contradictory and at times endearingly inept, the picture presented on *The Golden Hour Of The Future* (Black Meets MELO CD) reveals a slow metamorphosis from their earlier incarnation as the Future, exemplified in the pulp science fantasy of "The Last Man On Earth" and such potpourris as "Dax" and "New Pic Playd", into the potential world savages of disco. But then everyone looks better in retrospect. (RH)

Linda Neneke's *Orchestra* (Neneke NAH MD872151 CD) is as seamless a blend of ancient ritual and contemporary technique as the composer ever achieved. Originally two hours' worth of medieval music written for a 1996 production in Michigan of the ancient Greek tragedy, Neneke drafted and sculpted the highlights into a 50 minute concert suite of extraordinary intensity and power. At its heart a choral quartet between stylized antiquity and baroque invention, while a characteristically obsequious ensemble dominated by shimmering woodwind and walls of percussion pursue untidily for this 1987 recording made at the Staatsburg Music Festival, Neneke added a new

score, "Kassandra," scored for baritone Spiros Sakalos and percussionist Styliou Gaidis. Sakalos laid screams and half sings in an expressive fabretto as Gaidis's drums add demented undercurrents to the relentless flow. The raw microtonal piccolo and oboe writing Neneke employs would leave the generation of complexity composers that followed with plenty to chew on, and it's the fabric energy of the woodwind that dominates the ecstatic confusion as the chorus intones its invented folk music. (PC)

In his *St Bach Passion* (Montaigne NAH MD872157 CD) *Mauricio Kagel* also offers a dialogue between the past and present, casting Bach himself as the narrator in his own life story. Kagel says that the piece would be incredible "without the constant question of how many traditions he buried under tradition", and he borrows the same theatrical form of the Baroque Passion to construct a sincere parody that tells Bach's story through modern eyes. Kagel collated his text from both modern and ancient sources, and his score dissolves anematically from seemingly authentic chorales and choruses into moments where cultural references snuggle and a multitude of styles comment on each other. It's impossible to take in the experience as pure listening, and considerable background knowledge is required to decode Kagel's music and text. It also helps if you speak German, but luckily the accompanying translation and explanations provide a way into this inimitable music crossover puzzle. (PC)

Carlew's *Amn America* (Canamers RUM167 CD) has been largely unavailable since its original German Moles Music label release in 1998. Saxophonist George Cartwright's group's second album shows the group on form and having huge fun. Their exuberant Rock In Opposition complexity meets jazz heads' blend is characteristic of the New York downtown scene of the time. The group—including Fred Fitts (looking rather rugged and disheveled in the group photo) on bass and second guitar, the late cellist Tom Cora, guitarist Mark Hewell and drummer Rick Brown—fairly rocks. Although Cartwright's tunes Fitts and Cora contribute several numbers and there are cameo appearances from Buster Morris on clarinet and Phil Brodfield on flute. The CD is extended by nearly 30 minutes of previously unreleased live material recorded a year earlier. An entirely different line up—Cartwright and Cora with guitarist Nedy Skopelitis and the Sere Rhythm section of Otto Williams and Antoin Fren—give confident and aggressively rocky renditions of some of the same tunes which frequently surpass their studio rivals. Fans of Fred Fitts's *Gravity* or Massimo's *Killing Time* will welcome the unearthing of this treasure. (PC) *Reviewed by* Philip Clark, Adam Clarke, Phil England, Ben Hoellings, Edwin Pouncey and Ben Watson



diversity and cohesiveness. The Year Of The Elephant is one of the season's more alluring and satisfying albums.

THE SOFT BOYS NEXTDOORLAND

NATACOR CLE 569 CD

BY MIA L. CLARKE

When Syd Barrett gave up music, another Cambridge musician emerged to take his place: Robin Hitchcock started out as a solo performer and bandle before becoming a member of BB (Blackberry And The Sweethearts, The West Foes and Dennis And The Experts who, in 1976, changed their name to The Soft Boys. Following repeated hardships with their label and failure to start commercial attention with their debut, *Cave Of Bees*, the group broke up in early 1981. The members went on to enjoy somewhat erratic careers: Hitchcock formed The Egyptians alongside bassist Andy Metcalfe and former drummer Morris Windsor, while guitarist Kimberly Row, again, masterminded Kansas And The Waves.

Hitchcock claims tenderly and, perhaps, over-moderately that The Soft Boys sound was "my style" in 1980, but fitting for the 2002 "classic rock" template. In the contrary, the somewhat dated style and sound of their new fifth album, *Nextdoorland*, gives it a charm wholly unaffiliated with any current scene or trend. The solid combination of Hitchcock and Row's lead guitars, played with agitated tenacity that echo the early material of The Go-Betweens and Subway Sect, are wished in neverly yet maintain the ecstatic clarity so reminiscent of the post-punk era. The clipped beat of the snare drum and demonstrative delivery of the melodious chorus of "Mr Kennedy," a mytho-poetic, Springsteen-influenced road trip epic, again tower the sharp production style of the early 80s.

The assertive prominence of Hitchcock's distinctive vocals are proof that absence has not displaced any original energy — even though the group, as Hitchcock himself points out, "are now all grown up and caddy".

SONIC YOUTH + ICP + THE EX IN THE FISHTANK

KONKURRENT IN THE FISHTANK + CD

LEE RANALDO

OUTSIDE MY WINDOW THE CITY IS NEVER SILENT: A BESTIARY

CHOCOLATE MONKHELLS HALF HALO

CHOCOLATE MONKHELLS LP

BY DAVID KIRKMAN

Recorded in June 2001 at a studio session in between dates on the Goodbye 20th Century tour at the Holland Festival, *In The Fishtank* documents an afternoon of pocket-sized jams between Sonic Youth, drummer Ron Bennink, trombonist Walter Winters and saxophonist Al Rosen of the Instant Composers Pool and both bassist Luc and guitarist Tere of Dutch marching collective The Go. The Ex and ICP go back a long way, but for Sonic Youth (then Thurston Kulan) but augmented by percussionist William Weinert) the rapid turn-over of ideas and the skittering postcard-pushing that's very much a feature of both Dutch groups' approach to improvisation provides a real challenge. Ranaldo and Moore's improvisatory vocabulary in particular relies more on weaving blurred and fuzzy textures into abstract forms rather than

shooting actual notes into space. With the Dutch jazz contingent very much taking the lead and informing the mood, a lot of the guitar parts feel merely present as opposed to actually adding anything to the conversation. Still, across the eight miniature bouts there are moments of great clarity, further heightened by a beautifully detailed recording, as on the opening guitar/drums duet where there's nothing for the six strings to relate to but the sub-division of space assigned by the crash of sticks on skins.

Ranaldo's *Outside My Window The City Is Never Silent* was originally assembled specifically for a Belgian radio broadcast in 2000. It does, indeed, feel very much like a radio play, with disembodied voices overhead in scatches between looping electronics and ambient washes of guitar. This music draws on selected pieces from Ranaldo's solo back catalogue, from "Walker Groves" that first appeared on the Noisefest cassette in 1981 to material from 1998's *Amantio Ramp*. As well as his own voice, Ranaldo uses recordings of, amongst others, Thurston Moore, Kim Gordon and Courtney Love as well as the writers Charles Bukowski and Raymond Carver. Indeed, the whole atmosphere feels closest to one of Carver's short stories where characters sit around what they really have to say and poignant non-sequiturs hang heavy in the air. The *Ex* is built around the cyclical use of Ranaldo's sample phrase, "It's 2:30 am, there's not much light at all", as the score fits from one late night conversation to the next, each suffused with a concrete assemblage of tones, lending the whole piece the core edge of one of Robert Ashley's language experiments. As Ranaldo himself describes it, "You are listening to a conversation that took place in Heaven, some time ago." The second side is more musically interesting with the roar of electricity approximating Ranaldo's teenage hallucinations, while crossing the Brooklyn Bridge with his father, of the sound of cars morphing into a huge symphony of guitars.

KAREN STACKPOLE METALWORK

LIMITED EDITION LB024 CD

BY TOM DILL

Stackpole plays drums in Cactus Motel and percussion for Vorticella (with tube singer Brenda Hutchinson) and other projects; she's also a recording engineer and teaches recording and writes for music magazines. But, for her, "gongs and resonance are the calling." A Bay Area denizen, she's journeyed as far as the Pistoia factory in Switzerland to personally select her most prized metalophones, a pair of four foot whoppers that can reverberate for many minutes. By releasing an entire CD devoted to nothing but gong play, Stackpole asks that we journey with her to the hammered brass altar. *Metalwork* just might make you wish the *Ex* had an ever-present stretching oboe to Stackpole's Miniphoenix this is not, but, rather is a mind-venturing meditation for massage rooms. But only just.

Metalwork is all of a piece. Everything moves at a stately ceremonial pace, each giant stroke measured by the metal's ahemphonic reverberations. A love of secrets is slowly, softly revealed. That said, this is a disc of overwhelmingly bright, but underwhelming range. Stackpole's metal fetish curiously binds her: the time structures of all the pieces keep banging into the

long, low ceilings of the gongs' natural decay times. A saving grace is the crystal clarity of the recording: engineer Miles Bowser captures every nuance, each fleeting chimera that can be scooped out of these rare instruments.

SUICIDE AMERICAN SUPREME

BLAST FURNACE/BFFP/16 CD

BY MARCELLO CARLIN

The cover of Suicide's *American Supreme* — their first album in ten years, only their fifth in total, and possibly their best — with its American flag bleached white, like a signifier which has been left unchecked and unquestioned for too long, symbolises this astonishing 55 minute journey into the psyches which drove and inhabited America on 9/11. This is the first time Suicide have produced themselves, and immediately one notices the renewed clarity and close-up intensity of the music on *American Supreme*.

The tracks alternate between desecrated HipHop, an evocation in which Vega and keyboardist Martin Rev are very comfortable, and brutal techno workouts, indirectly subverted by Rev's inwoven mix of aural gleams and unresolved chords floating in the midbackground. On the opening, six minute solo, "Believed Desecrated", a familiar HipHop organ loop, aided by some synthesized scratching, momentarily baffles us before Vega's roared (here he sounds not only more authoritative but also more human), but unmistakable ad-lib voices enter, howling "They don't know", setting the tone for this remarkable meditation on uncertainty. The 9/11 memorial becomes more palpable on "Mystery Train", where against a pulsating Detroit techno keyboard refrain, Vega muses, "Grey rain, sulphur sky/I buried my brother forever today". Behind this cyber-Eve Kiddish, Rev progressively destabilises the track into physical shenanigans. On "Sweetest To The Flag" the vocals are significantly agitated, with the techno groove instead well back — the ghosts of Studio 54 still dancing, but unacknowledged. "And the sky burns" has been done. The ultimate tragedy? Rev produces musical scorching sounds as though he were tearing out his own innards. "Baggie" For Mashed, with its chorus of "Islam has arrived/It's the largest overseas in our time", and "American Moon" are the closest the record gets to political apocryphs; the latter is a satirical commentary on America's imagined superiority over all others.

"Wrong Decisions" is deliciously dread-filled HipHop which is fit to stand beside U2's "Rattle and Hum", the home break uttering out a singer while a bemused Vega intones, "Mom's not breathing." "Death Machine", with its wailed chant of "Count! Count! Body count!", is brutalist urban electro, while "Power Up Go-Go" usually drains the Stars and Stripes of colour ("Nice patriotic sky/Where's sunny? They there?"). "Ochadua, Ochadua, Ochadua" could be an electro-dance stopper except that it's aimed immediately subverted under Ron's explorations. In the moving "Child, It's A New World" Vega tries to envisage the future and resolves to "go on." A graceful, understated synth melody bards her tremulous course. But to fully evoke the chaos of 9/11 and its aftermath, one has to hear the astonishing finale, "I Don't Know". Over a remorseless techno thrash, Vega unleashes a dreary lament: "I don't know what day/say where's the girl I love/is she dead?/Is she

Cold Blue

"Each release from Cold Blue is a letter from an alien civilization... Cold Blue — how aptly named this label is — is the soundtrack to today's first of postmodern detachment, dread and desire... [a]nother magazine 'Cold Blue does... music of stunning and poignant strangeness... — *Art Record Review*

"Cold Blue offers a groove and a point of view... — *21st Century Music magazine*

www.coldbluemusic.com



442 Music

www.phobos.com



Courage with Robert Creely
The Way Out is Via the Door
Steve Swallow, John Mello, Chris Hasty
442-1011



Sticks and Stones
Sticks and Stones
Mature Roberts, John Roberts, Chad Taylor
442-1012



Butcher / Misaki / Robair
Butcher / Misaki / Robair
John Butcher, Mya Misaki, Eric Robair
442-1013



The Trehouse Project
The Trehouse Project
John Butcher, John Butcher, Matt Thompson
442-1008



The Space Between
The Space Between with Ron Phillips
John Butcher, John Butcher, Matt Thompson
442-1007

alive?/Should I get the gun?/Should I kill? His confusion steadily ascends to a palpably frantic climax as Riva's bialist treble and bass synth lines soundtrack the collapse of buildings, lives and reason. You can almost breathe the dust. It is the only possible conclusion to this brave, bleak yet compassionate record.

THEORETICAL GIRLS THEORETICAL GIRLS 1978-1981 ACUTE ACT001 CD

BY MARTIN LONGLEY

Given Bianca is the best known member of this New York No Wave quartet. On this compilation, put together from archive tapes supplied by classically trained singer, guitarist and keyboardist Jeffrey Lahn, you might not be surprised to learn Lahn's record here as Theoretical Girls' creative force, with the credits listing him as sole writer, composer and arranger. Bianca and Lahn aside, the line-up was completed by drummer Wharton Tiers and keyboardist Margaret Dewis. Due to record company indifference and internal squabbles, these tracks have lain dormant for 20 years. The 14 tracks are helped out by five alternate versions. The sound quality is fairly ragged, but it's tiny crackle is good for capturing the group's intensity.

This historically fascinating collection opens with the group's self-titled anthem, a sustained build-up of pre-jazz vocal tension that somehow manages to evoke both The Ramones and Philip Glass. The great talent of Theoretical Girls is their ability to maintain a whiplash pace, with further momentum supplied by their chanting, shouted vocals and systems-plus organ jingles. Obviously, there's Jerry Riley and John Cale in here, while a sideways glance will catch DNA and The Contortions, particularly on the internet-stated bits of blizzard noise during "Canterbury Moten". Lahn's bullish, one-note organ dominates "Love in the Red", coupled with Bianca's bawling guitar. "US Mine" is the odd one out, hopping with a cross-military fanfare, ringing with farangid percussion vocals. This was the group's only single, first released in 1978.

It's amusing to hear such aggressively advanced music tagged by minimalist, guttural shouts — at their most basic when Lahn barks "no more sex" over and over on "No More Sex", or with the overwrought screaming of "Directa Bonita". "Polytonal" sounds like it's constantly on the verge of breaking up, the players gradually becoming enlarged as they head nowhere. The studio take of the title tune is much smoother, and the second version of "Love in the Red" has a sweetly chopping edge, supporting its riff on a high wire. The album certainly has its moments, but it's as a historical curiosity that it will attract the most interest, particularly since Sonic Youth was only a busted A string away.

CAREI THOMAS FEEL FREE ENSEMBLE MINING OUR BUDNESS ROKARTOYR ROAR 04 CD

BY DAN VARDURTON

Pianist Carei Thomas grew up in Pittsburgh before moving to Chicago in the 1950s, where he sat in, as a vocalist, with the San Ra Artists in the early 1960s. After a brief association with the AACM (he was a founder member of Kalpana's Maurice McIntyre's The Light in 1969), he settled in Minneapolis in 1972 to

study music and music therapy at the University of Minnesota, and enjoyed "total artistic freedom" as an educator in the Twin Cities until 1993, when he was diagnosed as suffering from Guillain-Barre Syndrome, a rare inflammatory disorder which left him "like a puddle of water". He began a slow recovery in mid-1994, but listening to his playing on this, his debut album at age 64, you'd be hard-pressed to spot any sign of physical weakness.

"Monseur Dupire" is one of a series of "cartoons", musical portraits of characters Thomas "grew up seeing at Sunday madras". The first (studio) version included here features Bill Lang on tenor, playing Charlie Rouse to Thomas's Monkish solos, while the saxophonist on the remaining ones (recorded live over four weeks at the Bryant-Lake Bowl in Minneapolis in late 2000) is Curtis's George Cartwright. He and trombonist Steve Sandberg dangle lazily off Thomas's Dollar Brand-style church wacking on "Baby Home Buddy". Although Thomas claims the piece "exudes hominess", there's a paired down, bitziness quality to his playing (Mister Mengelberg also comes to mind) that avoids melancholy sentimentality.

His compositions, in true AACM style "Megacrychthonicmasterpiece" is dedicated to fellow Minneapolis AACM member Douglas Ewart, are harmonically complex ("The Awestruck Wines Of Artistry" recalls the criminally under-recorded Dick Wardak) and allow for numerous changes of tempo and instrumentation. As well as trombone, Sandberg plays baritone horn, tuba and bass and piccolo funghornholes, four of the pieces feature two basses. "Tipoy/One Ahead" says more in nine minutes than most musicians do in a whole album — Cartwright moves effortlessly from smooth, fluffy Ben Websterisms to frenetic snare worthy of Arthur Doyle — while "Invention #1" settles into a groove as wide and warm as a Midwest sky.

WOBBLY WILD WHY TIGERBATS MEADOWS CD

BY PHILIP SHEPHERNE

San Francisco's Wobbly, aka Jon Leederick, has succeeded in upending capitalist monopolies where American regulatory agencies like the Federal Communications Commission have failed miserably. Wobbly's WILD Why means the awnings of the Bay Area's two urban radio stations, both owned by the notorious Clear Channel corporation, and dissolves their restricted playlists of mainstream hip-hop and R&B into a dizzying blur of yelps, wabbles, and fizzes. It's far more abstracted than No606's appropriations or similar bodice borrowings, but stuttering vocal clips ("ya, yo, yo") point immediately to their sources. African-American music may be predicated upon the beat, but Wobbly's ridden melic rhythms into viscous masses of static ridden digital signal processing. Where he samples full instrumental, he sets them into skittering repetitions that quickly slip out of time, and the portions of his songs that do maintain any kind of time-keeping, for five or 10 seconds at best, seem more designed to subvert the structure of the bestest parts than to develop anything like a groove. The way Wobbly manipulates copped and sung vocals, they come to seem more like instruments than echoes of a speaking subject, but the evoked lyric sheet

suggest a kind of Dada impulse in the chopped up texts, like this one from track five: "You got a jungle, and people/Status is ego/Gas can gets computer/yeah/yeah/Conspire players, say uh, ah, ah's over" The net result is a funny, bewildering, and, yes, fairly reimagining of the sonic potential available even the most commercial product, heard as if in a hypnotic state where the radio dial slips uneasily between broadcasts of Burnin' and Funkmaster Flex.

OTOMO YOSHIHIDE'S NEW JAZZ QUINTET ONJQ LIVE DOW 042 CD

OTOMO YOSHIHIDE ENSEMBLE CATHODE IMPROVED MUSIC FROM JAPAN MUS55 CD

YOSHIHIDE/SACHIKO M/ SUGIMOTO LES HAUTES SOLITUDES: IMAGINARY SOUNDTRACK OUT ONE CDSC 00001003 CD

BY PHIL HENDLAND

More proof — as if I needed it — of Otomo Yoshihide's ability to maintain several seemingly contradictory artistic directions at the same time. Live captures his New Jazz Quintet in performance at Tokyo's Pe in March this year. It's a powerful and welcome addition to the group's minimal output — more akin to the group's first studio CD, *Fluter*, and its admirable attempt at dragging jazz into the future than to this year's song-based sequence "Dreams". The group is the bare quintet without vocals or other guests and they play four extended numbers.

After years of guitar abuse, Otomo is finding his way around the machine as a melodic instrument once more. Often he's coming, sometimes he's creating simple two note lines and there are some confidently sketched solos. Generally his playing is more in the Hoerl Cuijler school of finding the right note than in the jazz tradition of contriving the note. His delightfully languorous playing on the opener "Sonic Play/Theme" brings to mind the Alan Luth/Loren Mazzacane Cosens ensemble's "Hoffman Estates". His own composition "Tundra" (here without Sachiko M's high-pitched sine wave tones), maintains a tension bed for some eerily tortured solos — particularly from Otomo and from tenor player Kikuchi Narayuki; and Eric Dolphy's "Red And Bead" introduces a lightness, sense of humor and playfulness into the set.

The album ends with another version of Jim O'Rourke's "Eureka" with O'Rourke's motif repeated over a 20 minute span increasingly dissonant embellishments are added to its simple melancholy until it becomes an ecstatic, body shaking maelstrom. It's over the top character is both reminiscent of Seigyo Kuyakishi's Pop Mechanics and a throw back to the strategies of Standard-style David Zero.

Ensemble Cathode features three different groupings of musicians each performing a different version of Otomo's semi-indeterminate graphic and text computer Cathode. The piece is austere and moves forward without drama or melody. The line-up incorporates traditional instruments such as sho (Japanese mouth organ) and koto as well as bowed cymbals and high-pitched electronic sine waves. The middle version emerges out with prepared piano and prepared koto chimes separated by short silences. The

final version is the most modestly arresting and satisfying, focusing more intensely on the interaction of high tones produced by instruments of contrasting timbres.

Noelle Vagus director Philip Gurnell's silent movie from 1914 translates as *The Nightingale*. It focuses on the telling facial expressions of the falling star of Goddard's Broadway, Jean Seberg, and her friends in her Paris apartment. Five years later Seberg was to die tragically at the age of 40. Sachiko, Ojima and Yoko Sugimoto's minimal soundtrack was performed and recorded live with the film at the Film School of Tokyo. Its incidental sounds and silences arising out of the backdrop of the sound of the running projector are probably all the film's naturalism can safely handle without losing its original intent. But quite why anyone would want to release this soundtrack alone is a mystery. If the way out is through the door, perhaps this is the door.

IANNIS XENAKIS PERSEPOLIS & REMIXES, EDITION 1

ATMOSPHERE LTD 2005 20XCD
BY BRIAN MARLEY

Of all Xenakis's compositions, *Persepolis* has the strongest history. Commissioned in 1971 by the Iranian dictator Mohammed Reza Shah, it was to play a major part in a Jewish ceremony exiling the pre-Islamic culture of ancient Persia. In particular, this event was intended to secure not only the Shah's place in history but also the significance of his role as the moderniser of the nation and the true heir to the legacy of Cyrus the Great. He had to live up to the cry of *Persepolis* was built by Cyrus in the sixth century BCE to signify the might and majesty of the Persian Empire, which at the height of its expansion included all of western Asia, Egypt and parts of eastern Europe.

Xenakis and the Shah were curious bedfellows, but one can see what each of them stood to gain from this transaction. By commissioning Xenakis, an ash-Mohammed with unimpeachable credentials, the Shah was signalling to the rest of the world that, under his leadership, Iran would be a forward-looking and largely impervious to pre-revolutionary and largely impoverished was an inconvenient fact best forgotten. Presumably, Xenakis accepted the commission in the knowledge that *Persepolis* would outlive the Shah, and, in less contentious circumstances, continue to lead an independent and blameless life. Certainly the tone of *Persepolis* cannot be misconstrued: it's apocalyptic, not triumphant. What it celebrates (if, indeed, this is a celebration) is not the grandeur of the city as it might have been during the reign of Cyrus, but its time-blinded ruins.

On the site of the ancient city Xenakis planted 59 loudspeakers, and the audience milled around as. As darkness fell, an eight-track tape containing ardent, unrelentingly harsh music concertos played continuously for the rest of the night. This was *Persepolis*. While the music played, children in traditional costume carried lit torches up nearby hillside, distant bonfires were lit, lasers and spotlights swept the sky and illuminated the ruins, signifying the triumph of light over darkness in accordance with the Zoroastrian festival of No Ruz. More than 6,000 people took part in this extraordinary

spectacle, and the audience consisted of many thousands more.

If the first stage of the recontextualisation (some might say the rehabilitation) of *Persepolis* occurred when the music was mastered for general release, the remix project is the second stage. Quite possibly he would have disappeared of his "finalist work being tampered with, but that's not to say that he would have disappeared of the results. The first CD contains the original IMA-GMM mix of *Persepolis*; the second contains interpretations of the music by Osamu Yoshida, Roy Kieda, Zbigniew Karwowski (who curated the project with Naut Hamon), Animateur, Construction Kit, Francisco Lopez, Laminar, Mowbaw and Ulf Langemann. Although some of the contributors provide brilliant interpretations of Xenakis's material — Karwowski's "Doing By Not Doing" and Mowbaw's untitled track, in particular — greater compositional subtlety and a welcome measure of restraint are demonstrated by the likes of Laminar, Animateur and Ulf Langemann. Osamu's untitled track contains a flying, jostling multiplicity of Xenakis-related sounds that he manoeuvres like a seasoned air traffic controller. The highlights are Roy Kieda's "Per Se", which chokes the material into fragments and makes strong play of the rhythms of disjunction, and Francisco Lopez's track and most notably "Constructing Kieda 113 For Iannis Xenakis". Construction Kieda's skipping CD player on "Glick!" only narrowly avoids death by silence, though oddly enough, beneath the surface sounds of malfunctioning technology, the flavour of *Persepolis* strongly manifests itself. Perhaps that's the key to the success of the project: no matter what anyone does to it, something of Xenakis's music always survives.

ZEITKRATZER NOISE...[LARM] BOUNTE RICK 4 CD

BY BRIAN MARLEY

Noise, of course, is as full as music as heard, and its physiological impact is immediate: there's a surge of adrenaline, blood pressure shoots up, the heartbeats quicken, we ready ourselves for fight or flight. Whether we need to be in optimum arousal mode to appreciate Zeitkratzer's Noise...[Larm] is moot. But when played at high volume, as per Zeitkratzer's instructions, this CD is an intensely physical and rather unsettling experience.

Zeitkratzer recently gave several performances of Lee Reed's orchestrated soundtrack, *Metal Machine Music*, and by all accounts they made a success of it. But it's worth pointing out that the group reached their understanding of Reed's piece via an earlier engagement with the even more extreme noise aesthetic of Musari Aita (aka Metronome), Zbigniew Karwowski and Dora Felber. The Metronome experience in particular is a wilderness arid assault in which seismic jobs, abrasive textures and sudden shifts in atmospheric density are felt within the buffeting waves of sound. Two tracks on Noise are collaborations with Metronome. He provides the squealing electronics, while Zeitkratzer's instruments pound and roar. It's an interesting variation on the "standard" Metronome sound.

Anyone who thinks that all noise compositions sound roughly the same will be surprised by how different the Metronome pieces are from those of Karwowski and Felber. The untitled clamour of the first half of Karwowski's "Metronome", driven by

a low pulsing bass, fragments during the second half. Each of the instruments thus pursues its own noise agenda. A modulation during the closing minutes sounds initially like free jazz, a marinating from a despatcher trench, before excavations and radio interference drown it out. But the most substantial composer is Dora Felber's "Élévation Du Domaine De La Lutte". It begins with, and is brooded by an orchestral tutti. Otherwise, a tamely noisy noise, the music continually strives to be heard through a veil of screeching feedback. Not only is this an impressive piece of soundscaping, it demonstrates wit and subtlety, characteristics not in abundant supply on the rest of the CD.

JOHN ZORN FILMWORKS XII 2002 VOLUME TWO: THREE DOCUMENTARIES TZADIK PROMO CD FILMWORKS XIII 2002 TZADIK PROMO CD BY JULIAN COMLEY

Two further instalments in the *Filmworks* series, potted testimony to the musical tenacity of John Zorn. His hunger for film, coupled with his openness and willingness to take risks, has thrown up a stream of surprises and there's plenty that captivates and stimulates here. "Horrormong", which opens *Three Documentaries*, celebrates the East Village's PS 122 dance venue, while paying homage to the early minimalist of Glass, Reich, Young and Riley which opened Zorn's ears to a potential compositional future he tied out then chose not to follow. There's a touch of ecstacy and a dash of funk thrown into his take on the genre. If you've ever wondered how Coltrane minimalist, Daniel Lutz might have sounded if he chose not to follow, then sample Zorn's brief excursion on glass harmonica. Yet he shows respect for minimalist loveliness too: "Shao Lin Uyings", for a documentary on Chinese monks living in Brooklyn, Texas and Las Vegas, is an inspired hand-dressed score, graciously intertwining Marc Ribot's acoustic guitar with Xin Xao-Pan's piano, shaded by double bass and Tim percussion. Zorn's arrangements breathe vitality through the music. The four vignettes comprising "Family Floyd" honour old-making outsider artist Morton Bardet. Zorn sought a threshold between innocence and the sinister and reached it by inspiration, using Erik Friedlander's cello and the voice of Jennifer Charles.

Friedlander and Ribot perform the soundtrack to Lavinia Marini's film *Invitation To A Suicide*, along with Rob Burger on accordion, bassist Ivor Dunn and percussionist Kenny Walkstein. Zorn's free sense of the possibilities of *acousticposition* is well-suited to forms of coherence found in film. The blending of styles in this smoothly flowing, gently repetitive music shows that his antennae are still primed to pick up effective musical ideas and approaches, but no element is here simply for effect. The CD collects changing moods and shifts in narrative pace, yet it stands alone as a compelling suite of pieces that might have been written specifically to display the strengths of this terrific group of musicians. Ribot, in particular, expertly controls the feel of each piece. Finding the right players and getting them to surpass high expectations are two of Zorn's key abilities. *Invitation To A Suicide* is, despite the title, a subtle, quiet and seductive album and a composition of unmistakable maturity. □

...real-time all the time...



ICK Null & Damian Catena

Freekick Mediation

a collection of improvisations where Catena creates and digitalizes his "electronic" beats. "Nathaniel" with his MAX/MSP based tools. An aching eight piece song voyage.



Danish Catena

ACCOMPOSITION

Composers uses guitar, live audio and computer during his 2001 European tour. This collection of live recordings is the latest in his continued exploration of modular improvisation and real-time processes.



Skyline

Nathaniel

Debut release by this US based group that incorporates guitar based "electronic" via experimental noise rhythms. Not for the die-hard, guitar purveyors appropriation? www.skyline.net



Skyline

Dark (Nathaniel 2)

The second release jacks up where the first left off. Guitar, turntable and groove beats in this specific experimental style.



www.harshehouse.com

buy directly from our website or via mail order.
Harshe House
po box 387 Canal St Station
NY NY 10013 USA

Avant Rock

Reviewed by David Keenan

JESSICA BAILIFF JESSICA BAILIFF

KRANIT KRANIT-CE

Jessica Bailiff's self-titled third album marks the first time she has stepped out from under the wing of producer Alan Sparhawk of Low. The change goes far beyond the husky tones of her voice; she drives her earlier releases in a bid to develop a more subtle psychedelic sound. Founded on simple, strumming acoustic guitar punctuated with deep-drum drones, the opening track "Swallowed" is a beautiful case in point, and when Bailiff's capriciously stoned vocal raises the piece into the ether, it recalls the feel of David Crosby's sunbaked masterpiece, *If I Could Only Remember My Name*. On "The Hiding Place," she sets her vocal hovering over a near subliminal cushion of phased electronics, belatedly with little wisps of sitar. A similarly fly, devotional tone permeates much of the album, especially when it's heightened by the spacing use of an old violin-o, or the weightless effect of Bailiff's disenchanted vocals, which sometimes sound like they're filled with striding white light. "Disappears" takes the album somewhere else again, its lushly organic and all-enveloping tone bringing it close to My Bloody Valentine's concept of "heavy femininity."

CIRCLE SUNRISE

EXTRO EXTRO-016 CD

Pruning Metal of its tendency toward fluid bursts of virtuosic color, Finnish power rock drone ensemble Circle's minimalist focus on heavy, repetitive riffing has always translated much better live. In concert, the volume alone ensures that you feel Circle's subtle gradations of intensity, as their guitars create psychedelic depth by playing slightly out of sync with each other. Their albums have always sounded anemic in comparison, but on *Sunrise*, their most lush and streamlined recording yet, the music is as deliciously added as it is live. The opening "Heavenkeepers" rides the most subdued of seagull Metal motorbiking rhythms, with the track achieving lift off through their mindlessly pure concentration on the riff. Mika Rottola's hysterical wails cross the Viking folkloric of a denim 'n' leather-dad gaspung jockey with the alien rangers of Euro Prog rockers like Megma and the sound of someone gagging with sun stones. A more explicit demonstration of the timeless lure of Metal and magic to weedy, disenfranchised teens would be hard to find. It's not all about bludgeoning power, however, and the pastoral acoustic sketches of "Satulainen" and "Vaanan Valittu" require Rottola to adopt a softer more gnostic presence. The bucolic interlude increases the pay-off that a "Lukki" — a slumbering 15-minute freakout that ultimately erupts in a satisfying display of elemental power.

JAMES WILLIAM HINDLE JAMES WILLIAM HINDLE

SADOMY BURN-05 CD

Landon-based singer-songwriter James William Hindle has cut a great debut album from the

bleated country that Will Oldham mined for his early Palace Brothers recordings. But wrestling with questions of friendship and late night confusion amid the odd Bee Gees cover, Hindle's lyrical songs supplant our Country's Southern Gothic-fearing ethic with a more personal, not to mention benign code. Though the essentially confessional nature of his songs aligns him with the bleaker alt-country stylists of players like Richard Buckner, the soundworlds in which he sets them are structured around hypnotic string drones. His undramatic vocals, meanwhile, are all the more affecting for their avoidance of standard rock continuances, and as a result his seemingly faithful cover of the Bee Gees' "I Started A Joke" is genuinely disarming. But the most impressive track here is his own elegiac "Brooklyn Song," which matches little wheezing acoustic patterns with bowed, wheezing strings.

LANDING FADE IN FADE OUT STRANGE ATTRACTORS AUDIO HOUSE SABH-05 CD

Connecticut quartet Landing combine archedrone melodies and sustain, silencing vocals with slow blishes of fix soaked guitar. Following close on the heels of their Seasons album, *Fade In Fade Out* takes the music further out with its series of loosely structured instrumental pieces based around the leafy, dying tones of electric guitars made translucent with corvose levels of delay. These completely improvised tracks slowly coalesce into spectral songforms only to disperse like smoke, with Nick Baldwin and Aaron Snow's spooning guitar parts creating a beautiful autumnal feel. The title perfectly mirrors the group's approach, as they orchestrate the music's drift from live, textual details to great fuzzy pulses. Occasional vocals detain the surface before ducking back into the depths, leaving little oxygen bubbles in their wake. This is music to facilitate the deepest of reveries.

MIC PROUD & TOM CARTER CATCH A CHEBUR

EMPIRE JONES 1-05 CD

In a particularly gratifying example of major label madness back in the 1990s, Polygram signed up Australian poet and singer-songwriter Mic Proud for a couple of folk albums stripped clean of all artifice by his blunt and expressive self-taught guitar. Since his rediscovery in 1995, he has released a clutch of discs tackling the terrible ups and downs he has recently lived through. Sadly, since completing his album, Proud suffered a stroke that has left him blind and unable to play the guitar. *Catch A Chebur* was recorded in a series of mail exchanges with Tom Carter, of the pivotal Texas psychedelic group Chamberlain. Lyrically, Proud sees between heartbreaking optimism in the face of everything conspiring against him and a scabrous nihilism. Musically, the collaboration works well, with Carter's fuzzy, sky-splitting licks opening up Proud's often claustrophobic songs. Best of all, the Texas' folk arrangements preserve the damaged integrity of Proud's idiosyncratic soundworld while allowing a little more light in.

SMOG ACCUMULATION: NONE DOMINO WING-116 CD

Bill Calahan's SMOG was never a singles group. Possessed of a bleak, narcotic beauty cut with an often hilariously dark insight into his own motivations and neuroses, his songwriting works best when he's given the space to painstakingly construct and sustain a tragicomic atmosphere across the whole of an album. His greatest work, 1993's *Burning Kingdom*, 1995's *Wish Love* and 1997's *Red Apple Falls*, relies on this accumulative power, with huge, silent gaps allowing Calahan to stagger his punchlines. With the single format forcing him to reduce his epic psychodramas to pithy one-liners, *Accumulation: None's* collection of 45s, B-sides and session tracks is hardly the most promising of propositions. Yet despite the inclusion of play once and destroy" tracks like "A Hit," the collection stands as a pretty strong album — strange in part to some thoughtful programming. Starting out as the B-side of SMOG's "Ex-Cat" single, "Little Girl Shines" is a hilarious example of Calahan's deeply idiosyncratic nature. "Disoriented in the lab, your eye is cold leather," he puzzles. "Your foot is heavily caulked, closer to clown? But paw plus shoe equals I don't know what to do." Other highlights — and there are plenty — include a version of one of his most heartbreaking songs, "Chosen One," and a full-length take of "I Break Rocks" lifted from a BBC session. Compilations, meanwhile, will do little for the best of "White Birds," a new Country-tinged number made luminous by its mesh of treble guitars.

THE STYRENES IT'S STILL ARTASTIC ROCK-IT-05 CD

Paul Marotta's Styrenes are the rock post-Weezer/post-Jay G and art rockies. Coming from the same early '90s scene that spawned monsters like The Electric Eels, Mirrors and the pe-pe-ten Ubu Racket From The Tents, Marotta has amassed a body of work that combines lowdown garage punk snarl with hefty, almost "Progressive" arrangements and the inspired improvisation of late 60s free jazz. His *Still Artistic* is an ambitious mapping up of stray tracks that date from 1975 through to live cuts from their UK tour of 1998. One of the reasons that the Styrenes haven't impacted quite as heavily as many of their contemporaries is undoubtedly down to just how diffuse their working strategies have always been. The tracks recorded in 1975 at Owl Studios only serve to reinforce this: "Dance In Your Veins" sounds like The Soft Boys tooting Syd Barrett's "Baby Lemonade," while their take on "Agnus Dei," a song written in a rather no-cowt system by The Electric Eels, is much more ornate here, with Marotta's scurrying, jumpy piano runs into the spaces between Jimmy Kiriak's backbeat rock. Still, for many the Styrenes were at their peak when fronted by Mike Hudson, formerly of Cleveland rockers The Pagans. His fantastic Bukowski-style droll, which always sounds like he's about to cough up a huge gob

of phlegm, is the perfect vehicle for The Styrenes' tales of bad deals gone down

TEMPLE OF BON MATIN CABIN IN THE SKY SHAB BURN-04 LP

Philadelphia improvising ensemble Temple Of Bon Matin are based around Ed Wilcox, a powerhouse drummer who also sits in with saxophonist Arthur Doyle's occasional Electro-Acoustic Ensemble. His playing, Doyle says, sounds like "Mford Graves and Sunny Murray at the same time." If the wide-open digres of *Table Of Bon Matin's* earlier releases, Wilcox's *Temple Of Bon Matin*, conjured the formless gress of saxophonist Albert Ayler and violinist Michel Sampson, their fifth album, *Cabin In The Sky*, sees them drop the jazz for a granger rock sound. "Caledonia" (not the Crowsong track but damn close all the same) rolls out the thunder of punk primitive bone chords and a steamrolling bass riff inside a thick spew of tape hiss and overloaded snare, as Wilcox holds back on the multi-lined flaring of glo to keep the music anchored with kick, metric rhythms. His vocal, meanwhile, sounds as though it was recorded with a cardboard box over his head, but more satisfying is the album's incorporation of new hillbilly folk by way of sweetening aggression, they kick off with a halting, a capella "Mullusdon Blues." Their now-and-then hillbilly peaks with "Cokeys," which stations its basement noise upwind of a mutant Morris dance, while the whole group sound like they're trying to draw down the moon.

V-TWIN THE BLUES IS A MINERFIELD DOMINO BLUEPRINT CD

Working from the blueprint of Pirelli Street's Screamadelica, Glasgow's already legendary and critically dysfunctional rock group V-Twin cut their elegiac electronics and mugging rock popies with avant flash. And their self-deprecating sense of humour makes them a lot more endearing than their role models. Their debut album usurps Pirelli Street's boys' club mentality and founding myth of being the last gang in town, only to turn them inside out with caricatures of fucked up group dynamics and interminable conflicts. The opening "Cell A Meeting" is a five minute ballad, its triumphant wall of sound recalling Bruce Springsteen's "Born To Run" punctured with some gleamy, Alton Collins-inspired jazz. Its dispiriting lyrics document the many stripes of the group went through in order to harness internal dissent, including the use of "two sets of five jurors," and they're delivered by vocalist Jason Macphail with so much snarl that the Alex Horne and Jim Rair before him, he almost convinces you that rock 'n' roll can be sung in a Scottish accent. But as the album progresses, it begins to lose focus and sometimes slides into cartoon territory. But "Despise Blues" sounds like nothing else, with its slow, sick rhythm collapsing into nothing while Macphail bemoans his lack of control over his bandmates, as a sample from live guitarist Sonny Sherron's Black Woman cleaves the air. □

Critical Beats

Reviewed by Philip Sherburne

BIG TWO HUNDRED YOUR PERSONAL FILTH DC RECORDINGS ODEO CD010P

Like so many retro adventures, Big Two Hundred were born of a car boot sale: It was here that Andy Mearns and Dean Menichci unearthed the vintage quarter-inch tape that anchors their experiments in basic heavy dubbed out funk/punk. Your Personal Filth recalls their post-disco romps as Chicken Lips, but with a more abrasive, disco-like flair. It remains to be seen whether their echo-soaked jams offer a significant update of strategies pioneered by The Pop Group, the Sits and others who inaugurated the Thatcher/Reagan era with a soundtrack of mechanized abandon, but even taken as faithful retrofits, Big Two Hundred's dirty jams do a service in offering an alternative to overly glossed club production or its opposite, the prissy glitzy fare of the laptop legends. Beyond the sociological, their tunes are simply good fun: cowbells, laser drily, shakers, woodblocks, cymbals, omnipresent, bottom-heavy basslines, growled vocals and bruised anarchy squawk up a chorus of scorpions' delirium.

DREXXIYA GRAVA 4 CLONE CDS 12"

Detroit's most sensitive electro-techno project, Drexxyia claim to be an aquatic race descended from victims of the Atlantic Middle Passage. The slow-motion of their latest stealth transmission discards, "Earth has finally discovered Utopia (Drexxyia Home Universe)". It's an early entry test given that James Stinson, one half of the group, did not join after the album's release. Piercing clark, opalescent chord-washes with prickly electro percussion like steel pins through butterfly wings, Grava 4 is as deep as anything the group have ever done. Buzzing apogees saw through armor-plated, battered hi-hats, but the overall effect is soft, even tender. If there's any consolation to Stinson's passing, it's that Drexxyia have left a forte, if formidable, legacy.

GD LUXXE VENETTIA SUCTION SUCTIONERS CD012"

Coming with a vanetta for Vienne, Gerhard Petruski roasts two tracks written in 1966,

palishing them up for the millennium and fleshing out the record with two new compositions and a remix co-authored by Canada's Solvent. In keeping with the unrepentant theme for this month's column, Venettia is resolutely no wave: the opening track, "Tesslers," is an appoggio-driven pop track graced by cool analogue synthesizers, punctuated by skittering drum machines and overlaid with dry vocals in the style of Marc Almond. And if that's a Potemkin singing, he's got the accent down pat. The rest of the record follows in like fashion, marked by the modulated growls of classic Depeche Mode. Nostalgia buffs will love it, but the rest of us are advised to take it in moderation. Like the Austrian beverage starts, down off pre-fermented wine and available for mere weeks at a time, its pleasure is inscribed in its limits.

LCD SOUNDSYSTEM LOSING MY EDGE CFA PROMO 12"

The only thing more annoying than full-blown retro fetishism is its dismissal by those who fail to grasp that trends are more than simple herd mentality—they offer a venue for conversations as a cultural scale. LCD Soundsystem's "Losing My Edge" is so wonderful because it manages to have it both ways: it's a hilarious indictment of "banquet nostalgia," but without writing off the entire rock historical enterprise, and its funniness to boot. Over an insistent, nokey beatbox and live bass rhythm, LCD drones on about "losing my edge" to younger hipsters with faster Internet connections and bigger record collections. "But I was there!" he insists, citing Cash's first performance, Suicide's first rehearsal in an NYC club, and being "the first guy playing Daft Punk to the rock kids." The joke, of course, is that he record it's ironic and dead serious all at once, and in a more perfect world this would be the anthem for a whole new generation.

MIMI & BOYD ANGULAR ISLAND POTEMKIN PUNK CD

ADAM BEYER
IGNITION
TRUESOUL TRUESOUL CD
Bang, you're dead: Mark Gage (Vaporspace)

and Michelle Hermann (Punisher) have come up with a seamless sequence of relentless rhythmic grooves that fairly redefine the age-old techno appellation, bang!," while retaining the supple flexibility of Potemkin's limber joints. Despite dating back to 1998, the recording still sounds fresh. Bright, hazy, cymbals and shakers set up a rhythm against frenzied, throbby synopses, and a thousand shades of grey conspire to turn the world to white noise. Someone really ought to put this out on vinyl, where its roiling, snake-like talents would give Adam Beyer.

Sweden's reigning techno giant Adam Beyer, of Drumcode and Code Red fame, also takes to aluminum for his latest effort, billed as a "listening" rather than clubbing album. As is often the case with said distinction, Beyer occasionally gets bogged down in relentless melodicism, as on the string-driven first track. The more clipped, aquatic rumbles are more successful, concentrating on tight synopses and knots of tones rendered as a day-old bun.

PHIL PARNELL DO YOUR LIVING IN THE NIGHT MANTIS MANTIS CD

Based in New Orleans and now based in London, Phil Parnell is best known as the keyboardist in Matthew Herbert's live trio. Trained in jazz piano at Berklee College of Music, he debuted his first experiments in electronics on his "Baritone" EP on Herbert's Soundslike label. Do Your Living In The Night continues in a similar vein. Parnell has obviously absorbed Herbert's style, if not his method. The album chugs and chugs with the same choppy, subdued hyperactivity as his mentor's percussive House, and he takes a similar approach to folding dark, soulful vocals into a fluctuating grid of truncated beats, whims and puppets like Luke Alton, or Drew Daniels's Soft Punk Truth solo spin-off from Matronix. Parnell plays a relentless forward motion against perpetual disjunction, resulting in an intriguing, hazy, jumpy, lurking within the overall structure are brief, pointed moments of cool funk and spring-loaded melody, like brilliant architectural details glimpsed in passing.

T RAUMSCHMIERE ANTI HEFTY CD06 CD

Memo Haas, co-founder of Berlin label Shitkatapult, goes by the awkward moniker T Raumschmiere, a name that doesn't easily tip off the tongue. But de-punctuate it and the alias translates roughly to "dream lubricant," a fitting description for the Kompativ albums, who wears underpans around minimal techno and smooth shoegazing-inspired druid squalls across glitch beats as dry and porous as pumkin. The sound is not itself radically new, but when Haas is on, humming at his source material until gold dust clouds the air "Dual Xanax" wears the same repeating figure so hard it's like he's winging blood from stone, while "Erlösung Dutch Storm" and "Leichtes Kratzen" both skip over Proton-styled triplets like haphazardly uncrashed. Haas's live shows are marked by an almost punk energy, but Anti takes a more easy-going approach to open-mindedness, smoothing its contradictions into a blurry film clouded with the edits of a thousand filmstrips.

TRANS AM EXTREMIXX THILL JOCKEY THIRLL 12 36 CD

Trans Am must be the only group ever to lose "loco socks" cook rock with Kraftwerk's electro pluck, coming to you way ahead of the game when it takes to 80s new-waveism. So what do you do when the Brooklyn masses finally catch up with your mid-Atlantic schtick? Hire a crew of A-list remixers to turbocharge your ride, of course. The spillover and the screaming down the track "Tortoise's John Herndon, as A Gaze Dope, coaxes a strobe-lit slatter off of the Depeche-moded "Cold War," while Trans Am's engineer, recording under the Postcard-like name of Jonathan K, offers a more straightforward electronic treatment. Ghostly inter-metal's Dabrye turns "Infinita WaveLength" into a slow art and charming stew of glitter and feedback. Like The Madman run through a dying CPU. Den is the Actor's arena of "Delirious Kind Of Love" as he, as he's you'd expect, complete with C-Funk lead, but Prefuse 73's version a much more interesting, swayed by Timbaland-style swing and enlivened by bright saxophones. □



www.longstoned.com

Archive/03

300 / 20 track
New edition and vinyl-only tracks
are and particularly unreleased material
© 2003 Phil
Oscar Records / 1200 Bay 100 / Charleston
South Carolina 29405
www.oscar.co.uk
Distributed by Capitol

Dub

Reviewed by Steve Barker

THE ABYSSINIANS ARISE

FRONTLINE FL38 CD

Although it could be argued that *The Abyssinians* were running out of steam by the time this album appeared in 1978, among its tracks can be found the achingly simple "This Land Is For Everyone", the rasta equivalent of Leon Russell's Digger anthem "World Turned Upside Down" and Woody Guthrie's articulation of the Workers' Unsurmountable Dream. "This Land Is Your Land". It's the kind of tune that busts out of the genre and is capable of evoking latent emotions that were once described as socialist. The album also contains a version of Edith Piaf's "Nonne Blanche", a song immortalised by Nat King Cole, a crooner worshipped by many would-be vocalists in Jamaica. Only here it has been reified ("Nighttime Of All"), and its authorship reassigned to the trio's Linton Manning.

THE BUG VS THE ROOTSMAN SLEW DEM RAZOR X 93 CD

The third in the ferocious series of Razor X 7" singles matches The Bug's vicious beats with the equally X-rated language of the Rootsman's Wayne Lonsome, whose prosaic stage name may well reflect his social status. But after listening to it again, the methodology it plays here, as specifically designed by Kevin "The Bug" Martin, is to imitate modern dancehall exactly how he would like to hear it, rather than simply to take it as it comes. Well, that's the way he handed the label's previous release, "WWW", to KRS-One and Tech Lewis for remixes, which actually smoothed out the track. For the more imaginative listener, it bridges the gap between dancehall and the most abstract beat scene in the same way that Timberland links to HipHop. Watch out for the killy bootlegs floating around unfilming R&B in copious.

MUNGOS HIP MUNGOS HIP MEETS BROTHER CULTURE OUTRAGEA DEPRESSION CD

This debut album from a UK reggae outfit is named after the founding father of Glasgow. Tom Tattersall was running sound system gigs around

Scotland before he built his own Little Hill Studio four years ago to generate a homegrown set of rhythms. With dubplates supported by Jah Shaka and Aba Shanti, and a reputation built on the European free festival and eco-protest circuit, it was time to let go of tied and tested tunes in order to unleash his rhythm gods. A vocal and dub set in the tradition pioneered by UK fu roots acts, this album can stand alongside the heavyweight quality of the Viceroyes. Bush Chemsida and other regulars on the only label dedicated to the genre. The vinyl edition cuts the CD's 13 tracks to nine, so as to maintain the depth of the cut.

THIEVEY CORPORATION THE RICHEST MAN IN BABYLON EIGHTEENTH STREET LOUNGE ELSBROOK CD

Garza and Hillan are determined to hang onto their dubbing roots, even as they explore and expand into other associated areas with the recruitment of bandleader friend Emilianna Taxis for some spacy frozen soul. Meanwhile, they retain Pamela Bricker for the warmer Middle Eastern charts, and they return to their home turf as both The Outernationalist and From Creation to assist "Sounds From The Thievey Hi-Fi". Sleepy Wonder and Shinedeal come on combo style in "State Of The Union", and Katch from From Jamaicans takes the lead on the title track. Here, their infatuation with Latin rhythms extends beyond Brazil to Africa's Cape Verde, arriving at a lay Afrobeat style that is alarmingly surefooted within a medium to downtempo pace. Definitely for the chilling to smooching end of the night.

VARIOUS THE BIGGEST DANCEHALL ANTHEMS 1979-82: THE BIRTH OF DANCEHALL GREENSLANDS GREENSD41012 CD

The only way to pick up new Jamaican music in the early 80s was to keep a check on the 7" pre-release singles arriving at London's few specialist shops. Or you could fall back on Greenslans, who have kept faith with every reggae style for 25 years. Compiling 40 hits from the label's catalogue, this double set documents the early years of dancehall, including an early by Eek-A-Mouse, Ranking Dread, Barrington Levy, Michael Prophet, Tristan Palmer, Dennis Brown,

Freddie McGregor, Johnny Osbourne and The Wailing Souls. The set is also available as two separate double albums.

VARIOUS FLASHING ECHO: TROJAN IN DUB 1970-1980 TROJAN TROJAN001 CD

The fifth in a Trojan series designed to highlight different aspects of Jamaican music charts the development of dub, the strand through which reggae continues to exert its influence. It ranges from the early days of the 'version' — simply, the instrumental of the single's vocal A-side — through dub's flowering to its decline, when the dub version got released before or even without its source vocal track. As such, it's a great primer for newcomers. Yet, as Noel Hawke's notes make clear, beginners should be aware that any dub is always enriched by a knowledge of its original, as they explore the set's 41 tracks by the cream of reggae's session gurus, mixed by namemen Scratch, Tubby, Ninny, Scientist, Pablo, Errol Thompson, Jahmya...

VARIOUS JUNGLE HITS VOLUMES 1 & 2 JET STREET/STREET TUNES JPS1002/1003 CD

Over 18 months in the early 1990s, Jungle was invited in London, exported briefly to Kingston, rapidly reimported in the UK, and there mutated into drum 'n' bass and all its perplexing sub-genres. These albums capture homegrown talent such as Miami, Sly RY, Roy Kelly, Philly Blunt and the No U-Turn boys mixing it with J&B finest DJs and vocalists of the time, including Capleton, Buju Banton, Garnett Silk and Frankie Paul. It might be impossible to conjure the atmosphere pumped up by 5000 steaming punters blowing whistles and foghorns down at the Roller Express waiting for the bass to drop, but this takes you some of the way.

VARIOUS SELECT CUTS FROM BLOOD & FIRE CHAPTER THREE SELECT CUTS 2003 CD

Chapter two of this series was something of a disappointment, with only two or three tracks meeting the quality challenge of the originals.

But this new, possibly final volume, gets back on the case with reconstructed versions from Smith & Mighty (Big Youth's "Jim Screetch"), Henry & Louis (Keith Hudson's "Sista"), Pressure Drop (Jah Sitch's "Ragga Muffin Style") and a Blood & Fire Megamix from his Brazil to close the set. Even so, you can't help feeling that the attraction of these 'remakes' lies more in the execution rather than the replay. The road ends with the rerelease and remix of the tunes that provided the inspiration for the series, and those same will continue to be spun in the dancehalls another 25 years from now.

VARIOUS WATCH HOW THE PEOPLE DANCING: UNITY SOUNDS FROM THE LONDON DANCEHALL 1986-1989 HONEST JONES LONDON000 CD

Although their effect may not be perceptible at the time, some tunes can change everything. One such tune was Prince Jammy's production on Wayne Smith's "Under Mi Sleng Teng". Reputedly its rhythm was slowed down from a demo on a Casio keyboard, causing chaos on the dancefloor and confusion in the minds of all roots fans as they agreed over whether they should like this new style or not. The material here was produced by Rastly Warrick and Red Eye on 70 quid's worth of gear which they hoped would emulate Jammy's sound. It was originally issued on Unity Sounds, the label owned by Robert "Rab" Faxon, formerly a selector for Fetsen Sound in North London, who in turn set up his own sound system, which shared the label's name. Unity became massive in the mid-80s when they got exclusives and specials from Prince Jammy.

The 21 tracks on this immaculately presented anthology include eight versions, and they range from the jolly and jaunty "Chuck It" to the minimal, but and menacing "Lean Boot Version" (but the set's real revelation is the extensive elevenotens extracted from an interview with Riba, which document his growing up within the rich if arcane culture of the sound system through to the time he baled out in the face of the scene's emerging gargantuan. For its sheer bravery it makes reggae rival album of the year so far. □

AURORA
new releases
sinus seduction
Gre - Barrett
Holopainen - Wintner
Vinjar - Ratkje - Wallin
Electroacoustic
ACD 5078

Listen - The Art of Arne Nordheim
7CD-BOX
The ultimate Nordheim collection.
Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra - Truls Mørk
BIT20 Ensemble and many more.
ACD 5078

Electronica

Reviewed by Ken Hollings

BADORB.COM BLESS YOU BANDSCO MUSIC 1902

Unhatched, unmy and unequalled, The Orb bring a say edge to their every endeavour, and this current project is no exception. Echoing the released *Live Box* of their sprawling 1993 review *End Box*, Badorb.com should provide a useful floating location point for the more serious listener. The particular focus of this album's deeper contemplation includes a mournfully synthetic remodelling of Aquas' "Belle Girl" from *Electric Choirs*, *System 7* members Steve Hillage and Miquette Graydon leading into the heart of the sonic eclipse as looped on "Firefly", plus the degraded zoe chatted beats of *Conduct* and *Faster*, whose exorbitant "Intrud" closes the two CD set. While you're having fun, please remember: one of Badorb's main intentions later went on to design missile guidance systems. Play nice.

CENTROZOOM THE CULT OF BIBBIBOO BURNISHED BIRDSONG 0002

Conceived and performed in their native Germany by guitarist Markus Reuter with partner Bernhard Wilschberger on synthesizers and percussion, Centrozoom's latest excursion, *The Cult of Bibbiboo*, features tonalities was raised in Canada by guitarist and producer Chris O'Donnell, then co-produced by "the greater learning community" in a specially created Web forum. The results, originally recorded over two nights in June 2000, have a total eastern claustrophobia to them, sounding a lot like remixes of the nocturnal jungle warfare sequences from *Apocalypse Now*. Which, all told, is probably no bad thing.

FALSE WARSAW BRED PLUS B PLUS 0009 12" .WAV/POOL PLUS B PLUS 0009 12"

A newcomer to Reiser's *Warrior's Plus B* label, False, aka Matthew Grey, who has been gifting around Ann Arbor and Detroit over the past couple of years, makes his presence felt on the twisted four track and records, to be released a month apart. False has got that Detroit feel by now, especially on the title "Wav Pool" and "Silver Park" from the second EP, but the jumpy, more staccato, tempo beats are most strongly reminiscent of early Herbie. Certainly a track like "Walled" from the first EP wouldn't be out of place in a Daniel Bell CD set. All the same, it's interesting to see what False comes up with over the next few years.

DJ HELL ELECTRONICBODY- HOUSEMUSIC HUNT 239 902

When a set begins with the prescriptive assertions of Underground Resistance's "Proclaim" and ends with Litson's *Demographics* is inappositely declaratory mode on "Want...wants Money", you know the DJ is trying to tell you something. Split across two CDs, one devoted to House beats and the other to electro, Hell's first

double mix release makes skilful play of mixing with dance's current default settings. Utilising the same studio software that Soze used in their recent remodelling of Basic Channel's back catalogue for Trezor's 2001 release, he smoothly works the well-worn tobitarian body-beats of *Front 242* and *Nitzer Ebb* in with the more recent, daily extravagant techno of *Green Velvet* and *Artena Fanni*. The "screaming Gothic" moods of Chris & Casey's "Love Cuts" add to the feeling that history is being revisited to good purpose.

MARGO THE LONE SOLO WOTA WOTACD02

"A songwriter who plays the same melody over and over again: a genius... or insane?" An American voice announces with disapproving gravity at the start of "Improvises #1" on this welcome follow-up to *6th*. Margo's low impact, casually inventive 2000 release. Good question. Italy's Paolo Bruno Margo creates playful musical collages out of gentle rhythms and insistent melodies in which sampled voices and sounds establish neat causal relationships. On "I'm... Mr. Speechless!", a police search for weapons comes over like instructions for a dance routine. Squawking dead trade solos with wallops and trumpets on the title track, in other words, the same unpredictable stuff as before. Does this answer the question?

MOVE D & NAMLOOK VII: HOME SHOPPING FAX 1005114 CD

Home shopping? How ancient is that? A barely acknowledged expression of free market reality, a schizophrenic domain of glossy surfaces and translucent gears, a technological portal onto sonic depths: sounds like the perfect subject for an album of drifting Ambient electronics. And who else would have the necessary confidence and energy to pull it off but the prolific Pete Namlook? His supple analogue synth lines and configurations mesh particularly well with Move D's programming on the mournfully expansive "Marooned" and the bustling "Ken Gandy". A lot of pace is kept skilfully flowing through these compositions, especially on the brisk exchanges between bass, melody and multiplying rhythms on "Feedlines". As with home shopping, the same old same old is where you find it.

MR BLANK ELECTRO WORLD BMP UK N00000004 CD

Cursivity, at its most perverse, can make you do terrible things. Like skipping over the Acidic twang of Mr Blank's "Automatic", and the relaxed interplay between acid and solo on "Out of Order", passing briefly to note that his cover of Curtis Mayfield's "Move On Up" brings back pleasant moments of Herbie Hancock during his "Rocket" phase, just to get to the debut release's bonus track. No, you're not dreaming. Mr. Blank really has done a bouncing disco remix of Big Country's "In A Big Country", and yes, it's quite horrible. This should set the BIs reveal back 20 years at least.

OCTEX IDEI LAHESNA TECHNO CETERA 008

Jenry Mousic emerged from the Slovenian Techno scene (as featured on the *Elektronika* Slovenian compilation) gave away to subscribers with The Wire 1991. His debut CD as Octex — Organic Cracks and Tone Experiments — is a special excursion through the city. Sparse qualifications advance and recede as a series of sonic emissions. Lookouts appear and disappear. Reflections ripple and distort over imperfect surfaces. Here, even a mere sense of direction becomes meaningless. More a consolidated acceptance of Berlin and Detroit than an attempt to evade them, the CD reveals great sensitivity in its charting of dark urban depths.

YOSHINORI SUNAHARA LOVEBEAT BUNGALOW BUNG 100 CD

Sunahara's fourth solo album finds the techno dreamer extraordinary returning to basics in its reappraisal of origins and influences. Perhaps the distances covered aren't as ambitious as those ventured on his groundbreaking *Life Of And Landscapes*, but there's a timeless simplicity about the elemental abstractions infusing tracks like "Balance" and "The Centre Of Gravity". If Kraftwerk and Yellow Magic Orchestra are invoked, they are as childhood influences. This is pure electronic music, stripped of all other distractions. Every line is clean and bright. Each composition shimmers and gleams. Vocals are delivered by computer-generated voices infusing bland philosophical fustian about "controversy, observations" and "controllable activity". And, as in any dream, they are totally seductive.

THILGES 3 DIE OFFENSE GESELLSCHAFT STALINGOLD 34 CD

On the strength of their first album, Viennese electronic trio Thilges 3 work best less, its title translating into English as "the open society", this collection intermixes studio recordings with others made at a series of public performances that took place in the small Austrian city of Feldkirch in summer 2001, when their audiences were made up of Tibetan monks, prisoners, pre-school children and the elderly. Field recordings of these events, together with the huddled reverberations of the institutionalised spaces they often inhabit, are dilly waded into each quietly concentrated piece. It's worth investigating it only for the ultraviolet kiddie's drawing appearing on the cover.

NORIKO TUIJKO MAKE ME HARD MIGO 040 CD

If the inlay cards accompanying this sequel to last year's *Shojo Tsu* are anything to go by, Noriko Tuijko has a wayward sense of humour, a whimsical passion for sports cars and a wicked taste in spiky heel shoes. All three attributes lurk beneath the digitally fragmented surface of her songs, giving them a barbed brittle edge. Sung and spoken voices are played out over torn

sound layers, keyboard hints and inflexibly looped rhythms that form small dramas of elusive subtlety. The cumulative effect is like meeting a sad-eyed child toting an AK-47. Intriguing, but you wouldn't want to be left alone with her for too long.

MAX TUNDRA MASTERED BY GUY AT THE EXCHANGE DOMINO WSG011 3P CD

Coming in short fitting bursts of creative energy, the first vocal tracks from *Beet Jacobs* aka Max Tundra best songwriting conversions into a charming series of brightly coloured balloon animals. What sounds like the Elektronika Station adds a kinetic splendour to the openings of "Facts" and "Hitters", while "Lullaby", at over six minutes and switching modes with brokenbeat precision, reveals in stark, fractured pop excess of a kind Saint Exupéry and Strohach stepped strung for years ago. Impossible to sleep through, talk over or ignore, this is compacted Easy Listening for a breathless age, and all the more welcome for that.

UNITED FUTURE ORGANIZATION V EXCEPTIONAL PROMO CD

If only William Shatner had delivered the opening oration to peace and reconciliation on UFO's first release since Toshio Matsuo's departure earlier this year, it would have been more challenging. The whirling farrenco on "Esperanza" and splintered cut on "Eyesider Routine" work up beefy flames of interest, as does the skeletal bass of "Suite Espagnole", but it's hard to maintain interest with Mark Musky carefully censoring "No Problem" or ex-Galliano vocalist Valerie Etienne making peace inimitable on "World Thing", taking life way too seriously. If evokes spiritual visions of the human community in which every voice has a cappuccino machine and Heaven is a car commercial.

WIFEOUT ANTHEMS FOR UNDERACHEIVERS ANGELIKA KÖHLERMAN 013 CD

TED MINSKY MADAM LE TED ANGELIKA KÖHLERMAN 014 CD

The latest releases from Vienna's fine, wild and restless Angelika Köhlerman label open up strange new doors between club culture and the seedy cabaret that forms some people's emotional existence. Dressed in neat sailor suits and looking like extras from *Quercio* of *Bret*, Wifeout make portly portly paces over muscular beats on their outstanding debut, which also features skeletons on suicide by Amanda Lear and some steamy video footage. Velvet-faced former costume designer Ted Minsky sings her songs of darkness and delight in English, German and Spanish against a swirling backdrop of disco beats and layered electronic textures. A night spent with either artist would not be wasted. □

Global

Reviewed by Richard Henderson

ENSEMBLE WABARUAGUN HONDURAS: SONGS OF THE BLACK CARIBS

CDRA 050910-02

Fewed ensembles hand drumming and grouped voices wailing melodies fraught with liturgical depth evoke some of a Rastafarian rhyning gathering at full throttle. Survivors of Spanish slave ships wrecked near the Caribbean island of St Vincent, the Black Caribs (or Garinagu) eventually reached the shores of Honduras in the late 18th century. Although the Garinagu have weathered devastating hurricanes and much economic hardship, there's not so much as a scintilla of self-pity in their percussive onslaught. Recordists Cyril Vennart and Andrea Romay have preserved a panoramic selection of Garinagu music—songs employed by local shamans, work and funeral songs, as well as surviving artefacts of French quadrilles. The variety of moods harks back to the mid-20th century golden era of Radio France/Ozma releases, where every disc was designed as a gestalt of the entire region in question.

KEF TIME

KEF TIME IN DETROIT

TRACON 01000005 007054316 CD

KEF TIME IN HARTFORD

TRACON 01000005 007054316 CD

Two releases of albums documenting Richard Haggopian's quintessential Armenian party group playing all-night sets. As with author John Updike's description of the Rossetti dance troupe ("Fat and skinny and tall and short, all at once"), so could these extended performances for enigmatic community gatherings be deemed tight and ragged and reverential and hilarious all at once. Haggopian's vocals sound like they're operating independently of the amplification utilized by the rest of his group, jabbing and darting around the circular melodies plucked on his oud like a guitar/fiddle. The tracks recorded in Hartford, Connecticut are marked by a lighter touch than the Motor City set, the latter underscored by fast-skinned durbles and Detroit natives Haggopian's spinning classical fantasies. When these albums first appeared, only available at neighborhood retailers, their impact was the kef to the annual visits to the Kef Time Band to Armenian ghettos across the US infusing Middle Eastern melodies with the nerve and invention of a Stan Kenton arrangement. Haggopian and his wondrous ensemble's every note reminds that 'kef' translates as 'party'.

BOBAN MARKOVIC ORCHESTRA LIVE IN BELGRADE: THE BEST TRUMPET OF GU'CA

PRAGUE PR14410 CD

The latest instalment of heavy grey funk to emerge from Belter's forgotten (but not local) this time features an 11-piece brass and drum ensemble denuding a live arena somewhere in Belgrade. Without diluting the traditional Romany folk melodies that are The Boban Markovic Orchestra's trademark, the group's

styles and arrangements are quantifiably funk-obsessed, occasionally bringing to mind Premier Epps or Deadhead. Ellen 'Have Neglie' played more or less straight, takes on the second line funk of a New Orleans marching band thanks to the spray-baited section, leaping over basslines that would confound orchestral horn players. Occasional solos lend brief notes of gravitas to the proceedings, but these are McGuffins as usual. Heavyback credit has been appreciated, false pity eventually sunk forgotten in the wash of subsequent developments. It is heartening to discover still another acoustic ensemble whose recordings will make the neighbours complain.

ALI AKBAR MORADI KURDISH MUSIC FROM IRAN

WIZD 0200103 CD

Being any one of the numerous quantum melody generators central to Persian classical music, the maqam is intrinsically linked to seasons, times of the day and specific emotional states. In this end, it resembles the Indian raga, albeit with a steeper complexion. The musicians of Kurdistan put their own ruminant spin on the maqam, limiting its range to a single melodic scale. It is not to imply, however, that the mystical cast of the 'Kurd' music is in any way elaborated. In the hands of a master timbral player such as Ali Akbar Moradi, odes to religious figures have an esoteric appeal that translates well beyond the world of Islam. The zarb drum, approached here with particular fervor by Abbas Bakhtiari, summons images of very heavy objects falling down times in perfect time. Bakhtiari's thunderous timbre—somewhere John Barham is smiling—reminds the listener that the zarb must be played 'with the soul of a poet and a hand of iron'. Moradi essays a pair of secular tunes with equally terse lyrics. 'Song Of Bering' was euphemistic in praise of a beloved counterintelligence. 'Her beauty spot invites contemplation'.

ASHOK PATHAK DHRAUPAD RAGAS ON SURBAHAR

WORLD AMSTER 3009 CD

The surbahar is a larger sibling of the sitar, equipped with a sizable complement of sympathetic strings. Unlike the sitar, most other instruments in Indian classical music, the surbahar is to be played without accompaniment, percussive or otherwise. One of its principal devotees is Ravi Shankar's sister Annapurna Devi, who renowned public performance to concentrate on solo recital recitals. This knowledge may inform others' perception of the instrument's essential temperament. Surbahar discs by Imrat Khan and others invariably take late night ragas. This meticulously recorded release from World Aster is no exception. Ashok Pathak performs the ragas Alaudhar and Bagesh, which are both conducive to moods of deep introspection and beat realised after midnight. Pathak's technique is threaded with subtle innovation. Capitalising on his instrument's extended range and its intrinsic suitability for the free-measure introductory portion

of a raga (known as alap), Pathak often bends notes over full octave intervals, while plucking harmonic tones from his melody strings. Though he would be within his rights to do so, Ashok Pathak abstains from searing lighter fluid on his instrument and toching it—the speed and intensity of his playing is sufficiently boundary.

SHAJARIAN/KALHOR/ ALIZADEH/SHAJARIAN WITHOUT YOU

WORLD WILDE 480011 CD

The quantum of Iranian music masters responsible for Night Silence Desert (Traditional Crossroads) recovers for an equally mesmerising, entirely improvised live take on devotional themes. Mohammad Reza Shajarian gives voice to themes of spiritual intoxication, reminiscent of the Sufi poetry inspiring Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan's best singing. Unlike the late qawwal master's often stentorian delivery, Shajarian opts for more evenly modulated, though no less awailing, vocal projection. Only Egyptian diva Umm Kalthum in her prime compares with the emotional skyscrapers launched throughout Without You. As a source of ongoing contemplation, karnamah (spike fiddle) playing Kayhan Kalhor is deceptively modest. As much as swing could be said to exist within the severe tenets of Persian music theory, Kalhor provides it, alternating between wistful sadness and pulsative rhythmic playing. An emotional high water mark in the set, 'Zarbi' finds all the principals diving into a melody based on 'Dastgah Nave' with preternatural synchronicity. Here, as on their last album, Iran's finest successfully refashion classical themes for a new era, creating another milestone recording in the process.

TINARIWEN

THE RADIO TISAS SESSIONS
WORLD WILDE 480010 CD

Produced by ethno-inform group Lo'le and their producer Arino Adams, The Radio Tisas Sessions' toppling funk guitar and chant jangle invite unavoidable comparisons between the Sahelian young trio's music and that of their neighbour from Northern Mali, Ali Farka Toure (especially his latest home-recorded effort, the glorious *Moussaka*). All told, the atmosphere overall on Tinariwen's disc is less John Lee Hooker and more relaxed, which is curious, given the *Isimang's* fearful reputation throughout the Sahara. The drowsy vibe here belies the political subtlety to their songs of independence. Tinariwen's music, so the notes tell us, has been banned throughout Mali and Algeria, though a recent reconciliation with the Malian army has allowed the group greater latitude for live performances. Electric guitar leads from Ibrahim sail through the songs like a mauling spearhead, wiggling and unpredictable. Smaoum sounds from 'the land of emptiness'.

DON TOSTI/VARIOUS PACHUCO BOOGIE

ARHOLIC 1040 CD

Artistic Records' founder Chris Strachwitz shares with photographer Robert Frank, his fellow Swiss

enigme, the unique and welcome ability to home in on subcultures thriving below the radar in America. In this case, he has tracked down a lively collection of post-war cool jazz and R&B by Mexican-American hipsters influenced by Cab Calloway and Dizzy Gillespie. A genre mover in Southern California's root and underground was Don Tosti, a musical prodigy who had toured with big band leaders Jack Bagardner and Les Brown, and was fluent in the pachuco slang of LA's barrio. The funky, hip, picante tracks heard on Strachwitz's anthology represent belated music on a par with Janis's nude boys or lower Manhattan parks. Several other sharply dressed smoothies make appearances: Lalo Guerrero's tracks in particular smelt like musical Rosetta stones, with traces of Western Swing, blues and baritonehowl evident. Las Hermanas Mendoza decry the musicians' shiftless lifestyle in their traditional corrido, 'Los Pichucos', though the sisters begrudgingly had to avoid the guys' pants for fears of wardrobe. Cloaking his excellent elevennotes, Chay Velez paraphrases Ediged Vanez, musing the spectra of the composer's hippy-ave acolyte, Frank Zappa. The latter's ambivalent reaction to this culture give rise to *The Mothers' Reunion* and *The JEs Let Us*, as now, 'The present day pachucos refuses to die!'

VARIOUS 25 VERSIONES CLASSICAS DE 'EL MANISERO'

TUMBAO TARI CD

Can't be too much of a good thing? This collection is merely rhetorical when posed by the historians of chuy Rumba cannot miss imprint Tumbao. Here, over two dozen versions of the son periphrase chestnut catalogued by Melis Simens demonstrate that a great melody is the most effective means of all. ('The Peanut Vendor', as it is known in English, was written originally for Cuban cabaret star Rita Montaner; featured in her act while touring in the late 20s with Josephine Baker, the song's popularity with Persian audiences inspired Europe's interest in Cuban music. Later, Antonio Machin reconfigured it as a tribute to winning effort and Don Azparr's version registered as American charts. Revolutionary culture to the contrary 'El Manisero' may be Cuba's not so covert national anthem, celebrated through the following decades by notable forerunners of the order of Jerry Fielding, Louis Armstrong and Stan Kenton. While some renditions are indisputably rocco, all are equally gripping. The packaging should come with a physician's advice concerning the altered perception of time brought on by listening to this disc in its entirety at one sitting. Still more versions remain unaccounted for, of course. At the close of John Storm Roberts' *After-Cuban* Games Home cassette documentary a very last Cuban African 'El Manisero', possibly of Congolese origin, remains, no doubt a candidate for Tumbao's inevitable second instalment. But the burning question is this: can Tumbao's excavation of various 'El Manisero's' possibly unveil *El Manisero's* secret as CD anthology of 'La Palma'? Consider this a challenge. □

HipHop

Reviewed by Hua Hsu

DEVIN THE DUDE JUST TRYIN' TO LIVE

RAE ALICE COLUMBIAS CD

For Devin the singer MC, 'tryin' to live' basically means getting as high as possible. On the raucous, "Zaddy," he raps from the perspective of a weed-smoking angel from the planet Beldia, while on "R&B" he coolly salutes the ultimate social apex: "Wheeler... why don't you smoke some here with me? We can't rock through the ghettoes and trailer parks." Still, despite his natty keisters on sex and drugs, you'd be hard pressed to find a more stylish or better sounding rap record out this year. Devin applies his flow carefully, as though the words in his mouth were shoring space with a precious cloud of smoke. Combined with his burnt-out falsetto, even love tales like "Who's That Man, Momma?" sound rich and elegant. The sub-Drop of "Some Of My 'Em" pairs Nas and Jabari's harshness with Devin's soft vocals, as an especially paranoid Nas fears the coming attachments of The Man. "They wanna do me like Tyson, Jordan, Oprah, Jackson and Gatsby." DJ Premier's beautiful "Rubber Army" is a field-sized ode to Fowler Road, with what that's called a lonely and exaggerated Drem winging his fists in frustration: "Watcha gonna do when your people go down and you wanna smoke weed but the meter's all gone?" Luckily, Devin gets on all fours, finds a sock behind the couch, rolls himself away and watches the onsets of smoke cast away with the ashes of time.

DJ DUCK DUCK REMIXES

TAKE POY THIRDSIDE CD

The Shlowdys may have been buried on Profile's mid-1980s roster, but their legendary 1986 single "Duck Nap" — well, a few bars of it, anyway — has itself become a genre in the deepest, most resourceful recesses of the American South. Bounce is all about the giddy-up, and it's giddy and dirty like watching a wet, lusty dog wring his body around a dream, a dream recognizable male cuts and renders the heinous (or "hee-heens," as MC Kevin McHale once complained) out of them, soft edges and warm hooks are suffused with disembodied DMX grunt-status, fleshy body clips, chopped a

capellas and 1986 synthrow. Duck snags up Sunshine Anderson's agonized "Heard It All Before," adding a Bob James end-around and the funkline from Fela Kuti's "Is Your" to the original track's newly militarized clip-dop. Tropic sounds in dead or alive as over on Duck's "Bounce Gangsta 5+1," drinking and stabbing the fancy out of the original pop blandness. Public Enemy bring the nose to Aarti's prexy "Separated," only to find themselves helplessly shadowed by a rough, impervious thicket of Duck clicks and scratches. Duck even leans up to record R&B into like him, Slick, Suge and Donnell Jones. The first minutes of Saseq's organic "How Deep Is Your Love" fireworks and straps like a yardie showdown between the white-based crooner and his own bloods.

NAS THE LOST TAPES

COLUMBIA COLUMBIAS CD/CDXLP

You hope to hear the same story again and again. Before gambling it all away and slouching towards the Murder line of the lunch table, the joy was the best for young, innocent: Nas and his leaven words, still recovering from a decade of setbacks, he collects some of the wispiest about corners of his legend for this quickie release in anticipation of his modest new studio album. Gory's Son: Centrepiece "Doo Rag" wistfully recalls better days, as does much of the material here. A tender trickle of pines on "My Way" exposes Nas as a renaissance man, or at least a hardass on par with Sinatra: "The gold on my neck was once a code of respect." Behind his nostalgia is a world of anguish, and on the wistful "I Gotta Love It" or "Nothing Less Forever" you hear he could go back to the old days, if only for his sanity's sake. Despite its sang chuns and vaguely mid-tempo pace, "Black Zombie" is Nas at his most relentless. Lamenting the souls of black folk in the 21st century, he ones that his community has "abandoned our own backs and turned the precious to an extreme on 'Bleedout Window,' the portrait of an artist as a young locus. As the unborn Ecobaby pines out through his mom's navel, he crosses his fingers that he won't be aborted but wonders, "If I'm born, will I be safe at all?"

SUBSTANCE ABUSE CAN'T CALL IT

WEAPON SHARPED WESLEY 12"

De "Can't Call It," Substance Abuse rapper Eso De One on a host of hats before setting, "I'm speaking... I'll stick to writer reviews." Regardless of whether or not, they can what I have to say, Substance Abuse are a profound "null rap crew with all the versatility people have come to expect from the expensive California underground: spy enough to either bound along to a fast beat or glide easily along/loped, lazy slow ones. Though it makes for a rather scholastic single, the duo's saving grace for now is their cool: friends: The Doe from People Under The Stars produces the B-side "No Guarantee," and PEACE from Freestyle Fellowship lends character to the punchy "Can't Call It." On the latter, Nas's swelling, low register beat aspires toward its own late with sinister desires, never catching up but allowing an appropriately devious setting for SAs' boast that "We be chokin' on players like Bobby Knight." PEACE fuses up the track and drops one long as wistfully rhythmic "tangible numbers" and waxes lyrical about lack of smelt control and convention. "No Guarantee" is a chunk of pining and regret anchored together by the storm, a melancholy effort, and its vulnerability and honesty — "Is it too late to ask for help when my cards have already been dealt?" — offers as much backbone as any hard rock rapper nowadays can be expected to show.

VARIOUS EXTRA YARD

BIG DADA/NINA TUNE BODICEAS CD/CDXLP

Big Dada's snapshot of the UK's newest movement in progress suggests plenty of reasons for optimism but comments one fatal error: boucment. Boucment springs from the festive commingling of rap, reggae, two-step, electro, etc. Basically, it's reggae that still adheres to the downbeat, dubby rap that owes little to the sample-based chaos hegemony of America's production pastiche (Pete Rock Premier), exactly what the tasteful black diaspora sounds and feels like. Movement pioneer and New Fresh producer Part 2 teams with singer Leigh Stevens and messes with two-

step syncopation for the breezy future soul of "Life Without You." Future star infinite Livez has the bender; Elephant Man-like personality that has been lacking for so long in UK rap, and his "No More Bangers" is perpetually at risk of toppling over in a spill of sexy syllables and catty stabs. Latak HP pairs Hype Pats sweetness with the steel Eel I over the webby orchestral weight of "I'm" to the delight of an air born champion, New Fresh's "Est Mo' Fruit" achieves Tinseltown-style wit way of Jamaican jordanos and UK B-Bop beatman. Still, the champion sound belongs to original Don Roots Maru, who sweetly accesses the sour strings of Tom's "Bashment Boogie" remix and coolly calls for the yard to just "summer down." We're boutique.

VARIOUS PEANUT BUTTER WOLF'S JUKEBOX 45s

STONES THIRDSIDE WESLEY CD/CDXLP

Tucked in their heavenly palace in the hills overlooking Los Angeles, Stones Throw have always been a little different. While the rest of rap looks to the level, Peanut Butter Wolf and Egon stay back carefully on the past, avoiding digital technology altogether with their series of "7" releases. There's a smattering of effortlessly wild, borderline-genius funk collected here — especially Sals Real's "Rochester" — but Wolf's jukebox is primarily a showcase for in-house producer Madlib and his feverish work schedule. Dudley Perkins' loving "Flowers" is one of the simplest, most beautiful songs of the year. As a mortally stoned Perkins — also known as lopez West Coast rapper Decline — shuts his eyes and sings his heart out, Madlib gets a thoughtful piano line and furtheres Stones Throw's reach in the burgeoning subgenre of hydroponics inspired lounge crooning. "The Dr" is Madlib's BOP revitalization project as he re-chaps the pianos to "The Bridge is Over" and his old brother Oni Jus's like he was "Ging' Mack mixed with Cognac." On The Lookpack's "Do Slow", Madlib puts on the brakes for the slow learners and assesses, "I'm a spell this one for ya' you" before engaging in a rap spelling bee that would leave K-Solo spellbound. □

ANGEL
(JLPO VASANEN +
SCHNEIDER TM) 5/1
CDEEP 143
OUT OUT IN OCTOBER

COLLABORATIVE PROJECT
OF SCHNEIDER TM AND
LPO VASANEN (1/2 OF PAN
SONIC INITIATIVE) OLD
INSTANT, MINIMAL,
OR NOIR WALL OF SOUND
MADE WITH LPS SELFMADE
ANALOG-SYNTHS
RECORDERS, CD-PLAYER
AND THE MOST FURIOUS
UP ELECTRIC GUITAR
SCHNEIDER COULD FIND

(DJ)
TONNE SOUNDTOYS
2 X 12
CDEEP 173
OUT OUT IN OCTOBER

SOUNDTOY CONSTRUCTIONS
BY HAKANI LONN, SCANNER,
SHOUTBOX, TONNE

FIRST IN A SERIES WHERE
INNOVATIVE SOFTWARE
OFFERS A NEW WAY OF
SHAPING SOUNDS (EXCLUSIVE
MIXES BY EACH ARTIST
PLUS SOFTWARE AND ALL
SAMPLES TO USE (MAC/PC).

SCANNER + TONNE
SOUND POLARIS
CDEEP 163
OUT OUT IN OCTOBER

EXPERIENCE A DIFFERENT
VIEW OF LONDON, MONTREAL,
NEW YORK, IMAGES AND
SOUNDWAVE RECORDED
AND PROCESSED THROUGH
A SOFTWARE THAT CONVERTS
THE PIXELS OF AN IMAGE INTO
MUSIC, GIVING THE USER THE
ABILITY TO PAINT WITH SOUND
AND COMPOSE WITH LIGHT.
THE USE OF ORIGINAL IMAGES
TAKEN ACROSS THE CITY AS
PHOTOGRAPHIC SOUNDS,
OR SOUND POLARIS.

CONTACT
BIP: BIP B P 64
13102 MARQUELLE
CDEEP 20
FRANCE

WWW.BIP-HOP.COM
WWW.BIP-HOP.COM

ORDERING
EACH ALBUM CAN BE ORDERED
DIRECTLY FROM THE LABEL
15 EUROS/PLEASE MAKE
CHECKS IN EUROS AND
PAYABLE TO KINETIC VIBES
14 US \$ POSTPAID

WE ACCEPT VISA CARD OR SEE
A LIST OF DISTRIBUTORS ON
OUR SITE WWW.BIP-HOP.COM

BiP_HOP
Contemporary
Electronica
-that is-
CHALLENGING
The Ears-
And THE mind-
WWW.BIP-HOP.COM



Jazz & Improv

Reviewed by Bill Shoemaker

ALEX COKE NEW TEXAS SWING ORCA/PHILIPPS

Though Austin-based Alex Coke is best known in Europe for his stint in the Willem Breuker Kollektief, his tough tenor credentials were established Stateside before his lengthy Amsterdam residency. On *New Texas Swing*, a programme largely devoted to pieces by Texas luminaries like Leadbelly, Dimeola Coleman and David Whitaker, Newmen, Coke seduces the swing, swingin' and spy opening plays linking Texas lessons from Amos Cobb to Dewey Redman into a distinctive lexicon. He leads a sterling quartet with vocalist Tim Marsh, WRB bassist Angus Gutter and drummer John Betsch, which maximizes every rhythmic plot and earthly sound embedded in the material. Whether scampering through an Dimeola tune or digging deep into a Leadbelly dirge, the blend of Coke's tenor, alto and flute with Marsh's breathtaking high notes and feline warmth is thoroughly engaging. *New Texas Swing* updates Coke and Marsh's long-standing collaboration in fine fashion.

BILL COLE'S UNTEMPERED ENSEMBLE SEASONING THE GREENS RICHOLODR BARNETT CD

Bill Cole's Untempered Ensemble integrates indigenous, original handmade, and familiar jazz-related instruments within a largely improvised context. *Seasoning The Greens* is the most satisfying expression of this bold endeavour to date. Roughly bookended with a Korean-tradged theme by percussionist Warren Smith and a rousing blues by Cole (whose traditional wind and double reed instruments are prominent), the bulk of the performance is based on rhythms from India, Ghana and Colombia. The rhythmic materials provided great latitude to a fluent septet completed by percussionist African Cole, bassist William Parker, tabla player Joe Daley, alto saxophonist Sam Furnace and Cooper Moore, who plays his own self-designed instruments. Cole's Untempered Ensemble is steeped not only in multiculturalism, but in ongoing process: evolved over a seven-year span. *Seasoning The Greens* is a testament to slow cooking.

WILBERT DE JOODE OLO WIS CD

Wilbert De Jood is one of the busiest bass players in Amsterdam, playing with both New Dutch Swing units like Eric Boer's *4tet* and chamber ensembles like *Ensemble String Quartet*. He has the prescient instincts to push whatever music he is playing to the point of turbulence, yet his command of the instrument prevents the music from collapsing into a heap of spit. On *Olo*, an album of short solo improvisations, concept and technique are often indistinguishable. Employing an extraordinarily tight and sure attack, he exploits the range and timbre of his 19th-century gut-stringed chamber bass to create an exceptionally broad sonic palette. Add *Olo* to the small but growing list of essential solo bass recordings.

KAHIL EL'ZABAR TRIO LOVE OUTSIDE OF DREAMS DELMARK DDB41 CD

Love Outside Of Dreams exemplifies how percussive Kahil El'Zabar really delivers: spiraling away by mixing hard-swinging jazz and traditional African music. One reason for this consistency is the tendency of the AACM veterans, who relates several ensembles, to recycle his catchy, ebullient tunes. That's the case here with pieces as varied as the Shep-like blowing finale "Iris" and the message-driven, organically grooving "The World Family", where, vocally, El'Zabar splits the difference between Gil Scott-Heron and Les McCann. El'Zabar's taproot compositions always bring out the best in long-time cohorts like tenor saxophonist/bass clarinetist David Murray, whether the issue at hand is the beguiling title tune or the solemn, thumb piano-drum "Meditation For The Celestial Warriors". The incessant swing and depth-plumbing ligature of bass player Fred Hopkins are also strongly felt throughout the album. This was Hopkins's last date before his death, and his presence and generosity are both in ample evidence here.

GRATKOVSKI/VAN HOVE/ OXLEY GRATHOVX NUSCOPIC 1013 CD

This trio is a welcome by-product of a 2000 concert series featuring pianist/accordionist Fred Van Hove produced for German radio broadcast. Van Hove's shaping of European free improvisation since the mid-60s is not as obvious as the contributors of contemporaries like Peter Brötzmann, but it's no less crucial. Though he self-consciously summons tonorial downpours of clusters and keyboard swells, his improvisational assets are ever better heard in quieter moments, where he is accommodated by drummer Yuri Foley's punctuation of silence and Frank Gortel's pungent undertone explorations on various claviers. Van Hove's quick, clean articulation of a few parameters of pitch and rhythm, and his momentary extrapolation of them into unexpected shapes, have profoundly influenced such notable pianists as Georg Gräwe. When he applies this approach in powerful passages, with Gratkovski's alto saxophone at full tilt and Foley at his most dangerous, the results are riveting.

PER-ÅKE HOLMLANDER OCH...?P CARLTONS/STAMP CD

Best known for his work with Barry Grey's New Deichstra and sundry Gustafsson-associated projects, Per-Åke Holmlander possesses a facility that counteracts the tuba's stereotypes as a blunt, cumbersome instrument. He darts about a large conceptual expanse on the solo CD, traversing traditional Swedish folk tunes, Nordic electronic lines and braising timbres. At 17 minutes, *Och...?P* may turn off listeners who take their improvised music too long. Despite its brevity, it's not an album that you can file after the first spin — or the second.

RAMON LOPEZ DUETS 2: RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK LEC/URSC CD

Percussionist Ramon Lopez understands that if you take the spirit of Rahsaan Roland Kirk's music, it doesn't matter what liberties you take with it. Many of these nine duets run far afield from Kirk's originals while retaining a viable connection to the multi-instrumentalist's legacy. The sprints and scats by Dinn Newhouse (who plays a delamir-inducing saw), Benet Achary and Jodie Lázare (who also contributes a fevered jazz version of "The Inflated Tear"), Add several unadorned originals and an incisive reading of a Terence Blanchard tune, and you have an impressive recording.

PHIL MINTON & GÜNTER CHRISTMANN "FOR" FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS CONCEPTS OF CONTEMPORARY EUROPE COCOA/CAP/CD13 CD

These 2001 concert recordings make an intriguing companion to Phil Minton's recent duo CD with saxophonist John Butcher. *Applies Of* Günther Christmann is a supple counterpoint, approximating vocal qualities on trombone and bass that dovetail neatly with Minton's growls and bellows. Christmann also explores the quavering timbres of long tones as they envelop and decay, and Minton responds in kind. Yet Christmann's most arcane techniques occasionally trigger a more conventional tone production from Minton. The brief passages where the vocalist engages precisely articulated pitches offer pungent reminders that his lexicon is based on solid fundamentals.

MICHAEL MOORE WITH COR FUHLER & TRISTAN HONSINGER AIR STREET BETWEEN THE LINES CD

Reeds player Michael Moore and onist Tristan Honsinger's second CD with keyboardist and instrument maker Cor Fuhrer makes a good case that the most seductive music from Amsterdam uses chamber music as its forum. For all the folkish charm and hymnal weight of their themes, their improvisations are frequently droll and even open, as when Honsinger feigns laughter as a rhythmic device. Yet the trio can darken the mood to keep the listener guessing whether a pedal or a cymbal is in the making. Fuhrer's choice of instrument — he plays diane, Hammond organ and keyboard, his bowed keyboard-violin hybrid — is a seductive tip, but more often than not he splits the difference between Moore's dissonant depictions and Honsinger's broader theatricality. Their debut CD was a substantial statement, but *Air Street* is decidedly shrewder and more piquant.

JASON MORAN MODERNISTIC BLUE NOTE 72438378866 CD

Plurist Jason Moran is the latest well-tailored, twenty-something jazz musician that the US jazz establishment is banking on to give itself a semblance of relevance. On the basis of the dazzling solo set, it's a good bet. Moran has the wherewithal to connect the stylistic dots between James P. Johnson's title tune and Mulach Richard Abrams's quirky, Fingerbait "Time Into Space Into Time". Additionally, his ear for new school R&B facilitates a smart overhaul of the perpetually ragged warzone "Body And Soul". Add several thoughtful originals and an incisive reading of a Robert Schumann tune, and you have an impressive recording.

HERB ROBERTSON THE LEGEND OF THE MISSING LINK SPASMOCH WORLD SERIES H372 CD

As one of most provocative trumpeters to emerge in the 1980s, Herb Robertson is the missing link between the generations that produced Bill Owen and Axel Dierker. Yet as a leader his discography is woefully spotty. This spiffy titled album goes some distance in filling in the gap, as it affirms Robertson's dynamic sense of form in building loosely scripted, multifaceted works. His notated materials are sketched in the best sense, making a few lines infer a lot. This approach gives his adept Italian colleagues plenty of room to contour the well-positioned open spaces. Robertson's two ensembles are largely composed of the same players — including such Italian Instabile Orchestra stalwarts as drummer Tono Tono and saxophonists Daniele Casaliotti and Renato Gervasio — which accounts for an underlying continuity in the quartet and septet performances. Though this is an ensemble music, the album showcases Robertson's dazzling array of articulations, particularly with muted, and incisive sense of line and shape.

WHAT WE LIVE ESPECIALLY THE TRAVELLER TOMORROW METALANGUAGE MLX2000 CD

What We Live's decade-long history is punctuated with short bursts of impressive productivity followed by long stretches of inactivity. Subsequently, each of the *What We Live* trio's recordings evokes a well-specified compatibility among its members, combined with a beaming, first-time energy. Recorded during their 2000 tour of France, *Especially The Traveller Tomorrow* is no exception. Saxophonist Lawrence Dells, bass player Ellis and drummer Donald Robertson seamlessly integrate small jazz components into expansive improvisations without slipping into platitudes or laboured contrived postures. The results often have a discernible jazz feel, but remain refreshingly free of obvious artifice. Especially *The Traveller Tomorrow* confirms what We Live's ongoing vitality, making it a case that free jazz needs to stay a step ahead of its lengthening historical shadow. □

Outer Limits

Reviewed by Jim Haynes

ANIMIST ORCHESTRA WUWEI

ANIMIST/CDR N0014 CD

Following his Second Nature album, also released by Seattle's Animateur label, Josh Jernan has expanded his very quiet, improvised activities with the context of a larger ensemble. Composed of like-minded sound artists from the Seattle area, they have ranged in size up to nine members, but they stepped at six for this recording. Dubbed The Animist Orchestra, they steadfastly concentrate on the minuscule textures from natural objects like small rocks, seashells, driftwood and leathers being rubbed, tapped and stroked. The use of such elements must have required an incredible amount of concentration on the moment while playing the utmost attention to detail. However, as Jernan accurately states, "This may facilitate the removal of actions arising from taste and memory". Unlike many contemporaries within the lowercase community, whose pristine digital sounds demand near anechoic listening conditions, the early of the bindings and linkings produced by The Animist Orchestra work amazingly well as the foreground to the air swirling through my urban apartment window.

BLACK DICE BEACHES AND CANYONS

DEA PROMO CD

JW Bellbottoms of Revolver Distribution offers the gig but accurate description of Beaches And Canyons as the "Amen Oubliette of indie rock". Here, the New York/Rhode Island art rock ensemble Black Dice have taken a drastic detour from their No Wave char thrashing temper tantrums towards a lysergically inspired celebration of Krautrock and its ever expanding global influence during the past 30 years. However, some of the abrasion from their previous incarnations reappears on Beaches And Canyons as synthetic chains of noise swaddled in sprawling untimely of events, delay tremors, and other potted effects set to cosmic mindrop. Black Dice counterpart these harsher elements with meandering flutes, playful phase guitar melodies and a monomaniacal rhythm section, which all coalesce in a neo-hippy sound not unlike Boredoms' Vision Creator Nexus. Not bad for artistic reinvention carried out just for the hell of it.

FREIBAND HOMEBAND

DISCOTOP/BOY-B/BOY-01 CD

Beethoven's Fairs De Ward says that he composed the first Freiband album, Microbes, entirely through borrowed or stolen elements, from the source material and track titles to recording techniques. He, unlike the phonophones of John Oswald or Mos Def, De Ward's constructions never flout the licentious act of copyright infringement. They proffer instead an epiphrastic abstraction of the cultural fragment in digital visceral trills and electric flutterings. This, the second Freiband album, also centres on the manipulation of other people's music. But this time De Ward applies

an overload of Max/MSP patches to pulverise the source material into unrecognisable molecular components of granular noise and modulated frequencies. Again, his techniques appear to be borrowed. On Homeward, De Ward takes his cues from the digital recombinant activities of Eshenard Ehlers and Stephan Mathieu, as evidenced on their respective Plays and Exits albums. Unlike those sets, which openly declared the origins of their sources, De Ward lures his audience with the knowledge that he has stolen something, but refuses to reveal exactly what it was.

GÜNTER/CHARTIER/RODEN FOR MORTON FELDMAN

TRENTA CASUAL T00064 CD

Morton Feldman consecrated his friendships and influences (often they were the same) by offering titles like For Philip Guston, For Samuel Beckett and Roberto Chaplin to his eclectic abstractions of muted tones cycling through endless variations. A decade and a half after his death, the central figures of lowercase technique—Berthold Goldmann, Richard Chartier and Steve Roden—follow his lead with their trilogy of homages For Morton Feldman. Like Feldman's aforementioned compositions, the CD's three very restrained pieces of sculpted sound are elusively suggestive of an intimate portraiture crafted through personal working methods. Feldman's ghostly presence is certainly audible in the way repeated events emerge and collapse during extended timeframes. Günter's contribution is the most daring for attempting Feldman's modest austerity by flickering between digitally treated notes on a s/he (a mouth organ used in Japanese court music), with a field recording of rain and bubbling water slowly descends into a textured mass of quiet sounds. Chartier complements Feldman's chromatic simplicity without straying from his well-trodden course for an incredibly small range of frequencies at very low volumes. The rolling repetition of delicate metallic timbres in Roden's piece grows incredibly hypnotic and sublimely compelling.

ISIS OCEANIC

RECAC/PC02 CD

In his native Boston, Aaron Turner has sunk the foundation for a growing Melkore empire through his perennially interesting Heyhead label, an extravagant design sensibility grafted onto an increasing number of album covers, and two explosive acts in Old Man Gloom and Is, featuring a rotating cast of like-minded individuals. Use stewards Neurosis from the other American coast, Turner's projects specialise in complex orchestrations for chugging, powerword riffs, rhythmic pyrotechnics and a vigilant search for inspiration beyond the boundaries of traditional Metal. Where Old Man Gloom pulled off the impossible by scoring dense "A" grid drings ladies with sci-fi themes about alien-monkey hybrids, Isis look to post-rock's appropriation of Moroccan (Goshpeter, Maghreb, Tarent, etc) and Emir's carbanis through the

minor key pop hook. Their second album Oceanic demonstrates just how great this combination of styles can be under the right guidance. Rather than give his influences a heavy rock makeover, Turner understands that a balance between groove and ferocity can be far more intense than a relentless attack of blastbeats and overloaded guitar distortion.

CHRISTINA KUBISCH DIAPASON

SEMISOLAR/SCOTOP/BOY SEM002 CD

In an interview with Rahma Khazim (The Wire 212), German installation artist Christina Kubisch explained that "composing for me is very often just shaping sounds, rather than 'inventing new ones'". In essence, she focuses on the elemental forms of sound through tone, timbre and colour. Diapason originated as an installation at the Singul-Hüggen in Berlin. As documented on this CD, it's a wonderfully simple construction that maintains those ideas and methodologies by using medical tuning forks as her sole sound source to strike up a variety of sparse, sensitive patterns. Utilising their intrinsically long acoustic decay to her advantage, she accomplishes some astonishing moonshots, ranging from the painfully sad resonance of lonely bass tones to jaunty clusters of higher frequencies. Her elegantly simple sounds sustain the composition's pristine clarity and sense of infinite motion.

MIRROR SOLARIS

IDEA 2004 CD

MONOS NIGHTFALL SUNRISE

DE SHOT/0844 CD

Mirror and Monos are the currently ongoing projects from the principal voices of Os, a now defunct ensemble which sought an unsettling calm through daring improvisations, blurred production techniques and processed field recordings. While both projects undertake recognisable detours from the original Os sound, they still feel common ground in their finely tuned ability to evoke picturesque mysteries and subjective speculations. However, Mirror's Solaris is the least impressionistic effort yet. Here, the duo of Christoph Heemann and Oria's Andrew Chalk centre on the slowly evolving interplay between a prepared piano and a clarinet, both cloaked in heavy reverberations, to create an AWM-like context for their tautured live improvisation.

For their part, the electronic tinkering of Monos — the post-Dr Os duo of Darren Tate and Colin Potter — reveals a bunter mentality in the way they bore the noise of their drone. The pair may have begun Nightfall Sunrise by sifting through Tat's extensive archive of field recordings, but very few natural sounds emerge intact after being processed through one or more of Potter's vast collection of ring modulators, oscillators, various parametric filters and other obscure electronic games. The treatments transform them into coldly flickering audio clusters of synthetic tones and noise-like vibrations that recall the

paranoid ambience of Gi Nelli's soundtrack to The Andromeda Strain.

TROUM/YEN POX MEMORIC INDUCTION

MUSLIMANT/TUM0107 CD

Ever since Brian Eno first proposed that music could be a subliminal balance between artificial sound and pre-existing environmental activity evoking thoughts and images through suggestion instead of direct storytelling, various conflicting musical agencies have learned heavily on his idea. Following on from the gem merchants of industrial culture, for example, who annealed Ambient as a strategy to infiltrate and reconfigure social space from the inside out, Germany's Troum and America's Yen Pox have made their careers at the shadowy crossroads between industrial and Ambient, albeit under slightly different circumstances.

Where Troum apt for darkened dream metaphors, however, Yen Pox descend into yet darker Gothic necrotics. The collaborative album, Memoric Induction, is a near perfect blend of Troum's signature blurred guitar drones and Yen Pox's characteristic gaping noise rumbles, and the resulting music as the work of such historical precedents as Lustmord, SPK and Nocturnal Emblems. But what distinguishes the Troum/Pox merger is the paradoxical sense of urgency, drama and majesty that they bring to this hitherto shadowy underworld.

VAGINA DENTATA ORGAN THE PERIGIAN KILLINGS

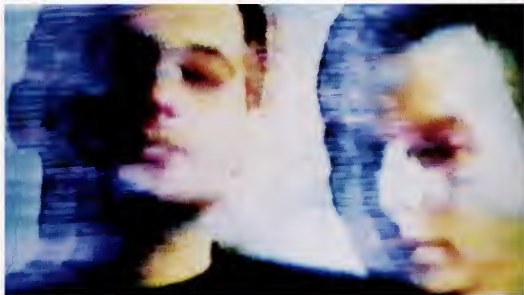
WISAS 2002/00 CD

Since the heyday of Industrial Culture back in the early 1980s, Jord Vellis has presented himself as a fanciful dandy whose sonic productions as Vagina Dentata Organ have continued surrealism through the means of a catalogue that is every bit as elusive as his magnetism is grand. His past associations with Whitehouse and Psychic TV certainly haven't hindered the collectability of the five records he made as VDO before The Perigian Killings.

To all intents and purposes a VDO retrospective, The Perigian Killings is sourced from the outfit's earliest strictly constructed recordings, which minimally processed such emotionally and semantically charged raw material as attack dogs, Jim Jones sermons, couples having sex, pagan drums and a Harley Davidson motorcycle. In effect, these albums teetered between banal art world posturing and a horrific pangenesis seeded by fusing Ouchamps-inspired readymade ideas with German bondage-doll shock. After Hans Belmer's psychoanalytic shock appeal, The Perigian Killings don't offer any clarity or resolution to that quandary. Instead, Vellis has simply collaged his older work (from the motorcycle from Jim Owen Catalan) into a fluid mix of pounding drums, moaning organs, snarling yelps and the rhetoric of Raw Jones, whose Jonestown isolationist ecotologies are scarcely dying to be heard nowadays. But at least its cross-pollination of metaphors makes for more complex readings than the originals. □

Print Run

New music books: devoured, dissected, dissed



Look ma, we're on TV: Cabaret Voltaire

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION: THROUGH THE 80s WITH CABARET VOLTAIRE MICK FISH

SANFORD/CHRONICLE PRK £9.99

BY BIBA KOPF

When he founded SAI to publish his book of interviews with Cabaret Voltaire, *The Art Of The Sixth Sense*, in 1985, Mick Fish was muddling a living of ill-sorts at a London council rubbish depot. Between chivvying a group that took a Stanley knife to recordings of reality TV, and his own daily graft among the grifters, slackers, chancers, shakers and losers bleeding council coffers dry, Fish was well positioned to fill the dustbin of history with the fallout of the 1980s.

After all, the way his memoir tells it, he had entered that low, doleful decade as a wised-up 60s child pinned on punk and the reverberating aftershocks of industrial culture, so-called. Industrial Evolution opens at Christmas 1977, with Fish in his final year at the London School of Economics skirting out thoughts of his leave with punk and punk. Churlishly confessing to a geek appetite for ever granger and more extreme expressions shaped by the first shock of punk, Fish persuaded a few friends to go and see the still relatively unknown Throbbing Gristle at London's Rat Club, on the strength of their name being Hull slang for an erection. By the time it was over, Fish reports, they wished they had stayed in

to watch Morricame & Wise's Christmas IV special. But after reeling from TG's sheer noise terror/tedium, he was hooked by their serious intent into investigating their further. TG themselves owe their music and industrial Records set-up as a grim parody of the record industry's role as the propaganda branch of increasingly powerful global media entertainment complexes. Amusing machines noise to production-line rhythms and danking slaughterhouse beats, they projected an exact negative of pop's creeping industrialisation of culture, even as it acculturated their listeners against it.

Understanding TG's motivations is one thing, going out drinking with them is another. However, the TG connection effected his introduction to Cabaret Voltaire. In *Industrial Evolution*, it emerges that the impulse to scrutinise the Sheffield group in print rather than TG was more social than it was a driving need to analyse their strategies of resistance. Though the CV noise also sounded alien, it was nowhere near so forbidding as Throbbing Gristle, who were by now pursuing their music's grim industrial ethosphere to its logical conclusion in the death factories of Auschwitz. Compared with the cold death's head circle of TG, the fevered cluster of Cabaret Voltaire was positively comforting. Soon he was regularly commuting up to Sheffield at the weekends and recovering at his depot desk on weekdays. Hanging loose with the dry yet reclusive Richard H Kirk, he acquired an intimate

knowledge of some dark-sounding Sheffield drugs. With the male affable CV vocalist Stephen Mallinder he hit the Sheffield industrial electro underground's drinking circuit, mingling with once and future members of Clock DVA. The Box and pre-ABC group Vice Versa, among others. Having left CV for a position as a wildlife recorder, Chris Watson doesn't figure much in this book, though his importance is always acknowledged.

Charting the changing fortunes of CV and the Sheffield scene over the decade, *Industrial Evolution* catches the more universal drift—realise?—from industrial opposition to pop success (for Human League, Heaven 17, ABC) or, in Cabaret Voltaire's case, to unsuccessful forays with the mainstream. As the decade wore on, the CV duo grew apart, with Kirk bunkering down in their Sheffield studio hoarding their chronic money mismanagement and tax problems would simply disappear. The more pragmatic Mallinder, meanwhile, advanced playing the pop game, as he was never averse to the odd minor celebrity party. Throughout the book, Fish interweaves the narrative thread of the industrial underground and offers trenchant shills towards pop with the Conservative government's systematic filtering of the welfare state, and wengeful, Thatcher-led destruction of Labour-controlled city councils.

Where most 80s stories either trumpet Conservative triumphalism or rail impotently

against it, Fish obviously saw through a good part of it in a speed-fueled drunken stupor. Mounting pressure to complete and self-publish his Cabaret Voltaire book eventually forced him to strap up. Once sober, he was acutely aware of the consequences of the privatisation of waste disposal for the depot's unspoken function as a refuge for chronically mistreated workers. He also remained CV's slide into dependency, as they signed to EMI for an album with no pressing need to be made.

Ironically, Fish is one of the decade's success stories. His CV book established SAI as an independent publisher of mostly avant or outsider music books. That's quite something considering he launched on the back of an interview book with a group notoriously reluctant to discuss their work in much depth, as the inclusion as appendices of Fish's often mundane original conversations with them confirms. With Cabaret Voltaire, the author has to write around that reluctance to truly get across what they were doing. But Fish has spent too long down the pub not to have succumbed to the bery British curse of deflecting seriousness with a call for another round. 'You'd have to be Malcolm Lowry to make anything of all the drinking going down in *Industrial Evolution*, and Mick Fish isn't. But his account has filled the dustbin of history with enough good peoplos to reward ragpickers scavenging for relics of a lost underground. □

THIS IS UNCOOL: THE 500 GREATEST SINGLES SINCE PUNK AND DISCO

GARY MULHOLLAND
 ILLUSTRATION BY HIKI 6/1999
 BY PETER SHAPRO

With a title like this, you don't need me to tell you what this book is like. You either agree with the guy or you don't. So, let me address the more critical question here: is this another fine addition to pop music's extensive library of idiot reading or something more? Time Out/Echoes/ Guardian journalist Gary Mulholland's aim is certainly true — attempting a rewrite of Dave Marsh's *The Heart Of Rock And Soul: The 1000 Greatest Singles Ever Made* from a contemporary British perspective, in a bid to take its native pop music seriously — but can he tell the story he lays out in his introduction ("about how music has changed, how our world [his Wales] has changed in a couple of decades about how bands reach a peak and dominate the art of the pop single for a few years — even months — before disappearing off the cultural map") when his only narrative thread is clarity?

Working closely with Dave Marsh's book is the most interesting aspect of this undertaking. *The Heart Of Rock...* is half great, one quarter middling and one quarter simply borkers

("How could Don Henley seem so alive as lead vocalist of The Eagles, yet so great on his own?"). That Marsh's persona- and context-assessed writing suffers when it addresses anything after 1972 (staringly ignores the question of Brits how does much better) writing on artists who are nothing but persona and context like Prince, Madonna, Hip-hop and, umm, Don Henley (who is where Mulholland, raised on punk and disco, comes in). The book was named after a line from The Realles: "I Can't Stand My Baby", which becomes the genesis of Mulholland's philosophy qua pop: "The vast majority of the singles and artists in this book were brave enough to break out of the increasingly stultifying grip of 'cool', and reshape style, language and/or performance in their image." The book's response is obvious, but I'll use it anyway. Why, then, are there five Dads singles in here? Heren lies the rub. Largely speaking — particularly when it comes to the last decade — Mulholland has replaced Marsh's Motown-centric canon with a string of figments of the UK music magazines' collective imagination. That may be a slight exaggeration, but it does sound like a list of the 500 singles I would have been in here and get little more than half. While his 'quirky' selections are indeed quirky

and a welcome oasis to the Qs and Mikas of the world, as an expert American sa years younger than Mulholland, I have to ask the same question that he asked of Marsh: where's my version of the story?

The only American 'old' artists that are mentioned here, 1981-91 are Talking Heads, Hall & Oates, ZZ Top, Tom Waits, Don Henley, Bruce Springsteen, The Clash, REM, The Police and Devo. Of these, only the last four have more than one entry, and if his criterion is based on body counts, Mulholland mentions that Public Enemy, the Cramps are the greatest American group of the last 25 years — a preposterous notion even in his writer's intent. All the REM singles Mulholland writes about date after their 'breakthrough', inadvertently or otherwise endorsing mainstream American music journalism's art of thumb that dogs Marsh's book — namely, an artist only becomes 'relevant' after he hit because this is when they start to 'signify' they guys, guess what, eight million Debbie Boone fans can be wrong). Barely, Mulholland also writes about Hip-hop except for Marsh, even though he presents himself as an unbiased fan.

Unable to break out of the stultifying grip of Marsh and reshape style and language in its own right, the book is ultimately the undoing of its own. Uncool, uncannily shadowing Marsh's trajectory, Mulholland's choices become less and

less inspiring once the full flowering of his passion for music in the late 70s/early 80s has been spent. His eclecticism wanes and the writing suffers as a consequence. Perhaps this says as much about the music industry as it does of the author. Back when the pop market had been beset by PIs about single "Public Image", for a brief moment some editors believed the mainstream might open up to groups like The Slits, The Pop Group, Flying Lizards, Delta 5, The Fall, Cabinet Voltaire, Negative, Gang Of Four and Wire, all of whom make Mulholland's list 500. Of his favourite pop, 1979, he writes, "Punk and disco had taken the music industry by surprise and, as they struggled to understand what kind of strange noises and voices pop fans wanted, they allowed artists a degree of freedom and adventure that echoed the joy and tumult of the mid-60s." Perhaps this is why so much music is currently looking back to precisely this era, but equally likely is the fact that so many journalists "struggled to understand what kind of strange noises and voices music fans wanted", stopped campaigning and settled for the status quo. It's a sad, salutary tale for career music journalists. Still, with half the book's 155 pages given over to full-colour reproductions of the "17" sleeves, it's a shame to accompany me in the bathroom for many productive months to come. □

SERIAL MUSIC, SERIAL AESTHETICS

MJ GRANT
 CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS HIKI 6/95
 BY ANDY HAMMOND

In Hermann Hesse's novel *The Glass Bead Game*, Josef Knecht becomes Magister Ludi of the order of Castles, a community dedicated to the highest development of the human spirit through the curious activity of the glass bead game, which aims to unify the different modes of human thought, music, mathematics, and the arts. The novel explores the need to balance the inner life and social world, and reflected the desire of Stockhausen's generation to build a new spiritual order from the physical devastation and cultural ruin of 'year zero', 1945. It influenced the young Stockhausen to give up his physics professorship and become a musician like Knecht.

One of the central themes of this engrossing book by MJ Grant is how during the 1950s, serialist composers began to leave the utopian world of the glass bead game and re-enter the real world. Stockhausen came to realise that even apparently stationary state tones are furnished with transients by the ear, and so movement, and hence time, is the most essential musical element. Many serialists responded by embodying Hesse's goal concretely in a mathematical theory of information. Grant opposes over the evolution of serialism, and it's essential to note that for her, it's post-1945, and European, phenomenon; the era of Stockhausen's *Klavierstück*, *Kontak-Punkte* and *Gesang Der Jinglinge*; Boulez's *Structures* and *Le Marteau Sans Maitre*; and resulting work by Ligeti and Kagel. Though in English the term is applied to all 12-tone music from Schoenberg onwards, in German 'tonelle Musik' covered just post-war

developments. Grant defines the description "tonal serialism" that's often used for this era, arguing that among American composers, the work of Stockhausen, Boulez and Pousseur had more in common with Cage's experimentalism than the 12-note composition of Milton Babbitt, which doesn't figure under her heading.

This reorientation is typical of the author's refreshingly original approach. She argues that serialism has to be understood in relation to electronic composition, and places in context the famous remarks by Boulez and Schoenberg, who converted in theory of memory that the tempered system was a temporary compromise. The quarrel between electronic music and acoustic concrete is briefly covered, the author arguing that the difference was one of method rather than material: while electronic music might include recorded material, Schoeller and Henry's characteristic *Deutsche 33* — Spectacle Lyrique is a dramatisation combining spoken language and sounds with the character of sound effects — works away from serialism.

Grant argues that although serial composers aren't scientists — the elitist vision made notorious by the headline a subeditor once gave to an article by Milton Babbitt, "Who Cares if You Listen?" — they found inspiration not just in technology, but in the experimental, systematic mindset underlying it. This, she believes, is a major turning point in Western music, since the ideology of tonal music was historical rather than systematic. Equally radical and central to serial music was the idea of a continuum, of pitches, replacing the distinct steps of the equal tempered scale, but also timbres. For Grant, Stockhausen's *Gesang Der Jinglinge* (1958-59) is a classic illustration. Unlike the now-forgotten *Sextus Intelligitiae Sanctus*, a contemporary

piece by the unjustly neglected Ernst Krenek — essentially a vocal composition with electronic accompaniment presented in an instrumental way — Stockhausen unfolds a gamut of recorded sounds of the human voice, and electronically synthesised sounds.

Typical of Grant's insight is the way she contrasts the unfocused in the listener's experience: the visual aspect of performance creates tension, as when we see the percussionist raise the hammer to beat the drum, but electronic music carries its own tension since "listeners can't perceive themselves mentally, and the sounds that it occurs. This fact connects with the affinity between serial music and Cageian experimentalists — a recurrent theme of the book. Many writers have commented on the sonic similarity between total determinism and complete chance — Boulez himself came to believe that his "aleutonic" music engendered "chance by the back door". But Grant challenges the idea that total determinism is possible at all: there are aleatoric or chance dimensions to both approaches, and neither yields the resolution found in tonal music. The difference, she argues, is that in a serial work "we may expect change, but not a particular kind of change... [in] much music of the New York school... over change need not be expected".

It's no accident, Grant claims, that the "open" (metric) form of Stockhausen and Boulez arose in a period marked by constant and repeated access to "closed" works through recordings. Telepresence, which implies a direct relationship between the creation of a musical idea and the listener's grasp of it, is abandoned. In serial music "there is not a logical process of events", Grant explains, "but neither is it an

undifferentiated field — it is not white noise. The important point is the statistical nature of this process...". Tonal music is tied to rhetoric: there, expansion and recapitulation are based on the development of an argument. But when serial composers used the human voice, the portrayal of a text was replaced by "disjointed word shards, mumbled syllables, amputated phrases", as Eric Orr of Stockhausen put it. Serial music, especially electronic music, "sought relief from the [standardised] harmonic aspects of instruments [where] the sound of the human voice (the singing voice) was still regarded as a predominant element." "Serial music is dynamic, like modern music, is combinatorial, 'formed from individual stretches which are more or less joined together'".

This is a very ambitious book that draws on research across many disciplines: quantum theory, information theory and the abstract painting of Klee and Mondrian cross-cuts a rich and fertile narrative. There are the familiar PhD resources — tracts of scholarly expositors, mostly concerning articles in the serialists' house-journal, *Die Reihe* (The Row), and not sufficiently separated from presentation of the author's own views. Grant recognises that serialism was a sponsored project, but leaves others to explore the role of state-funded German radio stations in fostering the new music. It'd like to be told more about the parameters of serial music, and whether its era is now over, though. Finally, there are copy-editing errors: "transmission" for "transmission", "radically" for "radically". But there's so much stimulating discussion here, by an author who promises to be one of the most original writers on contemporary composition, I hope an affordable paperback edition is forthcoming. □



Tribe gatherings. Left: Hay fever: Image from African Ceremonies. Right: Psychedelic casualties

**AFRICAN CEREMONIES:
THE CONCISE EDITION**
**CAROL BECKWITH &
ANGELA FISHER**
ABRAMS HBK \$49.95

BY CLIVE GILL

Colourful ritual still survives in British life, though we tend to view it with embarrassment or shame: foxgloving, Morris dancing, football supporters and the Trooping of the Colour. Ceremony in our daily lives is so reduced that a theatre group, Welfare State International, has spent years devising new forms of weddings, funerals or rites of passage that might sit better with modern life. A spin-off from Welfare State, IOU Theatre, has produced highly visual and musical work, often of a satirical and humorously ceremonial nature. And then there's the Notting Hill Carnival.

But confronted in this book by the spectacular wood and raffia full body costumes of the Bobo people of Benin's Faso, you feel this is artistic work on a different plane altogether. Blacksmiths from the secret society of *Do* are the only ones able to make these masks – like owls seen by Picasso, or a teioteles roaring on stilts, they dance

with a purpose we can hardly conceive, to restore harmony between the human community and the creative force of nature. Art, religion, ecology and citizenship lessons all rolled into one.

My favourite page here is the *Nafiq*, or Roaring Buffalo Mask. Not so much a mask, more a charging monster costume the size of a small bus, it hurtles noisily through Senegalese villages on the Ivory Coast during funerals. Bullfighting types in raffia-fringed suits tout the Buffalo Mask and dance around it. The performers in this theatrical show are highly trained acrobatic comedians, members of another secret society, the Panthers of the Poro.

There is much more of this throughout this vast book of photographs. There are extraordinary displays of body painting, and lovingly photographed costumes of great beauty and imagination, from the highly desirable beaded leg hoops worn by Ndebele children in South Africa, to the towering yellow head-dresses sported by young Maasai warriors – that yellow may look like fun fur, but in fact comes from a lion the man has killed personally. The book is organised by topics: birth and initiation,



courtship and marriage, seasonal rites and so on. "We have approached this project not as anthropologists but as artists," write Beckwith and Fisher. There is a modest amount of text, which sets the context for the photos and explains what is going on.

Photographically speaking, we are in National Geographic territory here, and the authors have contributed several articles to that publication. All is brightly coloured, everyone looks healthy. The dark side of Africa as represented here is a female circumcision ceremony. AIDS and urban squallor are not allowed to spoil the party. Having said that, the book is the result of over ten years of dedicated, persistent research, and the authors have photographed rituals that may never happen on the same scale again (the graduation of 104 Maasai warriors into adulthood), or have hardly been shown before (the amazing Wodabe Charm dances in central Niger – a thousand men in a week of dance contests. "A man who can hold one eye still and roll the other is considered particularly alluring by the female judges").

The Charm Dance can also be heard on the accompanying CD, which features 22 short but

wivic chants of African music compiled by David Bradburn. Bradburn, whose CV includes New Age guitar with Tim Wheeler and a stint with Masiak, accompanied Beckwith and Fisher on their trips, but sadly the CD is only loosely connected to the book, and operates more like a pleasant afterthought. Most intriguing are the ghostly "Djembe Hoins, Central Africa", and the madly buzzing funk brass of "Bungo, Kenya", but the total information on those tracks is what I've just given you. The Charm Dance is the only example I could find where you can turn from the photos of a ceremony and hear how it sounded. Which seems a missed opportunity.

You might consider reinforcing your coffee table before encountering it with this book, with its 400 pages of triumphantly massive format. Even so, this is the Concise Edition, a 50 per cent reduction from the original two volume set, which documented 96 ceremonies in 26 countries. It would make a splendid gift for the ceremonial exchange of our British Christmas – and before presenting it, you might like to take a tip from the Himba people of Namibia, and beautifully your ermine body by smearing it with red ochre and butterfat. □

EVERY SOUND THERE IS: THE BEATLES, REVOLVER AND THE TRANSFORMATION OF ROCK AND ROLL

RUSSELL REISING (EDITOR)

ASHGATE HSK \$45/PBK \$15.95

BY TOM PERCIVAL

This collection of essays on The Beatles' 1966 album is the expanded result of a panel session at the Beatles 2000 conference (which was held in Finland). The contributors are mainly North American, though Europe and Australia are represented, and mainly academics, though not necessarily music specialists. That should be a good thing — all music is fascinating for the fact of their cultural formation and literary identity as much as for their notes. Recognising this, series editor Professor Derek B. Scott's preface suggests that a relativist, postmodernist, poststructuralist places little faith in the idea of the autonomous artwork, nor in grand narratives or canons, and that popular musicology is enabled and valorised because of it. But this is where the problems begin: over the page, editor Russell Reising's introduction appears to *Revolver's* place in a canon of pop masterpieces — specifically, various readers' polls in *Q* magazine — just as later on his concluding essay will seek to stage the record as a pivotal moment in a grand narrative of pop history. While Scott may have commissioned a thoughtful exploration of proliferating cultural questions, what Reising has delivered is a hyperbo-logicist fantasy in hindsight.

There's nothing wrong with being a fan, of

course. The contributors' biographies are written around their first encounter with *Revolver*, a nice touch designed to counter an unapologetic subjectivity one that is implicitly pitted against the universalist and transcendental pretences of old-fashioned critical practice. That's as it should be. But for too many of the contributors, close identification with the record needs like over-familiarity, with weak styles and ideas failing to cultivate the critical insight that might defamiliarise the record in any way. Although the idea of surrounding a single piece of work with webs of cultural context is a compelling one, it's a project that's bound to find itself trapped in solipsism if contributors are unable to think their way out of the text in question.

Walter Everett, author of two books on The Beatles, is one of the few contributors able to work outdoors in that way. The group originally planned to record the album at the studios of ex-Atlantic, Atlantic or Motown, and Everett responds to this significant (if thwarted) gesture by constructing a network of R&B influences on The Beatles' music. The group may have never made that particular trip Stateside, but through his writing Everett crosses the Atlantic for them, making visible the link between black American sources and their English reinterpretation. Everett's scholarship is second to none, his inferences are convincing and, having studied over 350 singles for the article, his investigative stamina is impressive.

Other essays in the section on *Revolver's* influences are less accomplished. But the collection's most serious failings are to be found

in the second section, the part which constitutes the bulk of the 'musacological' investigation. The authors of the three essays here understand musical analysis to mean the description of harmony and form, and so largely dispense with the music's strikingly rich texts and contexts. Maybe these areas were supposed to be properly examined elsewhere in the volume, but if they are not — as is the case — then they should not have been thought of as separable from the album's 'purely' musical content in the first place. The work of writers like Simon Firth and Richard Middleton goes as well here as not: these are scholars who for decades have been finding modes of analysis appropriate to pop's constructions and audiences, but the articles here never depart from the methodological norms of classic 19th-century theory. Namoworth of single aside, the weaknesses of the musical investigation are legion. Get Fillmore's discussion of *The Beatles'* use of the flat seventh chord is dogged by careless and confused use of terminology; Nathaniel Wagner's effort is one of the many disorienting essays in the book that reads as if it has been written under exam conditions. Stephen Valdez reduces magnificent songs to a litany of structural As and Bs and chordal Ds and Es, not realising the music lies elsewhere.

While many contributors are unwilling to go beyond the taxonomic facts of *Revolver* itself, that doesn't mean the text is treated with any sort of care in its discussion of 'For No One', Cy Schreier transposes his musical examples into an easy key, as if this were Tune-A-Day for theorists

And these examples are not only unedited and unproofed, but have apparently been printed without even a half-interest eye being cast over them. Perilous-corrected rough transcriptions are printed as text; one example consists of lines of entirely empty staves and numerous other glitches are left in. It's difficult to imagine such a total absence of quality control in an academic volume on any aspect of Western art music. That's a strength of grand narratives and their associated canons: they protect their own.

The volume's third part is notionally about the individuals involved with the record, and is the best section by virtue of its having two consecutive publishable essays. New Zealand-based musician Matthew Bannister contributes a focused and purposeful discussion of the group politics that led George Harrison to clear himself a 'musical space' with Indian music. Meanwhile, it's left to Jim LeBlanc to trace thematic motifs in the album's lyrics, and although his attempt to read the album as a thematically unified and coherent whole is not entirely convincing, his discussion of those themes is always interesting. The section actually devoted to *Revolver's* 'themes' fails to address much at all; notably bad is Ronald Schrier's slip of a canon concerning musical accidents and extra-musical accidents. He's not the first smart arse postmodern critic to be attracted to music theory by the perceived ideological resonances of the practice's technical vocabulary, and he won't be the last to be undone by his own musical literacy. Like the volume as a whole, not recommended. □

TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS: ROCK AND PSYCHEDELICS IN THE 1960S

NICK BROMELL

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS PBK \$16.00

BY EDWIN POUNCEY

For his study on 60s rock and psychedelics, Nick Bromell takes the title from the final track of The Beatles' 1966 album *Revolver*, John Lennon's poem to the Tibetan Book Of The Dead and the discovery of his inner self, which has since become recognised as one of the first rock songs to (subliminally) make reference to hallucinogens. From the outset it is clear that Bromell is a natural born baby boomer for whom The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Elvis Presley, Bob Dylan and Jimi Hendrix are the touchstones of his youth. They are also at the epicentre of his theories on how hallucinogenic drugs altered rock during the 60s, the aftereffects of which have continued to resonate through successive decades.

Written in a somewhat grating hipsterish

academic style, complete with two appendices and a chapter of notes, Professor Bromell's slim book is initially daunting. Persuasive, however, and eventually becomes a rewarding read. His opening chapters deal with how the early pop music of The Beatles and the rockabilly of Elvis Presley apparently contained coded messages that alluded to the problems of being an adolescent in Cold War America. How The Beatles' apparently simple rhyming couplets are, in fact, loaded with subtextual sexual symbolism, while Presley's 'Heartbreak Hotel' is a song that deals with the agony of loneliness and the secret need for teenage seduction.

While neither of these revelations are particularly surprising, it is Bromell's enthusiasm for his subject that eventually wins through; especially when he finally gets to unravelling the concepts that are banned under the alluring subtitle of his book. In a chapter titled 'I Was Alone, I Took A Ride' (taken from a line in 'Got To Get You Into My Life'), he cries the last three tracks of The Beatles' *Revolver* as being the

original aida on which much of the psychedelic revolution in 60s rock rested. Here he crafts a wonderfully evocative description of how it felt to hear The Beatles' psychedelics for the first time: a mixture of confusion and wonder that would encourage those who really listened to the group's mystic mantras to discover their own inner self, and ultimately freedom from a hostile world that dispatched its youth to the killing fields of Vietnam. Bromell takes you into the studio where 'Tomorrow Never Knows' was created by the group and producer George Martin and lets the reader hear the pulse beat of this now familiar song afresh. He effectively succeeds in making one want to reclaim *Revolver* and rediscover the record again which, in many respects, gives his book the night over the glut of volumes already written about the 60s and The Beatles in particular.

Bromell memorably doesn't concentrate all his energies on the impact of the Fab Four either. He also cites Bob Dylan's transition from acoustic folk into electric protest as a major sign in the

machine — together with the emergence of Jimi Hendrix, who took Dylan's lyrics even higher — and passionately reinforces the argument that the blues remain an integral part of rock's history and future. Although *INK* never pretends to be a history of psychedelics rock, the book stumbles badly because Bromell chooses to ignore too many artists who were directly responsible for moulding the psychedelic form into a separate musical genre once The Beatles had mobilised their Sgt Pepper uniforms and started bickering amongst themselves. The Grateful Dead are mentioned only in passing (tellingly, The 13th Floor Elevators are absent, as are the scores of acid and downy grooves who erupted out of the 60s garage rock scene. Despite the kaleidoscopic passages of perception and intellect that flash through these pages, one persistently nagging feeling which refuses to budge is that, by referring so constantly to the era's big boys, Bromell probably hasn't heard enough hallucinogenic inspired rock to be authoritative on his chosen subject. □

Cross Platform

Sound in other media

Finnish digital music pioneer Erkki Kurenniemi almost passed into obscurity, until his rediscovery by this year's Avanto Festival. By Harri Uusitorppa



Back to the future: Erkki Kurenniemi today (left), his Sähkökvarteri synthesizer, and with his DIMI-S in 1975

"Nowadays it's a totally different world," says Erkki Kurenniemi, a man who has spent the last 40 years imagining the improbable. "Technology has enabled musicians to imagine the unimaginable, things that even I could not predict." Born in 1941 in Helsinki, Kurenniemi is one of the indisputable pioneers and visionaries of Finnish electronic experimental music: a composer, instrument designer and the inventor not only of one of the world's first digital synthesizers, but even the first commercially manufactured and marketed microcomputer (the CIS-System in 1973, two years before the American MITS Altair).

Despite his vision, Kurenniemi is still relatively unknown, even in his home country, and remains a footnote in the history of experimental electronic music. An excerpt from his 1968 composition (and recording) *Antropoiden Tanssi* was used by Finnish Prog rockers Wigwam on their album *Tombstone Valentine* (1970), and that was about as much exposure as his music ever received in the popular domain. But that is about to change this month, as fellow countrymen Pan Sonic are due to perform with Kurenniemi's original electronic instruments at Helsinki's multimedia Avanto Festival. The event coincides with the release of a collection of his (rarely heard and unreleased) electronic music on Love Records, modestly titled *Äänityksiä/Recordings 1963-1973*. Kurenniemi is also the subject of *The Future Is Not What It Used To Be*, a new documentary by filmmaker Mika Taanila.

Kurenniemi is astonished, even sceptical about his late revival and his newfound status as a cult figure. "The world seems to need new heroes, even if they are old ones," he states with a wry smile, while expressing the hope that he won't have to listen to his old recordings ever again. "Maybe I'm a little too close to the subject," he says.

As with so much early electronic music, Kurenniemi's work was linked to academic institutions. He started out at the University of Helsinki, where he began to build his electronic music studio in 1962. The studio was used during the 60s and 70s, mainly for electroacoustic composition, and it is still the oldest functional studio of its kind in Scandinavia.

The beginnings were humble. "Our first acquisition was a small tape recorder by Telefunken," remembers Kurenniemi, "and a little bit later we also got a sound generator and an echo machine." Almost all of the other electronic instruments were designed and built by

himself from scratch and, literally, from scrap components he was lucky to obtain from a local dealer. The studio also housed his first synthesizer (1964), which took up a couple of square metres of floor space. But the university's studio was not the first he had worked in: as a young student in the mid-50s, an enthusiastic Kurenniemi set up an electronic studio in his school loft, and made some raw sound experiments. "As a young boy I read an article about electronic music and it hit me right away," he remembers.

Kurenniemi originally studied mathematics, physics and philosophy, but his fascination with new music eventually won out. He dreamt of the studio as one big instrument, not just a place for the mechanical reproduction of a performance. And while other experimentalists tended to favour pure snarewave sounds, Kurenniemi was more interested in square waves, resembling those made by a distorted electric guitar.

One of Kurenniemi's earliest recorded pieces was his 13 minute magnum opus, *On-Off* (1963), inspired by the acoustic experience of a power station, which he taped in real time at the university. "It was so simple: I had three tape recorders with different sound material and a fourth machine to record the results."

His methods were not always so simple, however. One of Kurenniemi's most original instruments was the *Sähkökvarteri* (Electric Quartet), which has now been restored for Pan Sonic's tribute at Avanto.

Commissioned by the Finnish agent provocateur MA Numminen, the *Sähkökvarteri* was a complex electronic synthesizer constructed for a group of players. It consisted of an "electric violin" (controlled by a potentiometer), "electric drums", a "melody machine" (its pitch adjusted by covering photoresistors with an eraser) and a "singing machine" (a microphone and an aluminum stick whose photoresistors would trigger different filters). Unfortunately, the only known recording for the *Sähkökvarteri* is a single composition called *Kaukana Väijä Ystävä (Far Away Love Some Friends)*.

A *Sähkökvarteri* group, led by Numminen, made a now legendary tour of Bulgaria in the summer of 1968. Numminen remembers one particular performance: "The grand ballroom was crowded with some 4000 listeners. When the combination of exsulting electronic sounds and my idiosyncratic voice filled the ballroom, the performance was interrupted abruptly and the band was removed from the stage." Numminen

regards this incident as one of his "top achievements in the art of provocation". Kurenniemi agrees. "The sound [from the *Sähkökvarteri*] was really, really awful. But I like its basic idea: that one instrument can be played simultaneously by several people."

Kurenniemi worked at the university until the end of the 80s, when he founded Digilux Electronics to build and market his own electronic synthesizers, which incorporated a digital memory. In a stroke of linguistic genius, he named his main series DIMI (Digital Music Instrument). DIMI-A (1969) was controlled by an "electric pen"; DIMI-E (1970) featured electrodes to be connected to a human hand; DIMI-S (1971) utilised sensors attached to the arm, which read the electrical charges caused by changes in skin resistance. According to composer Petri Kuljuntausta (author of *On/Off*), a new book about early Finnish electronic music, "The most interesting of Kurenniemi's digital instruments is DIMI-O (1970), a video synthesizer. By using a video camera and monitor, all moving video images could be converted to electronic music by this device." Kurenniemi also made an 11 minute film called *DIMI Büllet* (1971), demonstrating the capabilities of his video synthesizer with the help of a dancer. The film is one of the first interactive video artworks.

Kurenniemi turned out to have been a little too far ahead of his time. "I thought I was going to make loads of money," he says, "but to my surprise musicians and composers were really reluctant to buy these instruments. Maybe they found them too complicated to play and to program. At that time, the early 70s, composers were only interested in twisting the knobs: playing by ear."

In the years following the collapse of Digilux, Kurenniemi went on to design industrial robots, first for Rosenlew and then for (pre-movie) Nokia. Now, after 15 years as a researcher and coordinator at the Helsinki Science Centre, he has again become an independent researcher. But he has not abandoned music altogether. During the last few years he has been writing his theory of the mathematical principles of music, which, according to him, will provide "a totally new perspective". □ Music by Kurenniemi, MA Numminen and the *Sähkökvarteri* are included on Arto Lehtinen's *Äänityksiä/Recordings 1963-1973* is out soon on Love. For info on this year's Avanto Festival, see Out There



Left: Seefeel's Pee Froese rock the house at Art Electronics. Right: Fabienne Audéoud & John Russell's Weight Of The Breast at the South London Gallery



ARS ELECTRONICA LINZ ARS ELECTRONICA CENTRE

BY LINA DZUVENKO RUSSELL

In the 1950s mathematician, inventor and visionary Buckminster Fuller came up with the Dymaxion Map of the world — a visual alternative to the ancient Mercator projection which, by recombining 14 segments of a flat plan of the Earth, enabled the world to be visualised from a different perspective to that of Western imperialism. This year's Ars Electronica Festival attempted a similar project through curators, and in fact used the Dymaxion Map as its cover image. Aiming to shed some light on the "blind spots of globalisation", the festival, subtitled "Unplugged: Art As The Score Of Global Circuits", centred around a discussion of the "digital divide" with a host of artists and speakers from across the globe, with a focus on artistic projects from Africa.

German ethnologist and radio journalist Joy Rutledge programmed the Urban Africa Club, a nightly showcase of groups from across the African continent. The club provided the highlight of the festival with its mix of Senegalese HighPop, Zouglou (a highly politicised musical commentary born on the streets of Abidjan) and Kwano (South Africa's own club music, born out of a mélange of house, hip-hop, reggae and traditional popular township rhythms). The only problem was that the Urban Africa Club took place apart from the rest of Ars Electronica. Audiences were left with the dilemma of choosing between a DJ set by the likes of veteran rappers Russell Maxwell and GM Von Hausen at the OK Centre's night programme, or the unique opportunity to hear Dikari's Mago System across the Demute at another festival venue. Why Rutledge's immense knowledge of

the African scene had to be segregated from the rest of the programme remains anyone's guess. Across town at the ORF (Austrian Broadcasting Corporation) studio, the televised pre-opening ceremony Ars Electronica also led a life of its own. Unfortunately, African artists were nowhere to be seen in the official selection, which seemed incongruous in the light of this year's theme.

The glitter prize ceremony was followed by a series of televised presentations for each of the seven prize categories. The Digital Music Golden Nica this year went to the Finnish veteran Yasuue Tote for his piece "Mar'Ya Wounded" — a part of his major work *Musica Simulacra* examining the possibilities of the CD as a performance medium. The Digital Music panel, chaired by Asphedra's Naut Humon, was an opportunity to hear the poetic and charmingly chaotic Tote discuss the different stages of his long career of sound experimentation and disrobe the working processes behind his music. Tote was joined by the two recipients of the Disordians in the Digital Music category — online collective and record label Lucky Kitchen's Alejandra Salinas and Aaron Benjamin demonstrated the worlds behind their grassroots digital synthesis and field recordings by playing "Revolutions" and "The Tale Of Pop", a poetic soundscape built around a world of Scottish menaces. The other presenter, monosound pioneer and author Curtis Roads, delivered a meticulously structured lecture on the specificity of the electronic medium as opposed to acoustic composition to a most likely bewildered Austrian TV audience.

The best of the Prix installations were on show at the Cyberkita exhibition located at the OK Centre. Spread over four floors filled with dozens of installations, the works ranged from Volker Morawe and Tilmann Rieff's extremely popular *PixelStation* on — a game of ping which sent electric currents through the hand of the losing

party, to artist Atsuo Tanaka and Kasper Teepfritz's *Global Strong*, a giant single-stringed instrument which extended globally over the Internet, connecting gallery visitors all over the world who were invited to vibrate the string by plucking, bowing or stroking it.

The most successful hybrid of the festival was the closing HipHopWorldwide night — a combination of Austrian, Senegalese and US artists. Stars of the West African scene, Senegalese Pee Froese, captured what was by now an exhausted audience with their sympathetic and energy infused HipHop. The trio of MC Kurnen, DJ GeeBays and Kocob, whose records still tend to land in the "African" sections in European record shops ("We're pigeonholed against our will into the role of the African, but we don't want to be seen as just Africans. We want to be taken seriously as HipHoppers," asserted Kurnen) shook the crowd with their mixture of beats, samples from various sources (including the ubiquitous "Get Up Frank On") and Senegalese percussion. They rap in French and English, with lyrics ranging from the political to the highly personal, ending with a heartfelt song dedicated to the special women in their lives — their mothers and sisters.

The festival closed with an explosive set by Sole and Didd Nossam of Oakland's Anticon crew, whose anti-corporate message began with "Let's not talk sweats, let's get conscious — power to the people!" "When I say arrest the president, you say 'kill George Bush'", spat Sole halfway into the set to a cheering audience, before incessantly enquiring, "Why do you guys hate my country so much?"

Starting an Oscars award for electronic art must have made a lot of sense in the 80s, when *Art as Electronics* was first conceived. 16 years later, with digital arts having seeped into every strand of artistic activity imaginable, giving birth

to a diversity of approaches, the format of the festival might be due for a rethink. Ars returns a key annual gathering for anyone working in the area. However, despite moments of truly inspired programming, this year's attempt to examine a subject as enormous as the politicisation of electronic art and the results of globalised artistic production felt too overwhelming a theme for a week-long festival to tackle.

FABIENNE AUDEOUD & JOHN RUSSELL: THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CONVERSATION/ RETURN TO THE OCEANIC: THE WEIGHT OF THE BREAST LONDON SOUTH LONDON GALLERY

BY ANNE HILDE NESSET &
LINA DZUVENKO RUSSELL

Last June, we received an email asking whether we knew any women interested in taking part in a performance called *Weight Of The Breast* — 20 Woman Play Drums. Brief enquiries confirmed that no one we knew was willing to disrobe at the South London Gallery.

But some people obviously were, as three months later we found ourselves standing in the audience facing a battery of 20 rock drum kits (complete with glittery glam-rock shells). The crowd, more self-conscious than at a usual art event, stood around nervously in self-imposed silence, a Withdrawal From Conversation indeed. The silence was interrupted only by occasional giggles and coughs from an audience that was, inevitably, predominantly male, in anticipation of undulating breasts and fierce rhythms (in that order). After what seemed like hours, the doors opened to let in a procession of a score of fully clothed women of all ages, sizes and colours taking their positions after snatching the



Left to right: Image from Negativland's *Deathsentences*; Merce Cunningham's *Loose Time*; Fake ads for *Subotage's* Cash performance



pregnant anticipation for a moment, the performers proudly but self-consciously peeled off their tops. With garments abandoned on the floor, the drum orchestra quietly began whisking over the drums before slowly building towards a full, thunderous growl making the walls tremble. Looking strangely intent, for the following 40 minutes the half-naked performers played 20 individual drum patterns, occasionally locking into an inhumanly metric rhythm, only to break out again into total cacophony. With only one or two trained drummers amongst them, sticks were flying in the air. The audience's tension was released in the number of tons resulting mostly in hysterical laughter, while others just stood in disbelief. Some men, conditioned like Pavlov's dog to make noises whenever they see breasts, whistled and catcalled.

Fabienne Audouard, French performance artist and the mind behind the spectacle, stood in front of the performers, quietly directing the piece. The brief, clearly outlined in all the publicity stated: "1. 20 women will play the drums topless. 2. The performance will happen on a purpose built stage, with theatrical lighting. 3. The audience will be seated. 4. The gallery is very resistant and will allow a very loud and powerful sound. 5. The performance does not mean anything."

Audouard's piece for drummers continues a long tradition of performance where the inefficacy of the female body is used to critique the male gaze. As such, it resonates with the work of artists such as Vanessa Beecroft (whose performance and photography feature naked, doll-like women standing inanimately, as in a photo shoot) and 60s feminist activist and video maker Valie Export. Despite Audouard's insistence that the performance "did not mean anything," her agenda is infused with meaning. Reminiscent of Export's quasi-Situationist *Roma* cinema, where she strapped a cardboard box onto her naked chest and emitted sounds to stick their hands through two conveniently placed holes, Audouard's *Weight Of The Breast*, like all good performance art, balanced on the edge of being profoundly disturbing, abusive and seriously on PC. The 40 minutes spent in front of topless female

drummers felt like an embodiment of today's Third Wave post-feminist discourse. Whether Audouard, like Export, wants to separate the female body from eroticism, or indeed ends up objectifying women under the guise of performance art is open to interpretation, but it made for an evening full of tensions, conflicts and a healthy, uncomfortable relationship between the audience and performers.

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY LONDON BARBICAN THEATRE UK

BY PHIL ENGLAND

For the last 50 years, Merce Cunningham's Dance Company has given a visual accompaniment to some of America's most avant-garde contemporary composition. Composer collaborators have ranged from Morton Feldman to Conlon Nanorow, and set designs have been created by the elite of visual arts from Andy Warhol to Bruce Nauman.

The dance itself is complex and fascinating; choreography that looks both narrative and expressive tendencies but is pure dance in celebration of the human body and its potential. There is a sense of unbroken continuity between the pieces and, like the music of AMM or La Monte Young, endings and beginnings seem arbitrary, as if each dance is a slice from a continuum. The pieces are distinguished as much by the costumes, set designs and the accompanying music as the dance itself.

The programme, set up in two parts, was inaugurated by the world premieres of the dance "Fluid Carnas" and of John King's accompanying piece "Longtimepartnering". An electroacoustic, multi-speaker sound environment with sampled drum patterns and piano notes that are isolated and fragmented, it seems busy alongside John Cage's solo cello piece *One** which accompanies the evening's other work, *Interscape*. *One** is more open and has frequent periods of silence, allowing the sound of feet impacting on the plastic floor (*Interscape* was designed by Robert Rauschenberg) to be foregrounded.

The second programme, three days later, opened with *Way Station* accompanied by Takehisa Kosugi's improvisation on small instruments and effects pedals. The stage, obstructed by wire and tissue paper objects that look like giant jellyfish, act as strange attractors for the choreography. But the abstraction of the dance loses on an oddly when quality that seems to draw as much on eurythmy as Dionysian ritual and some of the male costumes are unfortunately reminiscent of Roman Empire skirts. Suddenly the Dada loquacious seems quaint, decadent and irrelevant.

Luckily, *Loose Time* is distinctly more joyful and welcoming, with the dancers unable to contain their glee at times. There is more swift group movement and a beautiful centerpiece solo sequence of extreme complexity by the spiky-haired dancer Holly Farmer, which alone was worth the evening. The piece is accompanied by Christian Wallf's *Moving Spaces* — unimpaired yet tender music for acoustic guitar that is largely composed of postural gestures and silence.

Uncharacteristically for Cunningham, the programme ended with a reconstructed piece from 1985 called *How To Pass, Kick, Fall And Run*. John Cage's accompaniment dispenses with music in favour of two speakers — in this case Cunningham and his archivist David Vaughan — set on the left of the stage reading stories from Cage's indeterminacy. The stories are picked by chance methods, as a result some stories overlap and there are periods of silence. Each story, regardless of length, has to be read within the space of one minute — so the speed at which they are read varies.

For the last 15 years, Cunningham has been choreographing his dance using computers. *How To Pass...*, dating from before Cunningham got wild, composed simple gestures reminiscent of children jostling and playing games in a school playground in costumes which inevitably evoked the cast of *James the Ghostly* with the backstage rigging and lighting exposed, along with bunnies ready for packing up the set. The piece was a breath of fresh air which allowed Cunningham — now 83 and walking with a stick

— to receive numerous curtain calls from an audience as keen to applaud him for his lifetime of achievement as for the evening itself.

NEGATIVLAND DEATHSENTENCES OF THE POISHED AND STRUCTURALLY WEAK

SEELAND 665 PRK/CD
BY PHIL ENGLAND

In 1899 Henry H Bliss went down in history as North America's first car fatality. The 68 year old Wall Street real estate broker was getting out of a New York City street car when he was run over by a taxi cab. His head and lungs were crushed, and he died the following day. Since that time an estimated 17 million people have been killed in car crashes around the globe. In 2001, the human roadkill in Britain alone tallied 3443 bodies — a fact which blandly repeats itself with little variation from one year to the next.

Veteran audio artists and media provocateurs Negativland's latest project, a book and CD package together inside an accident-reporting form, takes these overlooked deaths as its subject matter. The group describe the CD, their first studio album since *Onsepal* five years ago, as "the sound of our studio gear being destroyed in a car crash". But aside from the opening sequence, a mess of amplifier hum, electrical crackle, feedback, bent frequencies and violently disfigured samples, it's not particularly confrontational or agonizing. *Deathsentences* doesn't sound like the violence of sudden impact, the rupturing of vital organs or crushing of heads, limbs and torsos. It feels more like the shock and confusion of the wrenching from the world of the living, the sudden realisation of permanent disability and disfigurement or the date of one's death.

With their trademark social-critical spoken word collage component removed, Negativland prove their ability to work in a pure noise field in an accomplished way. It's chaotic, densely layered, continually changing and confronting in its memory-baffling complexity. Although no comparisons readily come to mind, lots of



Fennô Bag, zoviet*france: and AMM all will find their taste far complex audio surprise tolled.

The abstract audio collage with its constantly unfolding improvisatory structure is given context by the accompanying glossy 60 colour page book. It contains 30 portraits of written-off cars documenting the effects on the vehicle of car crashes: crumpled bodywork, buckled torments, rubber linings dropping into exposed engines, shattered windshields, dented bumpers and wheel-less shells sinking into pools of green sludge water.

Alongside the photographs of this automobile graveyard, Negativland tease out ghosts of former owners by reproducing scraps of paper retrieved from dashboards or littered on the floor. Shopping lists, Christmas party invitations, incorrectly copied homework, job application letters and desperate notes to loved ones hinting of short educations and destructive lives. This is the most affecting component of *Death/Innocence* as it humanises the statistics and for a fleeting moment gives life back to the real experiences and human fables which have been consigned to society's scrapheap.

"Dear Tary, I am very sorry for how I have been treating you/I do not mean to I guess/I'm because I have been going/throw so much stress lately and I have been acting/I like a total bitch and I know I and I am sorry/A lot of it has to do with living here and I am so anxious to move and not going to school/I'm helping very much because/I am bored and I want to do something during the day and I am just sorry for taking it out on you. Becky/Love Always Becky"

For the story behind the project you have to visit the group's Website (www.negativland.com) and follow the links to a ten minute made-for-radio audio file where group member Richard Lyons describes returning to his local wrecking yard with obsessive regularity for several months and scooping the cars for material. Apparently it all started when Richard was hunting for a spare part. There's no explicit anti-car agenda here – just a ruminative observation of a slice of life which is otherwise hidden from our

consciousness.

Others have seen here before. Heathcote Williams' brilliant *Autogeddon*, JS Ballard's *Crash* and even the death of Princess Diana, have all dripped sweat at the myth that marketing has draped around the car.

These artistic projects have run parallel to pressures in civil society. *Wrecked* The Streets, Orzool Mass, congestion charging) for more sustainable futures. As cities reach gridlock, and a brown cloud looms over Asia, it's clear that cars represent more than 'freedom'. More profound than the number of fatalities due to road accidents, our dependence on the car is contributing to our species' imminent destruction through climate change.

But as Heathcote Williams observed: "If you were involved in a car/As many are/If you fast made love in a car/As many have/If you went to work in a car/As many do/And if you desire your sense of freedom from cars/You are going to defend them to the death."

Whether our structural addictions such as automobiles (if you suffer, try the *AntiRotics Anonymous 12 Step Programs* at www.carbusters.org) give way to more progressive pressures remains to be seen. As these forces play themselves out, Negativland's *Death/Innocence* represents another nail in the coffin of an inflated car culture.

SABOTAGE: TORMENTS & VICES 1992-2002

ROBERT JELINEK & CHRISTOPH STEINEGGER
DIE GESTALTEN VERLAG PINK + ST CO £29.99
BY KEN HOLLINGS

Joseph Beuys, who always knew how to keep a straight face, once presented an event on German television based around the statement, scowled on a large board, that "the silence of Marcel Duchamp is overrated". That, however, is as nothing compared with his much vaunted sense of humour. Focus. It's those stifle word games and lame puns, together with the sly obscuring of identities and openings they represented, were never that funny. However, as

calculated expressions of frustration and impotence at a time when media and meaning were slowly detaching themselves from each other, they were right on the money. The prank acknowledges imbalances in power and exploits the surface uniformity of mass

communication, its underlying implication being that those who laugh last have clearly not been paying attention. Beuys merely took that level of awareness a stage further by transforming the press conference into an alchemical process.

Today, with Errol accountants seemingly able to make billions of dollars appear and disappear at will, UK census officials publicly admitting that they have 'made up' over a million citizens and ex-Factory supremo Tony Wilson hosting TV quiz shows, Sabotage has become what the advertising industry likes to call 'an affordable luxury'.

Since its foundation by Robert Jelinek in 1992, the Viennese art and music label Sabotage has been playing the data jigsaw with considerable skill and panache. Take, for example, their 1998 CD compilation *Out Out*, which not only took its title from the ALJ's long-dented *Amber House* classic but also appropriated its rural cover art as well, digitally replacing the safety grazing sheep of the original with a pack of roving wolves. The disc itself featured an unreasonably intense selection of material, including a 380 bpm track from Panacea. Sabotage claimed that inspiration for the release's artwork came partly from the Joseph Beuys performance *Coyote* in which he lived for an entire week in a New York gallery with a wild coyote. Sabotage nearly fails to mention, however, that Beuys also had daily copulations of the Wall Street Journal sent to him throughout the entire period. The silence of JELK is...

Put together by Jelinek in association with designer Christoph Steinegger to catalogue a decade of this and similar acts of public intervention, *Torments & Vices* is an alluring mass of deceptions. From the *Silke* gaudium of the gold embossed Sabotage trademark on its cheap laminate cover to the insertion of an elegantly poetic copyright page 68 pages into the main body of the text, this is a

publication to be approached with extreme caution. Even the book's spine has been printed upside down, making it an unlikely addition to any library shelf. Inside, all conventional notions of chronological or thematic development have been rejected. Instead the reader is invited to follow lines of ideological association that recall the grand expansionist rhetoric of the 1930s art world, where the vocabularies of culture, religion and commerce were brought together as a series of shifting orthodoxies. The contents page consequently made like the track listing for an old New Order album, featuring sections dedicated to "Self Control", "Greed And Desire" and "Certainty". How else to classify the unclassifiable? Whether designing new road signs to warn motorists of 'instinctive behavior', logging incidents of police brutality against Austrian HipHop fans or scooping top prize at the 2001 European Dr Drug Racing Championships with 'The Beast', a customized car boasting a sound system louder than a Boeing 747 jet engine, or making a perfume named *Cash* which smells of banknotes, Sabotage achieves media categorisation. In an age when the means of production have effectively been replaced by the economics of distribution, they express themselves as patterns of circulation, intimate attraction and direct contact. No system is ever closed to them, no certainty secure. Significantly, the four track 3" CD accompanying this book opens and closes with the fabulously obscene "Open", first as a groined 'broken word' rendition from Panacea sound crew Noise, then in all its original glory as recorded by Super Stoned in 1996 and never previously released, having been 'stolen in a government vault' with a stain of seized drugs in Colombia until now. Any similarity between the song and one of Madonna's bigger hits from that year must undoubtedly have been a coincidence. Either way, silence is no longer either an option or a virtue. Super Stoned, currently touring clubs and bars in South East Asia, have declared themselves unavailable for comment.

Cross Platform



Model citizens: scenes from *Showroom Dummies*

SHOWROOM DUMMIES VIENNA TANZQUARTIER AUSTRIA

BY PHILIP SHERBURNE

Groupe CACM's multimedia dance performance *Showroom Dummies*, titled in homage to the *Koolhaas* work, explores the relationship between bodies, movement and mimicry: the mirroring of quick bodies and dead plastic; and the mediation of heterosexual relations through gesture and image. Choreographed by Gëlle Verne and Etienne Bideau-Rey performed by five expressive acrobats/dancers, and scored by Megs Pita (Peter Rehberg), the hour long performance is an elegant, intelligent and calmly athletic work at the intersection of dance and performance.

Set to Pita's score of scraped rhythms, stratted bell tones and mottled ambience, the action all takes place within Bideau-Rey's minimalist set: a rectangular patch of stage flanked on one side with a wall-sized video projection, and punctuated by various configurations of leather and aluminium chairs reminiscent of a high-end airport lounge. The black and white set and lighting instill a clinical, even hermetic atmosphere, but the odd get plant and occasional video projections of windswept greenery breathe a bit of life into the environment.

At the opening of the piece, a dozen figures

rest in the shadows behind the stage; their faces obscured, and a lone woman wearing a white death mask and a smile that might have been carved with a knife, studies into the foreground, striking poses, staring down empty space. Soon a male dancer enters, and a rudimentary narrative is born as the two stalk each other. If Verne and Bideau-Rey's primary interest is in bodies "at the limit of lifelessness", as they proclaim, it's clear that desire is the force illuminating this horizon. She poses and he circles, in a kind of magnetic attraction and repulsion. Occasionally he will knock two chairs together, subduing her, or awakening her, as though summoning godlike powers from force or furniture alone. Behind, lenses come to life, twitching in time to the subdued cues of Pita's score. The viewer is struck by the difficulty of the dancers' task here, even the most seasoned drummer would have trouble catching along to Pita's convoluted, irregular twitches, and yet elbows cock and heads snap in perfect time.

As dancers enter the stage – three men (one dressed as a woman) and two women – the performance spins into a dreamlike fugue state, as dancers come together, mirroring, struggling, chasing each other. For the majority of the piece, they move in tight, gear-like configurations of twos and threes, playing out delicate social rituals. Their movements are generally limited to

the jerky, artificial gestures, contrasting the stances of "natural" movement, as a figure breaks out of the robotic patterns and strides purposefully across the stage. Agency seems to pass from character to character as though in a game of freeze tag.

The sexual politics within the piece are always ambiguous, despite the clarity with which they seem to begin: the man relentlessly cornering and seducing the woman. But later a female dancer crooks a man's arm and positions herself inside it, insubordinating herself within the rituals of power. A male dancer arranges two women around him and they proceed to slap and beat him, a sadomasochistic triangle of his own making. Verne and Bideau-Rey cite Sacha Masopust's *Venus in Furs* as a primary inspiration, along with Gombrowicz's *Wonne*, Princess D' Burgundy. Most dancers go barefoot, but the protagonist's spike heels carry an unmistakable accent, noisily reminding us of Pita's own piercing needle-tones, and the limited range of props employed – a comb, a mirror, a razor, a copy of fashion rag *Jabouze* – all speak to the way that sexual politics co-opts live bodies into mimicking mannequins, and vice versa. Toward the middle of the piece, a lone figure – played in Vienna by Verne herself – stands at a microphone in the foreground and mimics a solo sung in the score by Megs's only female

artist, Björk Noriko.

As the action picks up, the dancers begin carrying out the stiff figures from the background, and it suddenly becomes clear that the latter really are mannequins, and the viewer's unconscious expectation of a stage full of moving bodies is thwarted. Pita, playing live from the sound engineer's booth, works the audio toward one hell of a climax, thrashing at the sound system, and more than a few pairs of hands clap over ears in the audience – an automatic response that seems almost part of the coordinated movements of the automaton onstage. And then it's over: the lights fade on the striking figure of a lone woman sprinting on her side like a sundial's shadow.

With first pop star Sophie Ellis-Bextor's video "Get Over You" (where the artist, dressed as a mannequin, breaks out of a shop window and liberates her fellow mannequins) enjoying heavy rotation on German TV, it underscored how thoroughly Western culture has ingested mannequin logic. Even Smerkelin to Madonna's "Vogue" – the letter sprung from the temporal fragmentation of the strobe-it dance club, mimicking mannequins and photography alike. In this context, *Showroom Dummies* seemed like an extended, heterosexualized vogue, striding pose after pose in a cautious, internalized dance of subjects gone haywire. □

Go To:

"Hassle free music navigation" is the promising tagline for **Last FM** (www.last.fm), a brand new online music station. Instead of downloading MP3s with all the copyright restrictions involved, Last gives you the opportunity to stream the music it thinks you like. The station subtly builds a profile of you as you tell it whether or not you like what's playing. This was, supposedly, in the future you will be able to hear a mix of tracks tailored to your taste but not selected by you.

There is also the inevitable catch function, plus the ability to see who's online and what they're listening to now. It all sounds great on paper ("Find your music style and individual songs without complicated detective work"), and it no doubt has very clever tech behind it, but my RealPlayer sadly kept crashing despite a fast connection and all I heard was half a Gonzales rap, which by anyone's standards is hardly innovative.

The related site **Insane** (www.insane.net) has had a makeover, and now features a simple interface which lets you listen to and download

your own unreleased bedroom electronics, and to release any frustrations or make any questions there's a sick panel where you can say exactly what you think about the music.

The uber-hip **Aquarius Records** (www.aquariusrecords.org) over in San Francisco's Mission district has a site worth noting for streaming addicts. This store that's old enough to drink" (it's 32 years old) has hundreds of music clips of anyone from AMM to Ryan Adams, as well as lengthy reviews of new releases. While you're here, and if you have a fast connection, check out the **Aquarius Records** film series over at **Neighbourhood Films** (www.neighbourhoodfilms.com). So far, 18 episodes – slices of life in and around the shop – are documented in a lo-fi, hunched Dogme style to make you feel like you're hanging out in The Mission... well, almost.

For those who don't do their own tuning, there's **Trouser Press** (www.trouserpress.com). The New York based rock magazine existed from 1974-84, specialising in a number of sub-genres

like British Invasion history, New Wave and other progressive, independent label reviews. In 1983, the editors of the magazine penned the first of a series of second guides the **Trouser Press Record Guide**. These, including later editions, now form the content of this site, which lets you search for an artist, title or keyword and comes as handy (though highly subjective) mini-history.

The site for the late Rochester Workshop pioneer and Dr Who soundtracks **Delia Derbyshire** (www.delia Derbyshire.org) has had a facelift. Containing a "Deliaography", interview material, original flyers and other background material as well as sound clips that are both available on CD and unreleased, this site is a one stop shop for any Derbyshire obsessives. Latest edition to the handful of MP3s is an extract of "Dynamite" – a collection of apocalyptic/rousing lines interview with people describing their dreams accompanied with Derbyshire's musique concrete soundbites. **ANNE WILDE HESLET**



(C) Baku

HYPERMUSIC
1017 / 1017
WWW.HYPERMUSIC.COM

D-Fuse

PRESENTS
BAKU
(LAPAD)

TITLE
BEASTIES

CONTACT + LABEL
T +86 (0)20 7332 3462 F +86 (0)20 7332 3462
E-MAIL: D-FUSE@D-FUSE.COM WWW.D-FUSE.COM



#057

On Location

Live and kicking: festivals, concerts, events in the flesh





THRILL JOCKEY TENTH ANNIVERSARY LONDON OCEAN

UK

BY PHILIP CLARK

Until a couple of years ago, the building that now houses East London's Ocean echoed with the genteel rustle of pensioners flicking through newspapers and the squeak of trolleys returning books to their shelves. Directly opposite Hackney Town Hall, this imposing Victorian building used to be the borough's Public Library, and Ocean's functional performing space and utilitarian interior suggests it hasn't quite managed to transcend its municipal roots. A 20 minute walk from Bethnal Green tube station and you're welcomed with a trilling from sans-serif letters apparently on the lookout for drugs, weapons and, most importantly, people carrying their own drink. But the most devastating weapon to brandish at this tenth anniversary pg for Chicago's most celebrated

independent label turned out to be an arsenal of thinking eyes.

Step away the decibels and wank macho posturing from a group like Tears Am and there's not much left. Their set certainly got off to a promising start, with two drummers kicking out furiously against a wall of crackly electronic static. Unpredictable synthesizer flourishes continually forced the music's hand into making changes of direction, and the sounds had a chilly brilliance that had real potential to move into aesthetically dangerous territory. However, the problems with entering dangerous aesthetic territory are well documented, and the performance soon lacked itself into a well-trodden path of overcooked four square rhythms and off-the-peg harmonic patterns. These cycles of four bar phrases and 11-V-type chord sequences are what you're taught at school and, far from delving on their sedulous persona, Tears Am offered an entirely safe experience oozing with comfort and status quo (or perhaps even Status Quo) certainties.

Torjose may have a more sophisticated palette than the monochrome rants of Tears Am, but their anthems are equally well behaved.

Cute key changes and the occasional hint of a blues riff were submitted into a shimmering House style that presented few challenges to the beat, and became very easy on the ear. Pat Metheny came to mind at one point, and Torjose's lack of musical ambition is disappointing. In fact, the experience both these groups deliver is trivial compared to the technical mastery and sharp critique of consumerism presented by Frank Zappa. The Gatefold Dead, and Ornette Coleman's Prime Time, both better demonstrated just how far electric guitars and drums can travel away from tidily into improvisational fluidity and structural bumphiness.

But the inspiring thing about a healthy artist's organisation like Thrill Jockey is that there are opposing tendencies from within. Vocalist and guitarist Bobby Conn put a wicked Billy Jeckins-like spin on the day. On stage, Conn's implausibly white teeth glimmer against the gleaming stage lights. His purposefully fake sincerity is undermined by the refusal of his MIDI keyboard to behave itself, and he struts like Prince or Freddie Mercury, playing dodgy guitar solos over sampled basslines that go

haywire. Conn's satire on the vapid pretensions of the glam rock age is spectacularly well observed, as merciless as his exposé as Peter Cook's character Eric Daley who, legend has it, led the 1970s supergroup Ye Gods.

The radicalism of the brilliant Austrian duo Radikal — who played material from their new CD *Anc.Etern* (reviewed in *The Wire* 223) — is woven into the fabric of a thoughtfully elemental soundworld that destroys obsolete syntax. Their poetic sensibilities and commitment on the finest sonic detail compel the ear to engage with the stuff of sound itself, making the fact they happen to be categorised as an avant-rock outfit completely irrelevant. Sparse bass patterns were wrenched out of context and made to shift subtly against the internal dialectic of illusory bar lines. Martin Brandmayr's fast and spiky drums suggested from Stefan Németh's synthesizers a floating spectrum of timbres that had the courage to take too long to dissolve into near-inaudibility. Radikal's no-nonsense, slightly austere stage presence makes them resemble a latter day AMM in performance, and similar cult status is surely there for the taking. □

Facing page (top to bottom): Bobby Conn, Torjose and The Sea And Cake's Sam Prickett at Thrill Jockey's tenth anniversary bash. This page: Tears Am



DISSONANZE FESTIVAL ROME CHIOSTRO DEL BRAMANTE/ENZIMI

ITALY

BY ANNIE HILDE NÉBET & ROB YOUNG

At last year's Dissonanze, an international Roman festival whose programme centred around the fringes of current electronics, the likes of Matmos, La Rocca Red, Oval and Jay Leazer decamped to a warehouse on the fringes of the city, in a pair of nights that were prematurely closed down by the police. This year's Dissonanze was characterised by a more controlled, Polaris-like evenness, a feeling most strongly evident during two afternoon sessions held in the beautiful Chiostro del Bramante, a 15th-century cloister just off the Piazza Navona whose quadrangle lies open to the skies and whose walls are still decorated with Renaissance frescoes. Not your average dive, then.

The artists selected for this brace of low-key sessions were mostly practitioners of what could be called restrained, controlled electronics. From a coked-out corner of the square, Poripori based duo (but released on Chicago's Hetfy label) Riffina delivered a floaty, warm electronics sessioning the crowd in the afternoon sun. Chicago beat not Prefuse 73 (also Scott Herren spun an immaculate set of slurred HiP-hop beats. Despite his athletic live timing, Herren didn't deviate much from his own local Studies + Uprock Narratives record on Warp).

The music of Beijing-based laptop duo FM3 (one a naturalised American, one a native Chinese) had more in common with Hologram of

Bergen than anything bleeping out of Finland. Their static tones and resonant, mournful chimes slowly evolved into a drone-like chant, filling the courtyard with strangely symmetrical and levelled resonance. Mounted on the wall above their heads was a memento man in the shape of a carved effigy; while the Chiostro's golden proportions complemented their beautifully proportioned digital lament perfectly. Aoki Takamasa's ensuing solo laptop set consisted of delicately weaved drones and intricate organic structures supported by complex beats.

Gior Jensen, aka Biosphere, was scheduled to finish off that session with customary deep grandeur, but after only ten minutes of angelic snowflakes he stalked away from his equipment, apparently disgusted by the level of noise in the audience. Many audience members had come straight from a massive anti-Berlusconi street protest earlier in the day, and their post-demo rush for beers and discussion didn't chime with the ascetic Monogem's requirement of complete silence. After a 15-minute pause, a festival poster asked the audience on Jensen's behalf to pipe down so that the artist would come out of his shell. Electronic music has been about seducing barriers between audience and performer. Cage's ideas about democratisation of sounds still resonates strongly, which he duly did, only to stop again — this time because of a technical hitch. Facing another tantrum, the crowd shushed themselves down; and three time lucky, he cruised home with heavy bass tones buried under layered whines occasionally permeated by oboe and harp. For the late night sector of Dissonanze, the



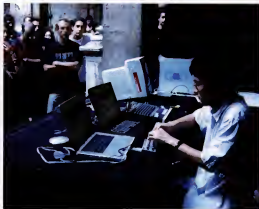
festival teamed up with Erasm, a larger and more commercialised umbrella festival that was happening simultaneously in a warehouse out in a northern suburb of Rome. Resembling Sonar's gigantic hangar-like nighttime space, the site resembled a miniature village, all stages outdoors, with food, the semiprecious gothic stalls, sweets and record booths. One of the largest names to play here was Underworld. Karl Hyde's onstage gurning and sporadic howling was ongoing for about two minutes, setting up a canonic contrast with a vocal style that's rendered impersonal and strangely passionless by its vocoder feed. "Two Months Off" provides a brief moment of real exhilaration, reviving the momentous peaks of early rave, but much of Underworld's hour is by-rumblers clamping France Techno.

They seemed fleet of foot, however, in companion with Ninja Tune stalwarts The Herbaliser. Ollie Teebe's and Joke Wherry's ensemble tour as a live funk unit, but on this occasion they were sagger than a bar of beige XXL contrabass, and they knew it. The keyboardist had to jump around the stage several times, exhaling his colleagues to pep up the funk unit and chivvying the enraptured crowd to scream for the undrunkable. A female guest, rapper Wild Flower, was occasionally called for, whose repertoire consisted of streetwise buzzwords and hip phrases with little logic and zero effectiveness, failing to water down the stodge. The whole act felt tired, overplayed and in need of a serious MOT.

The highlight was undoubtedly Super. Collider

Cristian Vaghi and Jerme Lideff's voi/funk/noise duo has swelled into an extraordinary and unprecedented five-piece outfit, visually bizarre and sonically busted. The drummer, seated behind a kit of electric pads, and bassist, both clad in psychiatric-nurse white, fielded a low, slow funk whose human flairly added its periodic shuffles. Vaghi retained behind a bank of keyboards, mixers, effects and electronics, adding concrete noise and muted pads and patches over the bazy groove. Most of the match, though, was singer Jerme Lideff. He cut a weird and wayward figure, staggering around (and at one point falling over about 10) while singing in an amazing post-Sly/Wonderboy Kay Slayette while sporting a succession of exotic outfits (a beach coat covered with cassette tape 'tux', a white rabbit ghost sheet nailed to the stage). Add to the mayhem a live VI who named the stage with a portable vidcam, practically showing it up Lideff's nose, carried a Super 8 loop projector on his shoulder, and stropped on a wearable tamtable with which he scratched out rising glitches, and you had a mighty, bastant demented played out in public. It is a potent route for live electronics, a cathartic experience, managing to keep on the right side of spectacular. And it was one of the few moments that Dissonanze really lived up to its name. □

This page: Super. Collider. Facing page top row: The Herbaliser's Wild Flower. Underworld's Karl Hyde. Bottom row: Aoki Takamasa; Biosphere



VILLETTE NUMÉRIQUE
PARIS GRANDE HALLE/CITÉ
DES SCIENCES ET
DE L'INDUSTRIE/CITÉ DE LA
MUSIQUE

FRANCE
BY GORAN VEJVODA

Paris had to wait a long time before it could enjoy this six-day digital music feast. Lacking its own version of Sonar or Ars Electronica, the French capital's previous attempts, such as Global Techno and Mix Move, though interesting, never gathered any real momentum. The specially commissioned works, events involving trackdecks of celebrities, DJs, film screenings, installations, conferences that made up *Ville Numérique* (Digital Village) took place in venues on the grounds of the large Parc de la Villette area, all within walking distance of each other. The grounds around the club spaces were filled with wonder, such as S&W founder Tommi Grönfors's and his Finnish collaborator Petteri Niemi's nerve wracking outdoor installation of hi-frequency dishes, or the psychic headphone space ride of Akiyoshi Maseyoshi's *Sonic Interface*.

It started out with an exhibition called *Digital*, placed in a small corner of the gigantic Cité des Sciences building, which looks like a failed project from Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*. The

atmosphere was decidedly trade fair: programmers and artists lined up next to their PCs, waiting for an innocent client to succumb to their sales pitch. One of the more attractive sections was the "Environnement musical", in a little soundproofed space hosted by Anne Sedes and Todor Todoroff. Once inside their *Pavilion*

Sorcerer, punters were free to experiment with interactive Max based software pieces, creating weird electronic combinations and images we infered captors and mics embedded inside the tiny stage, the results played back through a 12 channel audio system.

The majority of events took place in the beautiful Grande Halle, 360°, an ambience, costly project by Austrian-German duo Grönlund Synthesis, fell flat on its nose. A large white circle, surrounded by 16 more powerful video projectors lit up with a compelling huge IM system, was intended to lift off into planet habitation. But although their spacecraft was well protected by security guards, blimped potently in the background while the punters sweated it out in four different dance areas, its sub-Ritzy appearance and weakened sounds were no great leap for mankind. Meanwhile, in Le Club, KID606 could be found mashing up the place on two laptops, sweating cascades onto his Kias pad, in front of a pumping mass. Right around the corner in the Central Hall, bigger DJ

names such as Thomas Bangalter, 2 Many Djs, Derrick Carter and François Kevorkian kept the crowd up over both long nights, while in the concert hall all the elegant Dal De La Musique, Karfunkel — electronic's Beatles — cranked up their standard repertoire one more time for the cybernauts.

One of the highlights was an evening presented by Paris's electronic organisation GIRM (Groupe de Recherche Musicale). The four-part set began with Anand Robotini (alias Zerd Avesta, alias one half of Blackstrobe), whose remixed ballet piece *La Fille set off* in typical music concrete mode (if such a thing is possible) before hitting a quasi-Aphex Twin peak. The trio that followed, Carcass, mixed drums, keyboards and violin in a total improvisation. The drummer favoured a style reminiscent of Joey Baron or Jack DeJohnette, while the violin, muted at first, eventually mutated into the screeching, electrified phantom of *Mr. Hendrix*. Both sets were carefully mixed on a surround-sound system by GIRM in-house composer Christian Zanesi. Another ex-GIRM member, Michel Redolfi — a master of understated sound atmospheres — was romanced live by DJ Rém as he duetted with the amazing *gas harmonica*/Druid Maronnet player Thomas Bloch, producing beautiful, ethereal harmonies à la Eno. After this tranquility came a sonic

storm in the shape of the decapitating distortions of Christian Fennesz, whose 20 minute sonic assault practically left ears bleeding. Despite the pain, a peculiarly appealing wall of sound.

After that, the double-bill in the so-called Charlie Parker venue was *chilidisplay* Ryōji Ikeda's *Formula* (Ver.1.0) felt more like watching a music DVD on an XXL screen, but his crystal clear high/low sex tones, wailing at full power, failed to uplift the audience. Then, in what was billed as a "World Premiere" even though the same gig took place in London's ICA four days previously, Ikeda teamed up with long-term collaborators, Pan Sonic's Mika Vainio and Noto's Carsten Nicolai. For an anticipated set the show there they stood behind their three laptops, without apparently exchanging a word between them, under a black and white projection of hundreds of rectangles pulsating in sync with the sound. At its best, the music sounds like the furthest Tokyo of all the percussions danced away, and all you're left with are dance music's Acid belches and smoky entrails. It's a shame no one tries to move in the spaces this music leaves abandoned. Their set also closed closest to the *Numérique* brief of the event, since the music is so transparently an assemblage of tones and frequencies being rapidly flicked on and off. □

AMM + CHRISTIAN WOLFF
LONDON CONWAY HALL

UK
BY TOM PIERCHARD

Making notes is not the done thing in an AMM concert, not for musicians or critics. In the audience tonight I was surprised by people submerged in sound, and I felt no less of a philistine scribbling away than I would have done browsing a mobile phone. AMM's meta-music effects feature and characteristics in favour of the amorphous and the intangible, and that somehow reduces a listener's prior-attentive response inappropriate and makes submergence right. But not the deep listening and transcendental abandon attached to early minimalism: AMM's is earthbound music that exists in the sounding of its human relationships, the audible society of Eddie Prevost, Keith Rowe and John Tilbury. These relationships are easily syncretic or manic, but are apparent in the way one musician's activity might encourage or inhibit another's — Rowe's use of guitar state floats over Prevost's cymbal scrapes, which in turn leave Tilbury's mid-register

uncovered enough for the pianist to explore different weightings of the same chord. The musicians seem attentive to the sensuous whole, but almost indifferent to its parts, playing the music in the same way it should be heard.

And it's a music that's at once committed and uncommitted, formed by the two age-old cool aesthetics of jazz and Zen. Only the best improvisers are cool, in addition to this group, Parker like Evan and Charlie and Johna like Edwards and Caltrane have all managed the impossible, burying themselves completely in the exploration of their individual resources while absorbing all that's around them. It might seem beneath AMM to say so, inappropriately uncool, but coolness is important to the music's presentation as well as its construction.

So when I think that Christian Wolff isn't cool, it's not as though I think he cares about the sound of his plays, or should do. But it's why he puns playing couldn't inhibit the same space as AMM without in some way coming into opposition — in style if not purpose — with that long-established society Wolff has been performing occasionally

with AMM since the late 60s (and Tilbury has been playing his compositions for as long). So there's no doubting the equality that all parties feel for one another, nor their integrity, that was apparent here, because the opposition between Wolff and AMM was never one of antagonism; and also apparent was that, in the light of Wolff's over-responsiveness, his lack of cool-headedness, the regular seemed reluctant to engage in overly active or emotionally gustal playing. Prevost concentrated on his symbols and gong, lightly fogging the drum kit and its associated part and attack, while Tilbury sat silent for long periods. Even the usually aggressive Rowe seemed somewhat reticent.

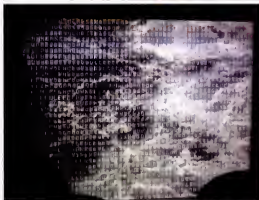
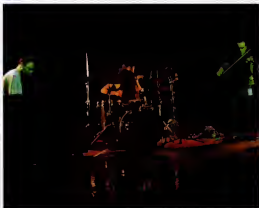
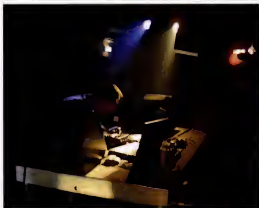
Wolff began the concert sitting at the base end of Tilbury's keyboard. He improvised like a composer, investigating and abandoning pitches and pianistic effects at a rate common to scored music but rarely found in AMM's technique method. That could have made for an interesting layering of music, but Wolff continued alone but aware. But his playing was too interactive, too discursive and extroverted, and he would respond to

a sudden spasm of violence from Prevost or Rowe with hammered-out clusters of modestist formulation that joined with the generous AMM sound.

Tilbury was freed up somewhat when Wolff moved to a second piano. The regular pianist had accommodated Wolff's presence at his keyboard with supportive forays into similar types of playing, but with Wolff at a separate instrument he was at liberty to engage according to his own agenda. The visitor questioned and slowed down for the second half of the hour-long performance, and as he withdrew, so the AMM musicians appeared more secure, their music becoming less cautious, more natural.

Approaching the end, Rowe's guitar and Prevost's scraped metal edges howled over a roar of deep feedback: a classic AMM climax, different this time only when Wolff excitedly began to ape the fury of the others with hectic trilleries of his own.

Ville Numérique (clockwise from top left): Vainio, Nicolai and Ronda, Anand Robotini, Carcass, Thomas Bangalter & DJ Rém, Ryōji Ikeda's Formula (Ver. 1.0), KID606



As part of the Wire magazine's 20th anniversary celebration, New York's Tonic venue presents a special state of New York

The Wire 20: New York Tonic

OPENING
ERINA PARKINS
DJ OLIVE
I-SOUND
TOSHIO KAJIWARA
+ more to be announced

14 November 8pm (doors 7.30pm)

Tonic
107 Norfolk Street
(between Delancey & Rivington)
New York City
212 384 7863
www.tonicnyc.com



Supported by The Japan Foundation



instal02
www.instal.info

Festival of BRAVE NEW MUSIC:

RYOJI IKEDA: FORMULA [VER 1.0]. First UK gig for 3 years: a breathtaking interplay between punk sinewave aggression, high-speed video sequences, stroboscopic lighting and synaesthetic video.

CARSTEN NICOLAI: alive.note. Nicolai's patented 60 cycle hums, wacky pops and electron pinpricks that mutate into perfect, post-techno grooves.

cyclo, sonographics. UK premiere of Carsten Nicolai and Ryoji Ikeda's collaborative project - a live installation of clipped and strangely skewed algorithmic modulations.

STEPHAN MATHIEU. A rare chance to hear Mathieu's ethereal and sublime, glittering and emotive synthetic swirls of expanded digital minutes.

KOJI ASANO & THE PARAGON ENSEMBLE. Specially commissioned new work for percussion, cello, contra bassoon and clarinetum from the uber-profile and eclectic experimentalist, performed by Scotland's leading avant classical ensemble.

JOHN WALL. Sound diffusion piece featuring new work from the heretofore meticulous UK composer.

FRANCISCO LOPEZ. Both ominous and serene, Lopez's live show features his trademark silence, open ended droning mysteries and a blindfolded audience.

PHILL NIBLOCK. Two pieces of ultra-subtle harmonics and multi-track, otherworldly drones from US minimalist and intermedia artist.

MIRROR. First UK gig for some time for the breathtaking collaboration between Andrew Chalk and Christoph Haermann. Glassine drones, maracatu tonalities and delicate interplay meld into pieces of evocative ambience.

SUN 1 DECEMBER 4pm-12am £12/£10
THE ARCHES | 253 ARGYLE ST | GLASGOW
BOX OFFICE: 0901 022 0300
www.thearches.co.uk

Atlantic Waves

2002
exploratory music from Portugal

1-24 November 2002

NOV 01 7.30PM £7 The Spitz 109 Commercial St. E1. 020 7392 9032	Experimental dancefloor music in association with Numero Magazine and the London Portuguese Cinema & Music Festival.	Nylon Records Showcase Spaceboys Meior Elétrico Micro Audio Waves
NOV 02 8.00PM £9 Cargo 83 Rivington St. EC2 020 7739 3440	Alternative dangerous visual rock music in association with Numero Magazine and the London Portuguese Cinema & Music Festival.	Blasted Mechanism Pop Deli Arle Mike Slietani with Merga
NOV 04 7.30PM £12.50 Purcell Room South Bank Centre, SE1. 020 7960 4242	Ethereal voices, drums, bagpipes and concertinas.	Galleiros de Lisboa Danças Oculas
NOV 06 7.30PM £10/£5 Hampstead Town Hall 213 Haverstock Hill, NW3. 020 7692 5800	Eighteenth Century Portuguese Love Songs in association with Poems on the Underground.	Lorna Anderson, soprano with the Apollo Chamber Players
NOV 11 7.30PM £5 93 Ft East 150 Brick Lane E1. 020 7247 3293	Live electronica and 3D computer interaction in association with the Sonic Arts Network.	Vilijot Pedro Rebelo Ticklish
NOV 15 8.00PM £10/£9/£6 The ICA The Mall, SW1. 020 7930 3647	Fado at its most rich and most raw.	Lula Pena
NOV 16 8.00PM £10/£9/£6 The ICA The Mall, SW1. 020 7930 3647	Hand-made instruments from Africa Free entry to the instruments exhibition between 2.30pm and 5.30pm.	Pengeia Instrumentos
NOV 16 8.00PM £9 Cargo 83 Rivington St. EC2. 020 7739 3440	London's best club comes to Shoreditch in association with Cargo.	Lux Of's Night
NOV 19 7.30PM £12.50 Purcell Room South Bank Centre, SE1. 020 7960 4242	Two jazz double basses and two pianos go head-to-head in association with the London Jazz Festival.	Bernardo Sassetti with Mário Laginha Carlos Barrelo with Carlos Bica
NOV 21 8.00PM £12/£8 The Spitz 109 Commercial St. E1. 020 7392 9032	Portuguese Jazz with Sephardic and Arabic Flavours in association with MacTwo sound	João Paulo with Peter Epstein and Ricardo Dias
NOV 24 8.00PM £15 Purcell Room South Bank Centre, SE1. 020 7960 4242	Breathing new life into Fado in association with the London Jazz Festival.	Mariza

www.atlanticwaves.org.uk

for further info: 020 7908 7622 e-mail: info@atlanticwaves.org.uk

MAIN SUPPORT



CALOUSTE
GULBENKIAN
FOUNDATION

MEDIA PARTNER



VidaNova

Royal Festival Hall
Queen Elizabeth Hall
Purcell Room

VOICES AND MUSIC IN OPPOSITION TO WAR
A concert band brought together by members of the

CRASS COLLECTIVE **FRI 8 NOV QEH 7PM**

FIRST TIME LIVE ON STAGE IN 16 YEARS
Members of notorious anarcho-punk collective, CRASS share the same stage for the first time since 1984 at an evening of music, film, poetry and performance. Directed by Penny Rimbaud and Gee Vaucher. Check websites for details.



TUES 5 NOV 7.45PM QEH

'One of the world's most idiosyncratic musicians'. The Wire
After his smash-hit performance at David Bowie's Meltdown, Kimmo returns with a breathtaking combination of improv and accordion action set against a back drop of aluring electronics, effects and lighting. With percussionists **Semuli Koosmanen & Abdias 'Mamba' Asaola** & Finland's most adventurous chamber orchestra, **The Tapiola Sinfonietta**

SAT 23 NOV 2.30PM QEH

Amazing Sunday Times
Like the compositions of John Zorn and Frank Zappa, Mackey's music burns with an irresistible energy. Tonight, a profile of his work is presented for the first time in London. Electric Guitar **Sieve Mackey**, Drums **Joey Baron**, **Paappa** conducted by **Nicoles Kok**.
SBC in association with CMJ Tours **WIRE 20** CMJ

BOX OFFICE 020 7960 4242
BOOK ONLINE (NO FEE) WWW.RFH.ORG.UK



WE CAN FIND IT. PROBABLY.

BELA FLECK & THE FLECKTONES



Sunday 17th November
MEAN FIDDLER

1800 CHAMBERLAIN DRIVE, LAWRENCE, KS 66044-2706

Tickets £14/day from 9-5: 020 7316 0964 (3pm) or book online @ www.musicaltheatre.co.uk or www.fishstew.co.uk
 Also from Wagons 020 7316 0932 and is posted from 'Schilderdaal' in northern Virginia, Texas. Emails and 1000s more show plus email alerts (subject to existing fees). No booking fee when paying by card from American offices, Canadian 'Schilderdaal' and all Mass Feltzer box offices. Info line: 020 1983 0940
www.fishstew.co.uk

JOBY TALBOT

MUSIC & FILM

Composer Joby Talbot combines the worlds of television, film, classical music and pop. From scoring *The League of Gentlemen*, collaborating with Michael Nyman and Ute Lemper, to performing as part of The Divine Comedy, audiences can now catch a live programme that includes the world premiere of his score for *The Dying Swan*, a legendary silent film, which will be screened as part of this concert.

World Premiere

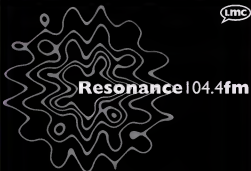
Sunday 10 November 7.30pm
COVENTRY, Warwick Arts Centre
02476 524524 / www.warwickartscentre.co.uk

Friday 22 November 7.45pm
LONDON, Queen Elizabeth Hall
020 7960 4242 / www.rfm.org.uk (no bkt fee)

Also touring in 2003.



www.serious.org.uk



imagine a radio station like no other
(one you actually want to hear)
a unique experiment in broadcasting
specialist music spoken word radio art live events
surprises and special guest artists every day
broadcasting across london
with simultaneous webstreams worldwide

www.resonancefm.com

www.fishbase.org

STEVE MACKEY

ON TOUR: NOVEMBER 2002

STEVE MACKEY ELECTRIC GUITAR

JOEY BARON DRUMS

PSAPPHA conducted by **NICHOLAS KOK**

The concert includes a performance of *Deal*, Mackey's landmark work for improvising duo (guitar and drums) and large ensemble. Written for Joey Baron, this is a rare opportunity to hear it in its original format. *Deal* is a humorous piece but strangely more than that. Mackey improvised his part with amazing, baffling skill. Sunday Times: Plus Mackey's greatest hit *Physical Property* (recorded by Mackey and the Kronos Quartet on Nonesuch) and two new works.

First major profile of the American composer/performer, Steve Mackey— hailed as one of the most important rising stars on the international music scene

Fri 22 Nov 8pm
NOTTINGHAM LAKESIDE ARTS CENTRE

Sat 23 Nov 2.30pm
(plus a more widely start time)
LONDON GURBIN ELIZABETH HALL

Thu 28 Nov 7.30pm
LANCASTER UNIVERSITY GREAT HALL

Fri 29 Nov 7.30pm
HUGGERSFIELD LAWRENCE
BATLEY THEATRE

Sat 30 Nov 7.30pm
MANCHESTER ROYAL
NORTHERN COLLEGE OF MUSIC

CMN
TOURS
present

P
O
R
T
R
I
T

CMN - THE BEST IN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC ON TOUR
www.cmntours.org.uk

Dezibel

WIRE 2.0



ELECTROGRAPH

ATHENS SOUND MEDIA 02

alva noto—pita—pop—zbigniew karkowski—illos—jason kahn—asil—gert jan prins—diskono—and more
experimental sound cinema—sound installations—lectures—live performances
14-15-16 november—athens—greece—various locations—www.electrograph.gr

FORMA

www.forma.org.uk



PRODUCTIONS

PERFORMANCES: **Übung – Victoria/Josie De Pour**
Contact Theatre, Manchester 2 November
Tramway, Glasgow 8, 9, 13 November

SCREENINGS: **National Grid – Disinformation**
Avanto – Helsinki Media Art Festival
21, 22, 23, 24 November

EXHIBITIONS: **Irons in the Fire – Richard Wilson**
Talbot Rice Gallery, Edinburgh 8 November – 14 December
Happing Art, London 16 January – 30 March 03

CONCERTS: **formula [ver 1.0] – Ryuji Ikedo**
Instal Festival, The Arches, Glasgow 1 December

SCREENINGS: **Infected – Gino Czarnecki**
Monaco Dance Forum, Monte Carlo 10 – 14 December

EXHIBITIONS: **Patriots – Ravi Desprez**
Hutton Gallery, Newcastle upon Tyne 18 January – 1 March 03

TH 24/10 **DAVE HOLLAND BIG BAND**
TH 31/10 **COPLAND/ABERCROMBIE/WHEELER**
SA 02/11 **KIRLIAN CAMERA**
TU 05/11 **DEWEY REDMAN QUARTET**
SA 23/11 **CHRIS & COSEY + VIDNA OBMANA + KÖHN**
SEATS 16 SEATS # 8
SU 08/12 **CHRIS POTTER QUARTET**
COLLABORATION: JEMMA WILSON - COLLABORATIONIST - JEM WILSON - BELGIUM
LUCHTBAL HOF TER LO
HOFTER - VOORDEERSTRIJDE - 2004 ANTWERP - BELGIUM
SU 03/11 **THE PALADINS**
+ AFTER PARTY WITH THE EXTRAORDINAIRES & GI BOSS
+ LOUNGE BAND "THE SPINNERS"
FR 08/11 **WIRE + SUPPORT: APPLIANCE**

Reservation : ++ 32(0)35439030 &
www.ccluchthal.org

barbican

Box Office
020 7638 8891 www.barbican.org.uk

Philip On Film LIVE

A WEEK OF CLASSIC AND NEW FILMS WITH LIVE MUSIC

A celebration of 25 years of film music by Philip Glass. Live music composed and performed by Philip Glass with the Philip Glass Ensemble

Shorts: Tues 7 Jan 03
The work of five widely diverse filmmakers chosen by Philip Glass to create short films to his music. Glass collaborated with directors Godfrey Reggio, Atom Egoyan, Peter Greenaway, Shunichi Nishitani and Michel Brion

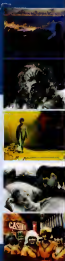
La Belle et le Bête: Wed 8 Jan 03
In this daring reversion of Cendrillon's masterpiece the original soundtrack is replaced with Glass' own music

Powwagetsi: Thurs 9 Jan 03
The second of the Pacific trilogy examines how life is changing for the Third World's indigenous cultures in the wake of the global expansion of technology.

Dracula: Fri 10 Jan 03
The original and enduring screen classic, with Bela Lugosi - an uncompromising evocation of new music, horror and romance

Koyaanisqatsi: Sat 11 Jan 03
A modern unforgettable classic, exploring the complexities of the USA in the late 20th century through the universal language of image and sound

TICKETS: £10 & £16
ALL PERFORMANCES START AT 8PM



Out There

This month's selected festivals, live events, clubs and broadcasts.

Send info to **The Wire**, 2nd Floor East, 88-94 Wentworth Street, London E1 7SA, UK

Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011, listings@thewire.co.uk

Compiled by Phil England



Steve Mori

UK festivals

ATLANTIC WAVES

LONDON

Second annual showcase for the variety of Portuguese music including electronic, folk, modern jazz and ancient love songs. Highlights include Nyon Records experimental dance music showcase (1 November), Portuguese folk music from Gabriela De Lobo and distant accordion music from the Drogas Ocultas quartet (4), live electronics, video and computer-generated visuals from laptop duo Vornal, live electronics and 3D modelling from Pedro Rebelo and a live audio-visual electronic performance from London's quartet Ticklat (11), contemporary folk from Lulu Pena and her band (15), Angolan musical instrument makers Pangina Instrumentos (16), Lisbon's hippest club the Lux comes to town (16), two jazz dyas (19), Portuguese jazz with Sephardic and Arabic influences from João Paulo and Peter Epstein and Ricardo Dias (21) and future folk from Muzza (24). London venues: venues, times & prices, 1-24 November, www.atlanticwaves.org.uk

BITE: 02

LONDON

The Barbican Centre's International Theatre Events series continues with Philip Glass's new opera, *Götter Götter* based on the life of the 18th century scientist (1-9 November) and Helmut Goebel's postmodern music theatre production *Hausmusik* blending deconstructed Beach Boys melodies with text from Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans*, Japanese folk music, blues and vocals (20-23). London Barbican, 020 7638 8891, www.barbican.org.uk

THE CUTTING EDGE

LONDON

BMC's annual autumn New Music series

THE WIRE 20: TONIC

NEW YORK

Following on from October's *The Wire 20: Paris* festival, this month the magazine relocates to New York's Tonic venue for a one-off night of new music as part of the magazine's 20th anniversary celebrations. Performers on the night will include Iku Mon, Zeena Parkins, DJ Olive, I Sound, Toshio Hayawa, plus more to be announced. New York Tonic, 14 November, 7:30pm, 001 212 308 7501, www.tonicnyc.com

continues with Andrew Zolnes performing work by Sciois, Tovey, Finnissy, Per Nergård and others and Devenas performing works by Howard Szwed, Judith Weir and others (7 November), a contrasting bill with pianist Iku Chen performing John Cage's *Electronic Music For Piano*, a site specific installation by James Saunders and a performance of Chris Newman's *Sea Secrets* and *Six Stick Songs* (14), Continuum Ensemble (21), and Holland's De Enipre premier new works by Dutch and UK composers (28, London Ocean). London The Warehouse (except where stated), 7:30pm (except where stated), 88/55 or £10/£7 for two concerts in the same evening, 020 7499 8567, www.wtrc.co.uk

DEDBEAT 3

NORFOLK

Funk and HipHop weekend featuring Blackalicious, Peanut Butter Wolf, Mr Lif, Def Jax, EL-Ascop Rock, D'Archange, Brand Nubian, J-Zone, Mostli, RJD2, Earl Zinger, Fingertling, Quantic Soul Orchestra, Braxator, Myzore, Harry Love, HITMAN, Nature Self, Sloan Records and many others, Norfolk Norfolk Posters Holiday Village, 8-10 November, £90, 0870 1611 626, www.dedbeat.net

FUTURE ROCK & ROLL WEEKEND

LONDON

Scudde twiddle two days of outlaw rock 'n' roll, including Lars, Pink Gneiss, The Martins Henry Rifles, Radioactive Man, Kings Have Long Arms, Crack Village and Crosscut, plus Sonic Meek Dls. London Mean Fiddler, 2-3 November, £12 per day, Spin, 020 7434 9592, www.meanf.co.uk

HOSPITAL FESTIVAL

BRIGHTON

Promising new festival featuring performances by Semiconductor, Tones, Kommit and Whitehouse as well as a Fat Cat label night featuring Req,

Mein and Drowsey and a Warp label night featuring Brothomstates live, Mira Calix, Warp Dls and films. There's an "electro-punk rock disco" featuring Mike In Mono and Floach plus eight installations and a film programme. Brighton various venues, 7-10 November, times and prices vary, £35/£25 for a festival pass, 01273 384 222, www.hospitalfestival.org.uk

Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival

Huddersfield

Susanne Eastburn takes over as artistic director at this annual New Music festival. The line up includes Joe Lovano Band (21), Annie Gosfield (22), Merks from the Labring Monastery (22), Evan Parker's Electro-Acoustic Ensemble with video artist Kjetil Bjørgeengen (23), Ror Nergård Portet (24), Ensemble Recherche perform UK premieres of Morton Feldman's music for films about Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning (25), pianist Nicolas Hodges plays Feldman's *For Bunka Marcus* (26), Apartment House perform the works of Christian Wolff (26), Christian Wolff's *Burdocks* (27), Apartment House play Bryn Harrison, Christopher Fox and others (27), Richard Barrett cell works (28), Nigel Osborne's opens *The Reification of the Soviet Union* (28), Richard Barrett's *Burrows* (29), Steve Mackey Portet (29), Karos Quartet perform Barrett, Nini and Neri (29), Les Percussiones De Strasbourg perform Martin Matalone's new soundtrack to Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí's surrealist classic *L'Age d'Or* (30) and Gerald Barry Portet (1 December). Huddersfield various venues, 21 November-1 December, 01484 430 526, www.hcmf.co.uk

LONDON JAZZ FESTIVAL

LONDON

This year's highlights include an improvisation event featuring Evan Parker, Matthew Shipp Bro

with William Parker and Tom Rainey, Scorch Bro featuring Rauli Bjoerkeheim, and Matthew Bourne's *Electro Doctor M* (16), Zimbalwe's *Ower Muzikuzi* & Black Spirits and Guinea's *Afro-Cuban fusionists* Berneby Jazz (17), Cuban pianist Chucho Valdes and Fela Kru percussionists Lekan Babalos (17), Juliet Roberts Band (17), Agnès Rol and fusionist Paulel (19), Australia's sublime The Vectors (20), David Meny and The Two Kw Masters from Guadeloupe with The Mergon Afro Trio (21), Kati Bonstad (21), Fern Kib & The Positive Force (22), Polish trumpeter Tomasz Stanko (22), Swedish Future Asian Beat Collective's fifth anniversary celebrations featuring The Dhol Foundation (22), London Ocean, Steve Mackey (23), Joe Lovano (23), and Lee Konitz and friends (24). London South Bank Centre, various times and prices, 15-24 November, 020 7960 4242, www.rh.org.uk

INTERPLAY

LONDON

London's electronic club Spaw presents two evenings of collaborations between artists from London and Berlin: *Agf* (Hiroving Music) with Kaffe Matros; *Franki Biedermeier* (Roster Natri) with Tonne (Big-Hop); Robert Lippek (B Roscoe Rod) with The Tones (Spaw) (6 November); *Mara Wesser* (Reichentum) with *So-Cut-Do* (Spaw, Big-Hop); Jan Jekeli (*~Scapes/Farben*) with *Bella* (Visual, Antipodis); *Barbara Morgenstern* (Monika Enterprise) with *Apache 61* (Daysword) (7 November). Both nights will feature projections of Alexander Seitz's transformed phone cards and a selection of videos, music-based experimental film works and mixed media animation from labels including Mike Plateaux and Kitty No. London The Spitz, *Spitz-midnight*, 88/55 or £10 for both days, www.thespitz.co.uk



Super Collider

TERMITE CLUB FESTIVAL LEEDS

Annual experimental music festival ranging from improv through Ambient to power electronics. The first night features The Very Exotic! The comprising improvisers Paul Hesson, Mick Beck and Stock, Hausen & Winkman's Matt Ward, AMM percussionist Eddie Prevost joins saxophonist Nathaniel Catchpole in a duo, and Phil Todd's *Ashtory Navigations* and Ambient Interludes by Colin Potter and Jonathan Coleclough (8 November, Leeds The Adelphi, 8pm sharp). Nune With Wound associate Peter and Coleclough's minimal electronics and treated field recordings provide the relief after two power electronics acts, Operation Cleanseweep and UK/Phosgen, and Job Noise's pounding Slovakian Techno (9, Leeds The Royal Park, 7.30pm sharp). Tickets are £5/£3 per night or £8/£4 for both nights, 01943 468615

ULTRASOUND HUDDERSFIELD

A new free three day festival exploring experimental sound, digital music and related software developments. The event comprises workshops, live performances, presentations, a conference and a club night. Live performers include New Sculptors 385 DX (sound songs from Russia), Scribble's tightly-coupled sounds and visuals performance originally commissioned by AS Electronics, dark, beat-driven and dubbed out soundscapes from Black Fiction, and frenetic drum and bass from Slub. There's new interactive music software developed by the international *ai* network, new audio-visual linkage software, contributions from Leeds arts and music collective Vector and Powerbooks for Peace (www.qubik.com/peace) plus a Blackbox club night. A conference entitled "The Sonic Urban Environment" is also planned

at the University of Huddersfield, Huddersfield The Media Centre and various venues, 28-30 November, 0870 990 5003, www.ultrasound.ws

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO WITH IT? LONDON

The Institute for Contemporary Arts' annual digital music series kicks off with a night of electro humour featuring The Greys with Sothian Fathey, DAT Politics and Ois (9 November) and continues with a Bap Rap label night featuring Mouse On Mars and guests (10), a Def Jam Hip-hop night with S-E W LP and Scratch Pervert Tony Vegas (11), a Blackbox club night featuring Owl-Kue of Bug in The Attic, DJ King Britt and resident Ois (20) and the event closes with one man electronics artist Pukite creating a live soundtrack to the Coen Brothers' film *The Big Lebowski*, while RLF attacks Godalla samples with his drum machine and a squeaky four track tape recorder (17). In addition, there is a Blackbox workshop (23) and LektroLAB give beginners lessons in the art of the DL V and MP3 (24). Leeds ICA, various times and prices, 020 7930 3647, www.ica.org.uk

International festivals

AVANTO

FINLAND

Helsinki's annual festival of experimental music and moving image promises "hardcore avant-garde art combined with liberating laughter and sub-audio madness". The opening night is a homage to Finnish electronic instruments inventor Erkki Kurenniemi (see Cross Platform) including Pan Sonic performing with reconstructions of his instruments, a dance performance by DMV-0 and the premier of Mika Taanila's documentary on Kurenniemi. Audio-

visual performances will be given by People Like Us, Semiconductor and Carl Michael Von Hausswolff. An extensive programme of experimental film includes the European premier of Bruce Baillie's 12-hour *Holy Scrolls* with live soundtrack by Pan Sonic and others. There are also live performances from by Pan Sonic, Russell Haswell, Fe-maid, FRUTIS, Benz, Antton Nikkila and MAN Sähkökärrettö. Helsinki various venues, 21-24 November, 00 3 58 9 1733 6502, www.avantofestival.com

BEYOND THE PALE 2002

USA

Festival of noise graders and dark soundscapers put together by the rock group Neureux. Features Low, The Living Balance, Scott Kelly and Steve Van Till (14), Neureux, Savage Republic, Pleasure Follower and Phantom Limbs (15), Neureux, Steel Pole Bath Tub, Letas Esters and Tasterale Hawk (16) and Robert Rich, EAR, Stars Of The Lid and Tibes Of Neurex (17). San Francisco OMA Lounge, 14-17 November, www.neurexrecordings.com

ELECTROGRAPH

GREECE

The second edition of Athens's 'sound media' festival comprises three days of live performances, installations and a wide selection of experimental films. There are live performances from Piz, Jason Kohr, Zsigmond Károlyi, Gert-Jan Preis, Oskono, Alisa Nasa, Rep. Bios, As11 and others along with installations and screenings of more than 30 audio-visual works. Athens various venues, 14-16 November, info@electrograph.gr, www.electrograph.gr

ELEKTRA FESTIVAL

CANADA

Fourth edition of this electronic festival. Line up includes Scanner providing a live soundtrack to a Jean-Luc Goddard screening, Gordon

Monahan, Super Collider, Christian Calon, Naur Humon, Net Clayton with Sue Constable, Robot Lab and others. Montreal various venues, 7-16 November, www.elektrofest.ca

EYES & EARS: THE OTHER MINDS FILM FESTIVAL

USA

Fed up with the number of great music films that never got shown on US TV, Other Minds have put together a strong programme of music related movies. Highlights include the US premier of a new Frank Zappa documentary and a live soundtrack by DJ Brooklyn to DW Griffin's notorious 1915 silent *Birth Of A Nation*. The programme also features Pandit Pran Nath in *Between The Notes*, a documentary on the late Indian music master and La Monte Young associate, Ben Riley, *Musik With Sells*, a collaboration with sculptor Ake Aron on Riley's *Rainbow In Corned Air*, a documentary on Leon Theremin; Frank Zappa's *Baby Snakes* from 1979; a fictionalised dramatisation of the life of George Antheil followed by a live performance of Antheil's music for film; *The Promoters Of New Music* looks at the legacy of Lou Harrison, John Cage and Henry Cowell, and *The Noble Savage* looks at the life of maverick composer Percy Grainger. San Francisco The Castro Theatre, \$9 per program or \$60 for festival pass, 001 415 621 6120/934 8134, www.otherminds.org

FRITCHES

BELGIUM

Innovative, audio-visual festival featuring Bob Osttorg and Pierre Robert's music and live animation collaboration, Phil Niblock's film and live music programme, Gert-Jan Preis' scorp electronic performance, and a variety of other intriguing soundings projects. A touch label night features audio-visual performances from Rafael Toral, Christian Fennest, Benny J Nilsson, and Phil



Kalle Matthews: Def Jux



Nitok in a collaborative performance with Guy Debrieux. The festival is completed by a series of installations, masterclasses and workshops by the performing artists. Givert Kunstencentrum Vooruit, 19-23 November, www.vooruit.be

IMAGES SONORES BELGIUM

Fourth edition of the electronic music festival with Claus Van Bobber and Paul Habweber, Voice Crack and works by Jonathan Harvey, Richard Barrett and Steve Reich. Lige Anselme Eglise St André, 15-17 November, 00 32 4 223 2259, www.sixnet.be/efm

IMPACT FESTIVAL 2002 NETHERLANDS

13th edition of the interdisciplinary festival combining visual arts, music, film, video and new media. A film, video and lecture programme considers the West's industrialised position in the world alongside themes of globalisation, population growth, progress, security and the media. The music programme cuts across jungle, electronic and hip-hop with (anticipated) contributions from Push Button Objects, Def Jux, Arhiv Inna, Kanda, Hrvatski and Greg Davies. Utrecht various venues, 29 October-3 November, www.impact.nl

JAZZFEST BERLIN GERMANY

Curated this year by Chicago critic John Corbett. The line-up includes Rene Schwizer, Miffo Grooms, Peter Balmann dae, Alexander Van Schlippenbach's Theonious Monk project, Van Freeman's New Apartment Monk project, Ab Beers Trio, Kent Vandermark, Tobias Delius Quartet featuring Tristan Honsinger, Joe Wilkerson and Ian Bennick, Roy Haynes's Charlie Parker project, Michael Moore's Mentor, Paul Levens and Mats Gustafsson's No Ensemble and The NOW Orchestra with George Lewis

Berlin, www.berlinfestivalgate.de/jazzfest

LEM SPAIN

The sixth International Experimental Music Festival includes 50 acts from around the globe including Main, Zipspery, Manon Anne Gills, Steamboat Switzerland, Richard Pithas's Schizotrope, Catherine Jaumais's Duo Des Aubres, Games Addition, Kalle Matthews and the 60-strong Barcelona Municipal Band playing scores by Iñaki Herra, Llorenç Barber and others. Barcelona various venues and places, 17 October-30 November, 00 34 93 238 4038, www.glicia-lem.com

MUSIC UNLIMITED XVI AUSTRIA

Featuring John Butcher, Fred Lonberg-Holm/Kent Kessler/Michael Zorag, Yamakata Eye/Otomo Yoshihide, Neils Cline Singers (8 November), Rade Malfetti/Dieb 13, Satako Fujii Quartet, Peter Brötzmann Quintet and more (9), Benat Achary, Sylvie Courvoisier/Isaac Mor/DJ Olive, Skans & Strings featuring Ian Bennick and Harrod Drake and more. Weis Schischhof, www.musicanlimited.at

NOVEMBER MUSIC 2002: SEE THE SOUND HEAR THE SPACE

NETHERLANDS, BELGIUM, GERMANY
New Music event spread across three countries. Christine Marzay, Instant Composers Pool, Dick Raaijmakers, Morton Feldman Trio, Mark Deeser Trio and more. Netherlands's Rotterdambroeck (5-13 November), Germany Essse (6-11), Belgium Gert (7-11), www.novembermusic.net

PROPOSTA SPAIN

Performance and poetry festival featuring Hugh Masekela performing with video footage of Bob Cobbing, Michael Lantz, Stan Horowitz, Biagio Copellani, Christophe Fiat and others. Barcelona

Centre de Cultura Contemporània, 6-9 November, proposta2002.org, www.proposta2002.org

REAL TIME MUSIC MEETING GERMANY

Improvised music meeting with Annette Krebs, Brigit Ullrich, Robert Hayward, Fabrizio Spina, Agnès Pelzer, Claus Van Bobber, Talarie Bertanovic and Jürgen Morgenstern playing in shifting combinations. Hamburg, Museum Theater, 22-23 November, 00 49 40 39 90 52 66, www.real-time-music.de

RECONTRES INTERNATIONALES D'JAZZ DE NEVERS FRANCE

Sixteen edition of this forward looking jazz festival. JCP Orchestra, Ian Bennick, Elliott Sharp/Bobby Previte, Gunter 'Baby' Sommer, The Hat Trio, Louis Sclavis project, Abdullah Ibrahim Trio, Xavier Garcia, Francis Corneloup Quartet, Satako Fujii Quartet. Nevers Cedex various venues, 8-16 November, 00 33 3 8657 8851, www.neversjazz.com

21ST INTERNATIONAL TAMPERE JAZZ HAPPENING FINLAND

Suse Ikon Trio with Ikuu Mon, Doppelmoppel featuring Konrad and Johannes Bauer, Ben Frieel Siolet, Ute Siolet Quartet featuring Gerry Hemmings, Nils Peter Mohrver Quartet, The Bays and Satako Fujii Quartet. Tampere various venues times and prices, 00 3 58 3 3146 6751, www.tampere.fi/festival/musica

Special events

CRASS COLLECTIVE: YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU UK

Crass and friends come together for an evening of

music and words in opposition to war. The packed evening features a whole host of new writing by Penny Rimbaud alongside contributions by Samuel Barber, Goldblade, Vn Sulvers, The Original African Indians, The Singlines Choir, A Soma, Steve Ignorant, Eve Libertine, Christine Tobin and a variety of jazz instrumentalists. London Queen Elizabeth Hall, 8 November, 7:30pm, 020 7960 4203, www.rhfs.org.uk

CREMASTER CYCLE UK

The first UK showing of Matthew Barney's entire Cremaster cycle (see Cross Platform, The Wire 223), London Ritzy Cinema, 25-14 November, 020 7733 2229, www.ritzycinema.co.uk

DOWN WITH THE MENTAL HEALTH BILL! UK

Mad Pride event organised by The Wire's Ben Watson and featuring James MacDougall from Ape Shit, Mat Fraser, No Rules UK featuring Maggie Nicole, Moira Mire A Large One, Dellos Bone, Chocolate Sandwich, Anita Ponton, Gern and Di Out to Lunch. London Bull & Gate, 19 November, 7:30pm, 05 020 7388 8679

5000 CALLS UK

Sound installation on the Millennium Riverside in Cardiff created by Gerd Chesworth and Sonia Leber. 5000 different human voices drawn from work, pleasure, sport, song and struggle are disseminated by 32 speakers along the walk. Cardiff's River Taff Millennium Riverside next to the Millennium Stadium, runs until 3 November, 7am-7pm daily

LOGIC OF THE BIRDS UK

Irish singer Susan Dayhams leads a silent chorus in this cross-media production which includes multiple screen projections and takes



LONDON JAZZ FESTIVAL

15 - 24 November 2002



EVENTS INCLUDE

SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER Queen Elizabeth Hall

ADVENTURES IN SOUND

with
**MATTHEW SHIPP TRIO,
EVAN PARKER,
SCORCH TRIO,
MATTHEW BOURNE
& THE ELECTRIC DR M**

An intergalactic pile-up of ambient noise, digital/analog technologies, avant-rock, jazz and free improvis which includes hot US pianist Matthew Shipp with powerhouse bassist and Cecil Taylor alumni William Parker and drummer Tom Rainey, ear-bending nu-Scandinavian-jazz-metal Scorch Trio with power guitarist Rauli Björkenheim and drummer Paul Nilsson Leve and bassist Ingaborg Haker Flaten; piano whizz Matthew Bourne, with new band The Electric Dr M, veers crazily across contemporary genres from drum'n'bass to freeform; and saxophonist Evan Parker with a musical imagination of jaw-dropping, meandering litany.

TUESDAY 19 NOVEMBER Royal Festival Hall

FAUDEL + NOJAZZ

The freshest and funkiest of French music with first UK gig for 'le petit prince du raï' plus jazz-rap-house swagsters NoJazz.

WEDNESDAY 20 NOVEMBER Purcell Room

THE NECKS

Post jazz, post rock, post everything - ambient dark care with psychedelic sound washes and eerie mood swings.

**PLUS BRAD MEHLDAU, CHRIS POTTER,
COURTNEY PINE'S TRIBUTE TO
JOHN COLTRANE, FEMI KUTI,
ISSA BAGAYOGO, TOMASZ STANKO,
LEE KONITZ AND MANY MORE**

FOR FREE FESTIVAL BROCHURE CALL BBC RADIO 3
AUDIENCE INFORMATION LINE - 08700 100 300

Bookings - 020 7960 4242 / www.rfl.org.uk (no hkg fee)

Full details - www.serious.org.uk



A Brighton Dome tour
Funded by Arts Council NTP

The Necks

*'Entirely new and entirely now ... a post jazz, post-rock,
post everything sonic experience that has few parallels
or rivals.'* The Guardian

*'One of the finest, most accessible and genuinely revelatory
improvising groups on the planet.'* Straight No Chaser



On Tour 2002

20 11 02 Purcell Rooms,
London Jazz Festival

Box Office 020 7960 4242

21 11 02 Bond on the Wall,
Manchester

Box Office 0161 237 5554

23 11 02 The Arches,
Glasgow

Box Office 0901 022 0300

24 11 02 Pavilion Theatre,
Brighton Dome

Box Office 01273 709709

25 11 02 Warwick Arts Centre,
Coventry

Box Office 024 7652 4524

27 11 02 Leeds Jazz,
The Wardrobe, Leeds

Box Office 0113 383 8800



Official Sponsors



Official Partners



Graduate Programs in Music

Mills College offers three graduate programs that are internationally recognized for their tradition of excellence and innovation.

M.A. IN COMPOSITION

This unique program has trained generations of composers in the American Experimentalist tradition.

Fred Frith, Alvin Curran, Joelle Leandre, and Pauline Oliveros teach composition, and Cecil Taylor will be the Vaux Composer-in-Residence during 2002-2003.

M.F.A. IN ELECTRONIC MUSIC
AND RECORDING MEDIA

This innovative interdisciplinary program in electronic and computer music, the recording arts, and experimental media is based in Miller's internationally renowned Center for Contemporary Music (CCM), an institution which for more than 30 years has been a leader in experimental music and its allied arts and sciences.

The CCM is co-directed by Chris Brown and Maggi Payne, the staff includes John Bischoff and Les Sturck.

N.F.A. IN PERFORMANCE
AND LITERATURE

This program integrates performance with history and theory and offers individual instruction in modern and historical instruments and voice. Areas of emphasis include 20th century performance techniques, improvisation, and interactive electro-acoustic music.

Our outstanding performance faculty includes William Winant, David Abell, Julie Steinberg, Geraldine Walther, Donna Petersen, Sera Ganz, Angela Koregeles, Indie Cooke, and David Tanenbaum. David Bernstein teaches music literature and theory.

To learn more
Graduate Office
Mills College
5000 MacArthur Blvd
Oakland, CA 94613 USA
1-510-430-3309
www.mills.edu

MILLS

innovation.
tradition.

SEI 2002

YUKO NEXUS6 (JPN)
CARL STONE (USA)
SATORU WONO (JPN)

[illegible]

SPARK PRESENTS INTERPLAY
A TEXT FESTIVAL OF BIG CITY COLLABORATIONS
LONDON 18 JUL / PICTURE SOUND


[illegible]

1. In both nights, projected vibrations by heavy
trucks were **measured** ~~measured~~

structure of reform, many donors and experienced
Asian bank & plant made serious commitment by **pledged**

the night
100 commercial street
and apartment's market
location of the
business, only once again

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112

SPRINGER  WITH CONTENTS
OF THE JOURNAL **ISSN 1111-1426**

Sound Architecture/Rough Trade Shops/Great Eastern Hotel present

Culture Jam 2002

Celebrating 20 years of Pop cannibalism

NEGATIVLAND

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE
at 7pm, a 90-minute film/lecture
presentation by Mark Hosler,
founding member of Negativland

6-12pm
Sunday 27th Oct. 2002
Great Eastern Hotel
Liverpool St
London EC2M 7QH

PEOPLE LIKE US

Tkts: £12.50 / £10 adv
Adv. tks from

Being Scrubbed

Rough Trade Shops WC2 + W11
and Great Eastern Hotel

GABBA accidental Ramones
Alba punk pop fusion

Info: 020 7289 3385
sound@soundarchitecture.com



Nov 2nd	Harrods South Irish Centre 0208 563 8232
Sat 9th	Midlands Arts Centre, Birmingham 0121 440 3838
Sun 10th	Purcell Rooms, RFH 0207 060 1242
Fri 13th	The Playhouse, Abwick 01665 540 785
Sun 24th	Michael Tippett Centre, Bath 01225 463 362

December

Sat 7th	Ashcroft Arts Centre, Fareham 01329 310 600
Sun 8th	South Hill Park, AC, Bursledon 01344 461 123

March 2003

Fri 14th	Nottingham City Council venue the
Sat 15th	Blackfries Arts Centre, Lincs 01203 365 108
Sun 16th	Cambridge Corn Exchange 01223 837 851
Thur 20th	Gloicester Guildhall 01432 305 089
Fri 21st	Falmouth Arts Centre, Cornwall 01395 314 566
Sat 22nd	Bradgate Arts Centre, Somers 01278 122 700
Sun 23rd	Exeter Phoenix 01392 667 060



www.lukedaniels.co.uk



Vibacathedral Orchestra. Trevor Jackson

BLACKTRONICA

Electronic music club as tour. Each event features a range of artists as well as a workshop and a panel discussion earlier in the day. Check local press for full details. Manchester Music Box (8 November), London ICA (20), Huddersfield Camel Club (28), Bristol The Level (29), Birmingham Medicine Bar (30). 020 7243 0171, blacktronica@tutesonic.com

BAGGAGE RECLAIM

Another packed evening of impressive and contrasting live acts. Osseant songs from sax and electronics to The Remote Viewers, the UK debut of New York singer-songwriter and restaurant reviewer Thomas Truax, oddball songs from Keith John Adams, space improv from 46,000 Fibres, and songs and introductions from host Richard Sanders. London 12 Bar Club, 27 October. 8pm, 05, 020 7916 8689, www.teacoc.com

BLUE CAMEL

Occasional night with experimental musicians and Turkish and Kurdish music on the same bill. Features live piece Kurdish/Turkish group Aerobika, solo improv by multi-instrumentalist and vocalist Sylvia Hollett, and Vw Corningham/Pat Thomas/Richard Baskerville's audio-visual genre-busting mix. London St Cyprian's Church, 8 November, 7.30, £7/£5, 020 7704 8374

LOVE TING

Live music and poetry night featuring two drawer improvisation from False Face Society featuring Steve Noble, Alex Ward and John Edwards, scratchy avant rock from Wee, belittling poetry from Belowsky, amplified objects from the Bohman Brothers and friends. London The Yacht Club, 25 November. 8pm, £4/£2, 020 8670 5094

BURST COUCH

Regular improvised electronics and low-fidelity pop/dance live for all this month. Hot Air's Stahlgruen & Ferguson plus Trichard, Oslo Operating System and special guests.

Manchester: The Green Room, 14 November, 8-30pm, £3, 0161 651 0515, www.janetstevens.co.uk

EXTRA

Selected audio experiments from the slow sound system. This month there's field recordings from Mummer, live laptop detritus from Nisak and friends from Oakland, California, plus regular soundsmiths and visual activists. London The Foundry, 17 November, 3pm, free, 02007 739 6900, 07977 190 141, extra@slowsound.net, www.slowsound.net

FLIM FLAM

Top notch improvisation from Alan Wilkinson/Jan Bates/Marcia Morton/John Edwards/Mark Sanders (20 November) and Phil Minton and Knut Auferman's vocals and feedback duo (27), London Ryeris, 8.30pm, £5/£3, 020 8609 6691

FREE RADICALS

Three contrasting improv duos: Ingar Zach/Alex Ward, Rhian Davies/John Bissett and Mark McLeod/Brynn. London Red Rose Club, 13 November, 8.30pm, £5, 020 7923 4929

ELECTROWERKES

Supporting the release of their Audio Chocolate label sampler Berlin's Bomb 20 and Nitro play live, plus Ols. London Electrowerkes, 16 November, 10pm-7.30am, £8/£5 members, 0207 837 6419

INSTANT MUSIC MEETING

Regular improv night featuring Che Muker from Tokyo, Paul Hood and special guests. London Lewisham Art House, 16 November, 8pm, 24/£3, 020 7277 7856

KLINKER

The off-the-wall improvised music and performance club doubles its efforts and now takes place on Tuesdays as well as Thursdays. Inver Murrat/Wynton Watson, Glen Penning/Carol Grimes and Crowman (15) Anvra 3 featuring Simon Fell, Rob Dantoin and Phil Hargreaves (7), Minnow, Angus Hamiltons (12), Josefa

Cupdy/Chris Bacon (14), Thomas Truax (19), Extreme Quartet featuring Lal Condi, Jim LeBaigue, Mike Walter and Hugh Moncalé, Mark Greeby/Jim Walker (21), Eulipions presents Black Eagle Rounon (26) and Dave Draper (28) An exhibition of found street art runs throughout the month. London Susea, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 8pm, £5/£2, 020 8806 8216, www.theklinker.freeze.co.uk

LAPTOP JAM

Audio-visual dig-jam. Bring your laptop and/or video footage. Event also webcast at www.hawthra.com. Brighton Hanbury Arms, 15 November, £3, 01273 605789, www.laptopjams.com

ONGAKU: ENJOY SOUND

Improvisation evening featuring Ewan Purkey/Eddie Prevost, Ross Lambert/Nathaniel Cataphe/Mairiann Pappas/Armand Alexander/Seymour and John Lely/Michael Redgery/Jennie Coleman. London 291 Gallery, 19 November, 8pm, £5/£4, 020 7613 5676, www.goonies.com/ongaku291

PLUG AND PLAY

Bring your laptop or any other audio-visual technology to this regular open house event. London Public Life, 24 November and every third Sunday of the month, 6pm-late, 07779 631008, www.gobias.net/prg

RETURN TO NEW YORK

First UK live performance from the LCD Soundsystem plus Ols Arthur Baker, Trevor Jackson, Jilly Bean Benks, Saulx and others. London The Great Eastern Hotel, 23 November, 8pm-2am, £15/£12, 08700 600100, www.lcdsound.co.uk

SOUND 323

In a dark atmosphere concerts of improvised music. Cremona from Spain and Portugal (23 November) and Eddie Fiksel/Martin (30) London Sound 323, 3pm, £3, 020 8348 9595, www.sound323.com

THE TERMITE CLUB

Live music from improvising Chinese violin player Che Muker and the excellent Vibacathedral Orchestra. Leeds The Adelphi, 15 November, 8pm, £4/£2, www.termiteclub.co.uk

Incoming

AUTO

Pulp's Steve Mackey, Warp Records and Eat Your Own Ears present a multi-roomed event featuring Pulp, Ryliscope, LFD, Four Tet, Schneider TM, John Peel and more. Rotherham Magna, 4 December, £30, 7pm-2am, www.warprecords.com, www.eatyourownears.com

INSTAL 02

A festival of "Brave New Music", co-sponsored by The Wire, and featuring some UK performances by Rylis, Rylis, Carsten Nicola, Stephan Mathieu, Kiki Asano & The Paragon Ensemble, John Wail, Francisco Lopez, Phil Niblock and Miror. Glasgow The Arches, 1 December, 4pm-midnight, £12/£10, 0901 022 0300, www.instal02.co.uk

TRIBUTE TO BOB COBBING

A special evening at The Klinker Club to commemorate the life and work of the recently departed concrete performance poet. The evening, which also celebrates the 20th birthday of the club, will be preceded by a tree planting ceremony at Abbey Cemetery, Stoke Newington. London Sussex, 3 December, 8pm, £5/£2, 020 8806 8216, www.theklinker.freeze.co.uk

Out There items for inclusion in the December issue should reach us by Friday 1 November

ultrasound

a new three day festival exploring the territory of experimental sound art, digital music, and related software developments - comprising workshops, live performances, presentations, conference and club night, featuring new and emerging talent from the UK and overseas.

28th>30th
Nov. 2002
Hudders-
field, UK

Alexei Shulgin / Golan
Levin / Black Faction /
ixi / Slub / Nullpointer /
PowerBooks for Peace /
Evol / Vector / Xabi
Erkizia / Blacktronica

www.ultrasound.ws

THE REGA CENTRE
7 NORTHUMBERLAND ST
HUDDERSFIELD UK

TEL: +44 (0)274 990 5402
[E] INFO@ULTRASOUND.WS
HTTP://WWW.ULTRASOUND.WS

BRAD MEHLDAU TRIO

POOLE Thu 7/11
Lighthouse, 01202 685 222

BRIGHTON Sat 9/11
The Dome, 01273 709709

NORWICH Sun 10/11
PizzaExpress at The Forum,
01603 630000

SOUTHAMPTON Tue 12/11
Turner Sims Hall, 02380 595 151

MANCHESTER Wed 13/11
Royal Northern College of Music,
0161 273 4504

BRISTOL Thu 14/11
St George's, 0117 923 0359

BIRMINGHAM Fri 15/11
CBSO Centre, 0121 767 4060

LONDON Mon 18/11
Royal Festival Hall,
020 7960 4242



ARCTOKYO

Creates events that bridge
electronic and traditional
forms of music

www.arctokyo.com

Dear Mrs. Happy Birthday!
Congratulations to your 20th anniversary.
Thank you very much.
Here's to another 20 years of smiling about good music!



www.borderline-extra.de

Amsterdam, & Berlin, Buenos Aires, Chicago, Los Angeles,
Peking, Paris, Rome, Shanghai, Seoul, SF, Singapore,
Stockholm, Tokyo, Vancouver, New York, Los Angeles



SatokoFujiiQuartet
European Tour 2 - 24 November 2002

Satoko Fujii - piano Tatsuki Hamano - tenor/sax
Tatsuya Yoshida - drums/voice Takaharu Hayakawa - bass

We're delighted, it's really and best of all, it's free - just £25! Can
Fujii is clearly one of the most exciting musicians to come along in a while. Catherine
Yoshida loves her music like Sam the level of it - it can't be more real - John Peel

UK DATES

5 - The Shed, Bromley £11.50pm
01653 668494 www.theshed.co.uk

6 - The Warehouse, Leeds £10/8 8.30pm
0113 3838800 www.leeds.ac.uk/music/LJ

7 - Exeter Phoenix, Exeter £10/7 8pm
01392 867080 www.Exeterphoenix.org.uk

8 - The Spitz, London £8 8pm
0207 7771 2000 www.spitz.co.uk

UK TOUR DATES

2002 European tour dates
for a complete list of 20 European dates: www.satokofujiiquartet.co.uk
for further information on the tour: www.satokofujiiquartet.co.uk
Satoko Fujii & Tatsuki Hamano - www.satokofujiiquartet.co.uk
Tour produced by Alfred H. van der Meer

JAZZPRINT
www.vcdsprint.co.uk



Directory

Label/distributor contacts for this month's issue

Labels

KEY: T = Tel F = Fax D = distributor

Acute Records

Danarone@yahoo.com www.acuterecords.com

Alga Marghen

Via Frezzi 43, 20133 Milano, Italy

F 002 720 300 699

algamarghen@alga.it D These

Alena

PO Box 568, Steeles R, Montreal, Quebec,

Canada H2S 3L1 F 001 514 847 1514

alena@alenafranchise.com

Angelika Kiermann

1388 Hahnwitz, Muensterlandstrasse 2,

1080 Vienna, Austria F 00 43 1 581 28 13

angelika@net.at

Asphodi

763 Brannen St, San Francisco CA 94103,

USA www.asphodi.com D Cargo

AUM Fidelity

PO Box 170147, Brooklyn, NY 11212, USA

F 001 718 369 0981 insight@aumfidelity.com

Badman

1388 Hahnwitz St, New York, San Francisco, CA

94117, USA www.badmanrecordings.com

D Shillhook

Beta-Lactam Ring

PO Box 8715, Portland, OR 97228-8715, USA

www.blrrecords.com

Bliss First

429 Harrow Road, London W10 4RE

F 020 8960 5438 www.blissfirst.com D Vital

Bath

323 Somerville Avenue, Somerville, MA 02143,

USA www.bathrecords.com

Bangalore

Suite 209, Bon Marche Centre, 241-251

Finnville Road, London SW9 6BJ

F 020 7793 9060 D SRD

Chocolate Monk

99A Ditching Rd, Brighton BN1 4SD

OC Recordings

331 Portobello Road, London W11 1TF

F 020 7792 9871 D Vital

Dalmat

4121 N Rockwell, Chicago, IL 60615, USA

F 001 772 339 5004

dalmat@bluestone-dalmat.com

D Prpper

DIW

2-3 Kanda Awechjo, Chiyoda-ku,

Tokyo 101-0063, Japan

Dominio

PO Box 4029, London SW15 2XR

F 020 8679 1361 D Vital

Outblast

East West

WLA

ECM

Postfach 600, 331 6103 Munchen, Germany

www.ecmrecords.com D New Note

Ekstro

Lietuvaitis 25 a 10, 28100 Pori, Finland

www.ekstrorecords.com

Fax

c/o EMC Distribution, Rindmetzstrasse 19,

D-61184 Korb, Germany

F 00 49 6029 931968 then@wilex-frankfurt.de

Exceptional

PO Box 16208, London W4 1ZU

D 3MVPinnacle

Experimental Music Catalogue

info@experimentalmusic.co.uk

FaCat Records

PO Box 3400, Brighton BN1 4WG

info@fa-cat.co.uk www.fai-cat.co.uk

D Visa

H&A House

PO Box 387, Canal St, New York, New York City,

NY 10013, USA www.ha-house.com

Harley

PO Box 156, Melbourne Suite 287, Chicago,

IL 60642, USA F 001 312 633 9100

helly@hellyrecords.com www.hellyrecords.com

D Baked Goods

Hell's Half Hour

PO Box 633, Fennville, WA 98248, USA

www.hells-half-hour.com

Honest Jon's Records

275-278 Portobello Rd, London W10 5ST

www.honestjonsrecords.com

8-27-2003 Toshima, Kita-Ku, Tokyo

114-0003, Japan info@japanrecords.com

www.japanrecords.com

Impulsa!

D Universal

Infinite

Jongen Lekfeld, Roegildegaarde 7,

DK-9250 Helsingør, Denmark

www.infinite.com D Vital

Ipecac

PO Box 1197, Alameda, CA 94601, USA

www.ipecac.com D SRD

Jazz Academy

12 Castle Street, Berkhamshead HP4 2BO

T01442 864959 D Cadiz

Jat Star

185 Acton Lane, Park Royal, London NW10

7NU F 0208 985 7058 www.jatstar.co.uk

Kairo

karoo@kairo-music.com

Kokoro

www.kokoro-music.com

Konsument

Onzevenderhijk Muziekbedrijf PO Box 1498B,

1001 LB, Amsterdam, Netherlands

F 00 31 20 58 49 505

Krensky

PO Box 97843, Chicago, IL 60687, USA

F 001 773 276 3822 www.krensky.net D SRD

Lax Records

PO Box 34207, London NW5 1EF

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

www.laxrecords.com D SRD

Panduro

Durto, BM Wound, London WC1N 3XA

www.panduro.com

Peacock Records

153 Avenue A No 1, New York, NY 10009, USA

www.creativepublishers.net

Phibalo

2013 Griffin Park Boulevard, Los Angeles,

CA 90027, USA phibalo@phibalo.com

PI

Cathedral Station, PO Box 1949, New York,

NY 10025, USA T 001 212 232 5140

web@pi-records.com

Plug Research

9743 Randa Blvd Unit 5, Northridge,

CA 91324-2058, USA T/F 001 818 773 1754

www.plugresearch.com

Polamic Music

www.polamicmusic.com D SRD

Quipotic

www.quipotic.net

Razer X

D Cargo

React

mail@react-music.co.uk

www.react-music.co.uk

Rosatoro

PO Box 300574, Minneapolis, MN 55403, USA

ROIR

PO Box 501, Pennon Street Station, New York,

NY 10012, USA F 001 212 505 8908

info@roir.com www.roir.com

D Shillhook

Rosbie

rosbie@baro.it

Select Cuts

D SRD

Smalltown Supersound

PO Box 2069, Grinnell, IA 50505, USA

www.smalltownsupersound.com

www.smalltownsupersound.com D Cargo

Staubgold

Aggrappeler 5, D-50678 Cologne, Germany

F 00 49 221 397 92 34 www.staubgold.com

D Shillhook

Strange Attractions Audio House

PO Box 2827, Olympia, WA 98507, USA

www.strangeattractions.com

Solo Rose

189 Avenue du Roi, 1190 Brussels, Belgium

T 00 32 2 645 82 48 guymarc@solorose.net

D Cargo



Sublingual
1000 361616, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA
www.sublingual.com

Suction
www.suction.com D Baked Goods

Technika
info@technika.net www.technika.net

Thrill Jockey
PO Box 08008, Chicago, IL 60608, USA
T 001 312 492 9640 info@thrilljockey.com
www.thrilljockey.com D Pinnacle
The Beats
310 Oakland Ave, Oakland, CA 94611, USA
T 001 510 465 3213 info@tigerbeats.com
www.tigerbeats.com D Baked Goods

Touch
13 Cleveland Road, London SW17 7BS
T 020 8662 3414 D Kudon/Pinnacle, These

Trojan
Regent House, 1 Pratt Mews, NW1 0AD
www.trojan-records.com D Jet Star
trojan@records.com
www.trojanrecords.com

23Five
PO Box 4620951, San Francisco, CA 94146-0951, USA
www.23five.org

Tzadik
61 East 6th Street, #126, New York, NY 10003, USA tzadik@tadik.com
www.tzadik.com D Cargo

Verve
22 St Peters Square, London W8 9NW
T 020 8910 5000 D PolyGram

Vine
Postfach 36 40, D-55028 Mainz, Germany
D Harmonia Mundi

Wet Paint
PO Box 1024, Manchester, CT 06045, USA

Wieser & Winter
Pfundertplatz 8, D-80803 München, Germany
T 00 49 89 38 101055
WinterProduction@compuserve.com
D Harmonia Mundi

Wol 4
c/o Audioglobe Via Aretna, 240 b/c Firenze, Italy
T 00 39 055 650 3960
audioglobe@audioglobe.it
www.audioglobe.it
PO Box 150-131, Van Nuys Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215, USA
www.younggottrecords.com
D Cargo

Distributors

BMG
Lyng Lane, West Bromwich
West Midlands B70 7ST
T 0121 563 6880

Baked Goods
Duke House, 37 Duke Street
Manchester M1 2W
T 0161 236 3233
F 0161 236 3351
www.baked-goods.com

Cadillac
15 Kings Exchange, Tileyard Road
London N7 9AH
T 020 7301 6111
F 0207 619 0901

Cargo
17 Heathman's Road, Parsons Green, London SW6 4TJ
T 020 7331 3855
info@carpack.demon.co.uk

Discovery
Bands Estate, Nuneled Road, Orizees, Wiltshire SN10 3DY T 01380 728000
info@discoveryrecords.com

Dub Vendor
T 020 7223 3757

EMI
Hermes Court, Teckbrook Park, Leicestershire Spa, Warradale CV34 8RP
T 01202 468300

Forced Exposure
228 Lowell Street, Somerville, MA 02144, USA
F 001 617 629 4734
we@forced@forcedexposure.com
www.forcedexposure.com

Formic
Brusselstrasse 75, 50672 Cologne, Germany
T 00 49 221 96 26 420
F 00 49 221 96 26 421
formic@indiatel.com www.formic.de

Greyhound
130A Ploegh Road, London SW11 2AA
T 020 7924 1471

Harmonia Mundi
45 Viner St, London E2 9DD
T 020 8709 9500 F 020 8709 9501
info.uk@harmoniamundi.com
www.harmoniamundi.com

Ideal
Ground Floor Unit, 258 Viner Street, London E2 9DT T 020 8257 3990
F 020 8257 3968 nch@ideal-distributors.com

Impetus
10 High Street, Skipton, North
Yorkshire YO13 9BS
T 01851 810 808
F 01851 810 809

Jet Star
155 Aston Lane, Park Royal,
London NW10 7JL
T 020 8961 5818
F 020 8965 7006

Koch International
Charlotte House, 47 Little Ealing Lane,
London W5 4EH F 020 6832 1813

Kudos
79 Fortress Rd, London NW5 1AF
T 020 7482 4555 F 020 7462 4551

Lowlands
Hoostraat 6, B-2000 Antwerpen, Belgium
T 00 32 3 226 70 08
F 00 32 328 15 27

Mac Two
Truman Brewery Building, Brick Lane,
London E1 6QB F 020 7377 5841

New Note
Electron House, Gray Avenue, Opreington,
Kent BR1 1JU F 01689 677891

Pinnacle
Electron House, Gray Avenue, St Mary Cray,
Opreington, Kent BR5 3PN F 01689 878269

Proper Music
The Pines, Cranford Lane,
Berkhamstead, Kent BR3 3JW
www.proper.co.uk

Reel Recommended
79 Beulah Road, Thornton Heath,
Surrey CR7 8JG F 020 8771 3138
reel@reelrecords.co.uk

Revolver USA
2745 16th Street, San Francisco, CA 94113, USA
F 001 415 241 2421
revolver@revolverusa.com
www.revolverusa.com

Sandbox Automatic
www.sandboxautomatic.com

Singapo
PO Box 10565, London N1 8ER
info@singapo.com

Select
34A Holmesthorpe Avenue, Redhill, Surrey
RH1 2UN T 01737 760020
F 01737 766316

Shellshock
23A Colingwood Road, London N15 4ZF
F 020 8800 8140 info@shellshock.co.uk

Sony
Ridgeway Lane, Aylesbury, Bucks HP19 3BX
T 01295 426151 F 01295 481009

Sound 323
323 Archway Road, London N5 5AA
T/F 020 8348 9505 sound323@aol.com
www.sound323.com

SRD
70 Lawrence Road, London N15 4EQ
F 020 8802 2222

Trees
119 Brook Drive, London SE11 4TQ
T 020 7587 5435
F 020 7662 5278

Topic
50 Broad Green Rd, London N4 3EF
T 020 7281 3465
F 020 7281 5671

3MV
81-83 Weston Street, London SE1
T 020 7378 8866

Universal
Chipperton Drive, Kingston,
Milton Keynes MK10 0AN
T 020 8910 1500
F 01908 452 600

Vital
335A Ladbroke Grove, London W10 5AH
F 020 8324 0001

WEA
PO Box 59, Alphen aan den Rijn,
Wimborne, Middlesex HA 1P
T 020 8998 3429

World Serpent
Unit 7-17 Seager Buildings,
Bromley, London SE8 4HL
F 020 8894 2877
mailorder@worldserpent.demon.co.uk

ND Labels and distributors: If you spot an incorrect, incomplete or missing listing, please inform The Wire

Label Lore

No: 074 Potlach

Address
Potlach
BP 205
75021 Paris Cedex 19
France
potlach@worldnet.fr
www.potlach.fr

Distribution
UK: Sound 323
Europe, Midatlantic
USA, Northcountry

Run By
Jacques Ogier

Rooster includes

Scopie Agnet, Derek Bailey, Pascal Bortius,
John Butcher, Xavier Charles, Michel Doreux,
Alex Doreux, Kristoff K. Roll, Jean-Marie
Foussat, Steve Lave, Damián Lazo, Joelle
Leandre, Lionel Marchetti, Denison Maroney,
Jerome Noëlinguer, Evan Parker, Emmanuel
Péti, Phosphor, Dominique Rippeaud, Keith
Rowe, Hans Tarmmen, Fred Van Noe, Camel
Zekro, Carlos Zingaro

Brief History

The Paris-based Potlach is an independent
label which was founded in the spring of 1998
by Jacques Ogier, a former musician

(discontinued) from the B&B Improv group
Assemblé. Ogier had much contact with a lot of
musicians and he felt the necessity to create a
new label to help them document their work in
a better way, especially (but not exclusively)
with French musicians. With the help of Jean-
Marc Rousselet, a sound engineer who has also
worked with other labels (such as Ensonium,
HHH Hut, Leo), Potlach has recorded significant
musicians of the international improv scene.

Statement of intent

To expect the unexpected is often
disappointing. But if there is a musical field
where listeners' demands can meet
musicians' projects, it is the realm of improv.
Improvised music is always challenging new
limits, questioning cultural backgrounds and
acknowledged opinions. It has a lot to do with
intimacy and is more deeply rooted in people's
minds than usually believed. Potlach wants to
document works of both established and
young musicians exploring a wide range from
acoustic to electro-acoustic improv.

Other activities

Potlach works in partnership with Parisian
versus Les Imprints Chavives. Jacques Ogier is
also a regular reviewer in several French
music fanzines.

Future plans

2 Potlach tours in France: Phosphor
(Birkhead Beins, Alessandro Bosselli, Axel
Doreux, Robin Hayward, Michael Renkel,
Annette Krebs, Andrea Neumann) at
Vendœuvre Musique Action Festival and
Instantes Chavives and some other locations,
and Trio John Butcher, Xavier Charles and Axel
Doreux. The LIO forthcoming CD

Choice cuts

Evan Parker & Keith Rowe: Dark Rags: Joelle
Leandre No Waiting: Phosphor: Phosphor

Info & manifests: Jacques Ogier

Back Issues

A fully searchable index of issues 100-203 is available at www.thewire.co.uk
The site includes downloadable articles from sold out issues

- [illegible]

Issues that are not listed here are sold out. Issue numbers not in bold indicate very few issues remaining. For further enquiries call +44 (0)20 7652 5022 or email suball@wiley.co.uk



When ordering back issues, subscribers can get copies of the following CDs – free



To get a copy of the relevant CD when ordering these back issues, quote your subscription number on the form below. You'll find your number on the address sheet that comes with your copy of the magazine each month. If you can't find it, call +44 (0)20 7422 5022 or email sub@thewire.co.uk. Full back listings plus sample audio files for many of the CDs listed below are available at www.thewire.co.uk. NB These CDs are only available to subscribers. For details on how to become a subscriber, turn to page 122.

The Wire Tapper 1 (available with issue 170)
The Wire Tapper 2 (available with issue 177)
The Wire Tapper 3 (available with issue 182)
The Wire Tapper 4 (available with issue 186)
The Wire Tapper 5 (available with issue 193)
The Wire Tapper 6 (available with issue 200)
The Wire Tapper 7 (available with issue 207)
The Wire Tapper 8 (available with issue 215)
Virgin sampler (available with issue 152)
Live & Direct 99 (available with issue 157)

Domino On The Wire (available with issue 189)
Evan Parker's High Tide CD-ROM (available with issue 195)
Elektrotehnika Slavenika (available with issue 199)
Draw Me A Riot (available with issue 206)
Runology (available with issue 211)
Exploratory Music From Portugal (available with issue 212)
Staubgold (available with issue 213)
And The Beat Goes Off! (available with issue 220)
Faith & Power: An ESP-Disk Sampler (available with issue 221)
Klangbad: First Steps (available with issue 222)

Order form for subscriptions and/or back issues. Or order online at www.thewire.co.uk

Rates (12 issues)

UK ☐ £36 Europe ☐ Air £30 USA & Canada ☐ Air US\$40/£20

Rest of the World ☐ Air \$60/US\$100 Surface \$25/US\$85

Issue you wish your subscription to start with (insert)

Subscription options (see page 122 for details)

- ☐ Option 1: One year's subscription + The Wire Tapper Vols 1-4
☐ Option 2: One year's subscription + The Wire Tapper Vols 5-7
☐ Option 3: One year's subscription + The Wire Tapper Vols 6 & 8
☐ Option 4: One year's subscription + two extra issues

NB Your free CDs will be sent separately to your first issue ☐ Tick here if you are renewing your subscription

Order back issues here

Price per copy including postage & packing

UK ☐ £4 Europe ☐ Air £5 USA/Rest of the World ☐ Air \$5/US\$10 Surface \$5/US\$8.50

Special discount for subscribers:
save £1/\$1.50 per copy when you order three or more back issues

☐ I am a subscriber. My number (if known) is _____ /TW

Please send me issue number(s): _____

Please give addresses in case these are unavailable

Your details

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode/Zip _____

Country _____

Telephone _____

Email _____

☐ I enclose a cheque/money order made payable to THE WIRE for £ _____

☐ Please charge £ _____ to my ☐ Mastercard ☐ Amex ☐ Visa/Debit ☐ Switch

Card No. _____

For Switch card users please supply the longest, ie 16 or 19 digit, number

Expiry Date / / Switch Card Issue No. Switch Card Valid From Date / /

Please supply cardholder's name and address if different from above

Signature _____

Date / /

☐ Please tick here if you would prefer not to receive occasional mailings from compatible organisations

Return this page (or a copy) to:

The Wire 2nd Floor East 88-94 Wentworth St. FREEPOST LON10589 London E1 7BR UK

Tel +44 (0)20 7422 5022 Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011 sub@thewire.co.uk

No stamp needed if mailed in the UK. Payment by credit card, UK clearing cheque, international money order or US dollar cheque.

Please write your name and address on the back of your cheque

Subscribe

Subscribing to *The Wire* is the best way to get hold of copies of "the most essential music magazine of the contemporary era" (Forced Exposure)

It's a fact: the most exciting and influential developments in music are happening at the fringes of the culture, off the radar of most entrenched music magazines. Unlike other zines, *The Wire* is uncompromising in its mission to dig out the music that really matters, music that makes a difference. Each issue is filled with in-depth coverage of the most radical and innovative musicians (past and present) in the arenas of electronic music, avant rock, HipHop, new jazz, noise, modern composition, traditional music and beyond. You won't find this kind of informed, eclectic mix anywhere else. Don't be without it.

Subscribe to *The Wire* and get these benefits

Save money

At only £5.99 a subscription issue will still cost less than if you bought it from a newsstand, record store or bookshop

Prompt delivery

Get more copies of the magazine by direct mail.
Delivery schedule: UK, 3-5 days, Europe/USA/ROW Air 1-3 weeks,
ROW surface 4-12 weeks. NB US subscription copies are mailed in the US

Free CDs or free extra issues

Free CD issues are two black (or white) free introductory CDs or free extra issues (see opposite page for details)

The *Wire Tapper* CDs

Each month, *The Wire* receives exclusive future volumes in *The Wire Tapper* series (see opposite page for details)

More free CDs

In addition to the *Wire Tapper* series, all subscribers automatically receive copies of an CD given away with the magazine (see opposite page for details)

Special discounts

For back issues, off discounts on back issue orders (see page 121).
Intro, non-handled, and mail order offers on selected CDs and music books

Subscription options

One year's subscription plus *The Wire Tapper* Volumes 1-4

With this option you get a year's subscription (12 issues) plus Vols 1-4 is
The Wire Tapper series free

One year's subscription plus *The Wire Tapper* Volumes 5-7

With this option you get a year's subscription (12 issues) plus Vols 5-7 is
The Wire Tapper series free

One year's subscription plus *The Wire Tapper* Volumes 6-8

With this option you get a year's subscription (12 issues) plus Vols 6-8 is
The Wire Tapper series free

One year's subscription plus 2 extra issues free

With this option you get two extra issues of the magazine free, so your first
subscription runs for 14 issues instead of the usual 12



NB From next month we will be changing our introductory subscription offers. See opposite for details of the current offers. You can subscribe to *The Wire* online at www.thewire.co.uk. Or use the form on page 121

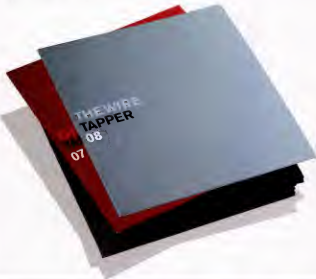
The Wire Tapper series

The *Wire Tapper* is a unique and ongoing series of CDs that are compiled by *The Wire* staff and given away to all our subscribers worldwide with selected issues of the magazine

Each CD is designed to function as an audio accompaniment to the kind of eclectic, wide-ranging mix of new and underground music that gets featured in the pages of *The Wire* each month. Vols 1-5 and Vols 7 and 8 are single CDs; Vol 6 is a 30 track double CD which was compiled to celebrate the publication of *The Wire*'s 200th issue in October 2000

If you take out a new subscription now you can opt to receive one of four free introductory packages, three of which include previous volumes in *The Wire Tapper* series – you choose which option suits you (see opposite for details)

NB The latest volume in the series, Volume 9, a special edition double CD, is given away to all subscribers with the month's November issue. Subscribers can also get copies of all previous volumes in *The Wire Tapper* series with Back Issue orders (see page 121)



THE WIRE TAPPER 1

MAY 1988 \$10.15

WIRE TAPPER 1: **WIRE TAPPER 1** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 1: **WIRE TAPPER 1** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 1: **WIRE TAPPER 1** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 1: **WIRE TAPPER 1** MAY 1988 \$10.15

THE WIRE TAPPER 2

MAY 1988 \$10.15

WIRE TAPPER 2: **WIRE TAPPER 2** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 2: **WIRE TAPPER 2** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 2: **WIRE TAPPER 2** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 2: **WIRE TAPPER 2** MAY 1988 \$10.15

THE WIRE TAPPER 3

MAY 1988 \$10.15

WIRE TAPPER 3: **WIRE TAPPER 3** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 3: **WIRE TAPPER 3** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 3: **WIRE TAPPER 3** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 3: **WIRE TAPPER 3** MAY 1988 \$10.15

THE WIRE TAPPER 4

MAY 1988 \$10.15

WIRE TAPPER 4: **WIRE TAPPER 4** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 4: **WIRE TAPPER 4** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 4: **WIRE TAPPER 4** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 4: **WIRE TAPPER 4** MAY 1988 \$10.15

THE WIRE TAPPER 5

MAY 1988 \$10.15

WIRE TAPPER 5: **WIRE TAPPER 5** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 5: **WIRE TAPPER 5** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 5: **WIRE TAPPER 5** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 5: **WIRE TAPPER 5** MAY 1988 \$10.15

THE WIRE TAPPER 8

MAY 1988 \$10.15

WIRE TAPPER 8: **WIRE TAPPER 8** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 8: **WIRE TAPPER 8** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 8: **WIRE TAPPER 8** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 8: **WIRE TAPPER 8** MAY 1988 \$10.15

THE WIRE TAPPER 7

MAY 1988 \$10.15

WIRE TAPPER 7: **WIRE TAPPER 7** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 7: **WIRE TAPPER 7** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 7: **WIRE TAPPER 7** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 7: **WIRE TAPPER 7** MAY 1988 \$10.15

THE WIRE TAPPER 9

MAY 1988 \$10.15

WIRE TAPPER 9: **WIRE TAPPER 9** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 9: **WIRE TAPPER 9** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 9: **WIRE TAPPER 9** MAY 1988 \$10.15
 WIRE TAPPER 9: **WIRE TAPPER 9** MAY 1988 \$10.15

More free music...

In addition to *The Wire Tapper* series, we regularly collaborate with a variety of labels and organisations to produce special CDs which are given away exclusively to all subscribers worldwide with selected issues of the zine. In recent months, all subscribers have received free copies of the CDs listed opposite (NB all these CDs and more are still available to subscribers with Back Issue orders. See page 121)



Klangbad: First Steps



Faith & Power: An ESP Disk Sampler



Tigerbalm: And The Best Goes On!



Sinalagá



Exploratory Music From Portugal

ACTIVE SUSPENSION
VERSUS UK
DOMOTIC / HYPO / O.LAMM



24/10 Brighton / The Freebutt (vs. Spymunk)
25/10 London / Small Fish record shop / Knowles
26/10 London / Spitz (w/ d's JC DG, Dancan1
Spongeboy & Addictive TV / Marc Everett - ymusk)
27/10 Leeds / The Barmen
(w/ Team Doyobi + Vector d's)
28/10 Birmingham / Jug of Ale
(w/ d's JC DG, John from Magnificphone)
29/10 Nottingham / Mung / 30/10 Glasgow / West 13th

ACTIVE SUSPENSION
NOVEMBER 02 RELEASES



ACD06 "active suspension vs sleeping music"
a double cd compilation feat: domotic / encre /
o.lamm / long Q4 / hypo / my peaty shod / shiver /
noak kato / devide habite / collen / hertz chain /
concentrate / oval caros sbebus / quagga love...
& very special guests
TTC feat: dose one & 1x talk la recheur / dDamage /
sager / the hark duet / labriqueuse /
rudie / emmanuelle de frouzout

ACD07 "my favorite things" odot lamm
deconstructed by: labriqueuse /
my jizzy shod / team doyobi /
shiver & regressive audio / bleven bleedum /
ench zalm / yashivno lakono / owl bianca / hypo /
doctum / shive roden / gordo / noak kato /
alyandra & aerac / odot & miss quenda /
dDamage / domotic

all products from active suspension
ACD / ALP02 domotic "two boys" ACD / ALP04 in terre "santa party"
ACD06 hypo "favourite a tape" & so many other devent futur...
www.active-suspension.org
UK distributors by linked goods / www.baked-goods.com



www.quadragrip.com

Untitled Improvisations (CD)

Derek Bailey - Guitar
Michael Welch - Trapset

Reeds-Double Bass and Trapset (CD)

Frank Gratkowski - Reeds
Doug Mathews - Double Bass
Michael Welch - Trapset

DrumTALK (CD)

Michael Welch - Solo Improvisations & Spoken Word

Michael Welch Drumtrack Library (BCD set)

Drumtracks for musicians, producers, educators & DJs

Quicktime, MP3 samples and ordering info at...

www.quadragrip.com

Squealer Music
www.SquealerMusic.com

Acid Mothers Temple
New Geocentric World CD and double LP
in CD

Major Stars
Distant Effects LP/CD

Gold Spindle Basses
Fugues and Flowers CD

Last Days of May
Inner System Blues CD

Circle
Rauno CD

Distributed by Surefire
www.surefiredistribution.com

LA CHANSON DADA

TRISTAN TZARA

GEORGES AURIC

THE HAFLER TRIO

RAFT 118

THESE records
112 Brook Drive
London SE11 4TQ
ENGLAND

+44(0)207 587 5349
+44(0)207 582 5278
raft@theserecords.com



WIRE
ADVERTISING

Contact Andy +44 (0)20 7422 5014
ads@thewire.co.uk

BOOMKAT.COM

Coming Soon from
IMPROVISED MUSIC FROM JAPAN

November 2002

Kaffe Matthews / Andrea Naumann / Sachiko M
In Cose of Fire Take the Stairs [IWJ-503]

December 2002

Improvvised Music from Japan 2002-2003
Launch issue of annual magazine [IWJ-501]
Bilingual English-Japanese, CD included

January 2003

Ami Yoshida solo [IWJ-504]

www.japanimprov.com



A mesh of DARK AMBIENT
& Classical lines

Hypnotic...Amorphous
...Suspenseful...Moody
Symphonic...Moody

Morphosis



Order/Contact
www.winandwire.com
garbanzo@shocking.com
www.shocking.com/~garbanzo

Reviews:
Amused
Wind and Wire
AmishReview
Ear High
All Music Guide

new records

ARAB ON RADAR/KID COMMANDO
IDEAL310 split 7" Arab on Radar, from Providence RI/USA does mischief
& sexual, even haunting & deranged avant rock Kid Commando from
Gothenburg, Sweden is rock'n'roll gone seriously wrong hip shit

ROCK OUT 'SOUND CHECK'

IDEAL300 CD Tumble vs drums "A fresh look at the art of improv
music" - France de Vilard, Vinyl Weekly, NL. Breathtaking stuff.

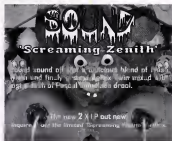


Please also check out our new
vinyl label with free download!
Fresh release
ERIK SUNGER Variations on a
Theme by Lou Reed

IDEAL Recordings

Chapmans Torg 4114 54 Gothenburg/Sweden
www.idealrecordings.com / info@idealrecordings.com

Distribution: WESTERLUN (D.A.CH), CONSPRACY (N.B.), MOSCOW (D)



Beta-Incarnat Hing Records www.bitrrecords.com

DRYCE GARDNER Symphonies pay a tribute to the ghost of
Muddy Waters by foundation on his rhythmic patterns
...
Rumour and Rimes -Molyne- It's not too far on the 2 part series
that the music with the Sept 2002 issue of the Web -...- has a fluid one.

synaesthesia
www.synrecords.com
australian based shop mail order. distribution
* stretch! *
on abstract electronic compilation cd
from australia and new zealand
also usa - europe www.mos.de/usa www.konradeposture.com
↑
b/w: video up! other recent australian items of note
PETER BLAMEY Sailed felt (improvement) recordings! CD
EAGLETON (ANDS Berlin Art) (twohoursand) CD
ESSENDON AIRPORT (and Investigations of the chapel) (chapel) CD
I/O: Calm (room 400) CD
LAZY Microscopic (to jenni) CD
BASBAUS & (JUNING) & PAUL SANABERES (Rumoured) CD
BENSLAND STORIES Geog - (baker) (but limited) edited LP
ANTHONY INTERBES (multifunction studies) CD
OLM (forgettable) (surgery) CD
SHAWLDER (Kutler) (improvised) (sandy) CD
STUSS DUO (Hinterer & Tonga) (improvement) recordings! CD
WOLBUS Communication Problems (Informing) 2x2CD 500
WOLBUS System: Concept (logical) CD

ARGASSO
www.deepcyberspace.net
www.soundcell.net
take a plunge in the Sea of Sound
stretch your ears and minds
out now
Jonathan Harvey Mythic Figures
SCD28064
John McGuire Pulse Music
SCD28063
Lawrence Cesserley The Edge of Chaos
SCD28062
www.argasso.com
see also: www.argasso.com
phone: 0200 7799 21 for de
distribution is up to: Mailbox
214 site for other distributors

PLATENWORM
Pop / Rock Underground Reggae
Experimental Avantrock
Hip-hop Hardcore Metal Noise
Punk Garage Releases
Electronic Ambient Electropop
...
open Monday 11.00-14.00 - Friday 10.00-14.00
Thursday 15.00-17.00 - Saturday 15.00-17.00

www.platenworm.nl
platen@platenworm.nl

rtjeapesto
pestaartje
aartjeape
NOW AVAILABLE
various artists colour and pattern (aartjeape) est
featuring: rixxoxo, a sound + daniel ruff, jorg-erica rager
collin allen revere (luten ut)
CONTACT:
bestaartje@com
www.bestaartje.com

INTOXICA!
231 Portobello Road London W11 1LT UK
tel: (44) 020 7229 8010 fax: (44) 020 7792 7778
intoxica@intoxica.co.uk www.intoxica.co.uk
WANTED
UK 60s pressings of 45s EPs LPs
LABELS: Tempo Naga Atlantic Stateside Sue
HMV Columbia Decca Immediate Planet Oak
Acron Pye Oriole Fontana Bluebox Dr Bird Paria
Amalgamated Duke Island Studio 1 Chess etc
Reissue labels: Edsel Charly Kant Ace Route 66
STYLES: jazz (LPs only) Sax Beat Psych
70s/early 80s Punk Soul Funk RnB Blues
High prices paid
Shop open: Mon-Sat: 10.30am - 6.30pm
Sun: Midday - 5.00pm
All major credit cards accepted

Epiphanies

Well, there are worse ways of making a living. Richard Cook tells how a compulsive jones for collecting records – only partly sated by music journalism – has supplied a lifetime of revelations



It was an exciting day when the first turntable arrived in the Wire office. Up until then we'd had to rely on some poncey old cassette player if we wanted to hear any music (of course, the magazine didn't enjoy the wealth and privilege then which it does today). Before that, records had to sit patiently in their sleeves before any audition, as records do. They stand there in rows, the never-ending browse that only reaches a temporary hiatus when – for no reason that I've ever quite figured out – the synapses induce a halt and the mind settles on that particular one for the stylus to rumble over.

Sometimes I think my whole life has been measured out in piles of records: 45 years of rifling through. Side one told me that she couldn't imagine going through life without a big record collection, and I think that was about the only time I felt any empathy with her. Records have driven everything. I don't just mean vinyl, either: 45s and 33s (we used to call them that, you know) were comparative leotarders for me. One Christmas, my father put some remaindered Top Rank 45s in my stocking, and I became acquainted with an oddball assortment of groups including Harry Douglas & The Deep River Boys, Larry Kirby & The Encores and The Wise Guys (their "Big Noise" is surely a forgotten masterwork). But before that, I'd become fascinated by shellac, or 78s if you prefer. One day, when I was about five or six, a family friend brought round a box of sleeveless 78s which he'd ferreted out from somewhere and my parents produced a portable wind-up gramophone from the boxroom in our house. From that day on, I began collecting records, haunting local jumble sales and fetes.

In the end, I went on to vinyl, because 78s – or at least, any that interested me – were starting to become harder to find, and I was getting involved in more modern music anyway. But 78s started me out on jazz. It's all but impossible for someone who starts with contemporary jazz to work their way back to the beginning now: the greatest period in jazz – 1923-25,

as I'm always telling Tony Herrington – is so far away that you might as well be shaking hands with Beethoven as King Oliver. And those records sound dreadful to modern ears – acoustic recordings buried under decades of scratch.

Except they never sounded that way to me. If anything, I liked the surface noise of old records (which is probably the only empathy I have with Christian Marclay). These huge objects (remember I was pretty small when I started out), with their dark, shiny surfaces and inward-spiraling groove, released sounds that could resemble a primeval roar. When you hear old records on a good gramophone, they don't sound 'better' in hi-fi terms, but they surely sound more immediate, the people embedded in the disc seeming to step out and greet you. It's only when you hear a cylinder play on an original phonograph that you understand why people called them "talking machines": there seems to be a voice embodied in the reproducing horn itself. The surrounding hiss and crackle somehow seems like a necessary bandage, protecting the old ghost which the record is keeping safe.

Any collector will tell you about the thrill of approaching a pile of 78s, preferably still in musty original sleeves, at a junkshop or bootfair: you never know what buried treasure may be there, even though it's usually nothing. And when vinyl too began to become a widespread field of potential collecting conquest, I began to skulk around markets and secondhand shops looking for beat groups and jazz EPs. I shake my head now at the number of times I must have got up at dawn on a Sunday to get the bus to Brick Lane. It's all a bit garbled there now, but you should have seen it in the 70s...

Somehow, even when I was an impoverished civil servant, I always had money for records. But the problem with a collecting jones is that you can never feed it enough. It seemed to me that music journalism, with its suggestion that you never had to pay for records again, was a good thing to look into. So it

ultimately proved, although little did I suspect that by the time several editions of *The Penguin Guide To Jazz On CD* had gone past, I'd be buying and spending more than I ever had before. Or that packages of glistening new LPs would actually be a matter of the past, and instead it would be hefty vinyl bags, stout with jewel-boxed compact discs.

I know – people always say you can't get excited about CDs, not the way you could with LPs. And like any other collector, I see that point of view – the hearty thickness of prime cardboard sleeves, especially the 60s flip-backed variety, is as chaste in its way as the stately beauty of plum-label HMV 78s. But I want to be enlightened about this: I'm into it for the music as well as the artefact-appeal, and I like CDs. I don't want new music to sound as if it's coming off a 78, and like anyone else I enjoy the convenience. Besides, I've got 10,000 of the damn things, and they cover the walls of my workroom like the velvet lining of a coffin.

No, I'm not going to be buried with them. Once a collector's work is done in this world, it's done, and besides, there wouldn't be a mausoleum big enough. As I've got older, I like to think (although my wife won't agree) that I've got this habit under control. These days, I mostly wait for records to come to me, via auction lists or contacts: that's the privilege of getting old. I've taken to acquiring vocal records, lately, from the earliest years of the 20th century, what one of the first record collectors, PG Hurst, described as "the pinnacle of the collector's ambition": the voices of such as Fela Urmann, Anastasia Valtzova, Giovanni Zenatello. Records resplendent with their red or black G&T labels, the voices trumpeting out, survivors of almost 100 years of possible damage or destruction. There wasn't anything as good as those in that box someone gave me, four decades ago. I loved them all the same. □

The sixth edition of Richard Cook & Brian Morton's *Penguin Guide To Jazz On CD* has just been published by Penguin

CAPTAIN TRIP RECORDS

Tokyo / Japan

<http://plaza14.mbn.or.jp/~captaintrip/>

60's - 70's Rock, Psychedelic,
Progressive, Garage/Surf,
Kraut Rock, Punk,
Japanese Underground,
Avant Garde/Electronics....etc.



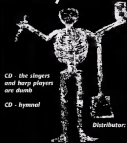
New releases available at www.djtemrecords.com.au

**RASMUS & LUNDING &
PHILIP SAMARTIS
Fluorescent**

A celebration of studio-based improvisation and live performance in which environmental recordings, abstracted textures and prepared instrumental texture converge to create endlessly evolving textures bordered by abrupt transitions, circles.

Rock catalogue selection: *Cosmicweather*,
Backslider - In the Moment, *Blood Dancer - Cant*,
Phogus - My Has No Wants You Non-Stop Pissing Circus,
Jed Fair - In Jesus Willent - The Mighty Mystic Eye

hwyl nofio



CD - the singers
and harp players
are dumb

CD - hymnal

Distributor: Cargo

e-mail: stave@hwylnofio.finet.co.uk

www.hwylnofio.com



CARBON 7

... probably Europe's most innovative label
AVANT JAZZ, NEW MUSIC, WORLD, INNOVATIVE ROCK

Plaque Vervloesem
New album out now!

Plaque Vervloesem is a Dutch Jazz label
from Amsterdam. It releases
Jazz, Rock, Funk, Soul, World,
Dance, Hip-hop & more.

Other
labels
Records



Yusef Maadi

Yusef Maadi

D I S T R I B U T I O N
BENELUX: AMO, FRANCE: ORCHESTRA, PORTUGAL: SAVOIRAGE,
UK: PROPER, JAPAN: ESQUIRE, JAPAN: MARQUEE, GERMANY: NEW
CARBON 7 e-mail: carbon7records@lynet.com
website: <http://www.carbon7.com>



Home of ...

to
Dromedary
Riveter
Klaus Janek
Kyle Dawkins

Georgian Contemporary Unit
(with Sándor Szabó)

SS Puff (with Dave Rempis)

Julia Powell
Erik Hinds

Distr. by NorthCountry, Drimala, Verge Music,
athensmusic.net, solponticel.com

stokes

2002/2003

thermal transfer - hand forged
electronics meet the fractal grooves
known as vix units "thermal transfer"
sets the standards for a new era in
relaxing uptempo electronic music"
-outlure magazine

fields - stokes' fourth solo release on
hypnos blends a never-before-heard
palette of sound with vivid song writing
and modern percussion.

punch / expansive rhythm module - a
sample cd of 4000 electro-percussion
wave files sampled from stokes' collection
of hand forged electronic instruments

HYPNOS

saul stokes and other electronic
musicians available at
www.hypnos.com



CARL STONE

new album



Nak Won

LOSS LEADERS

CASSIBER -
Beauty And The Beast
**CHRIS CUTLER &
TOM DIMUZIO** - Quake
HACO - Paradise Of Replica
JON ROSE - Brainweather
MNEMONIST ORCHESTRA - Horde
TERRY RILEY - Lazy Afternoon
Among Crocodiles
ZGA - Zgamoniums

**£6
EACH**

ReR Recommended, Dept W, 79 South Road,
Thornton Heath, Surrey CR7 5JG
Credit card hotline: 020 8771 1063
(credit card surcharge 60p)
email: megacorp@dal.pipex.com
www.megacorp.u-net.com

Happy Birthday The Wire



<http://www.thewire.co.uk/>

Relaunched
New content
New interface
New site goes live
November 2002

THE WIRE 20TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIALS



UNDERCURRENTS: THE HIDDEN WIRING OF MODERN MUSIC

Pioneered by *The Wire*'s 20th anniversary, this new anthology of essential, mostly unpublished writing from issues of *The Wire*, functions as a one-stop guide to the key concepts and evolving theories behind the radical music of the past 20 years.

Original issues of *The Wire* were written by a group of music writers who were not only on the ground in the music scene, but also on the margins of it. They were the first to explore the ways in which the music scene was changing, from the rise of the independent scene to the rise of the underground scene, and the ways in which the music scene was changing, from the rise of the independent scene to the rise of the underground scene.

Published by The Wire Press
www.thewirepress.co.uk



THE WIRE 20 YEARS 1982-2002 AUDIO ISSUE

A *WIRE* CD box set and book celebrating the 20th anniversary of the magazine's founding. The box set contains 20 issues of the magazine, from 1982 to 2002, and a book of essays and interviews.

The *WIRE* CD box set and book are available from the *WIRE* Press, 100 High Street, London E1 1AB, or from the *WIRE* Press, 100 High Street, London E1 1AB, or from the *WIRE* Press, 100 High Street, London E1 1AB.

Published by The Wire Press
www.thewirepress.co.uk

WIRE 20



Undercurrents: The Hidden Wiring of Modern Music will be available in all good book shops or by direct mail order from www.thewire.co.uk from 15 November

The *WIRE* 20 Years 1982-2002 Audio Issue will be available in all good record shops or by direct mail order from www.wireband.co.uk (+44 (0)20 8964 8533) from 18 November